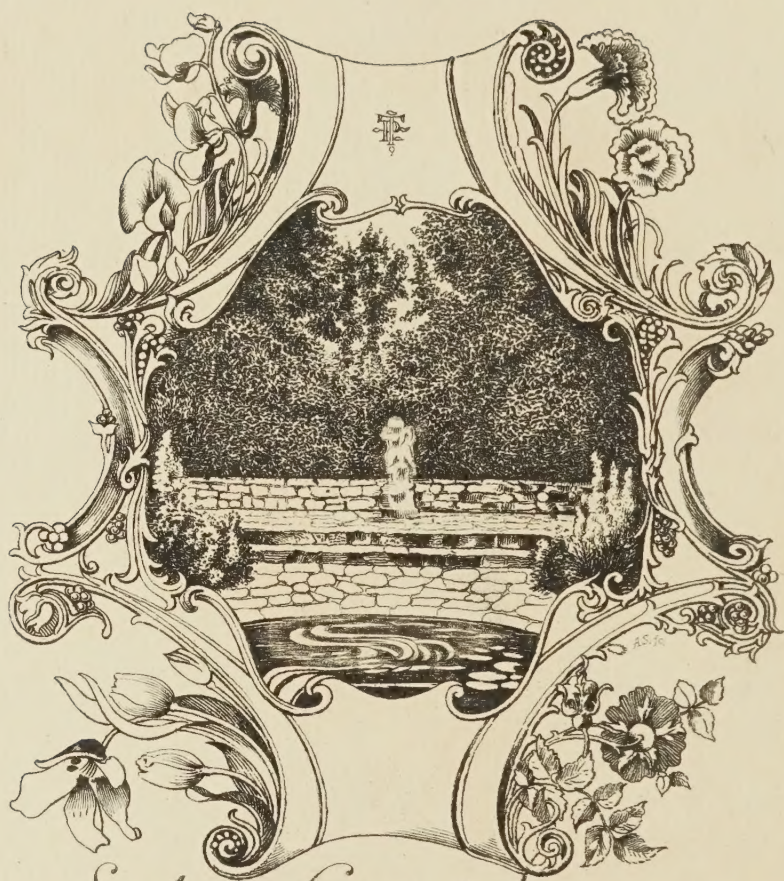



A.R.



Sylvia Grant Lawson



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THE
CENTENARY BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE WORKS OF
**WILLIAM MAKEPEACE
THACKERAY**

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTIONS

BY HIS DAUGHTER

LADY RITCHIE

IN TWENTY-SIX VOLUMES

VOL. XXV

THE KNIGHTS OF BORSELLEN
ETC.

LONDON

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1911



18 04

William Makepeace Thackeray

*from a drawing by Sir J.E. Millais Bart., P.R.A. 1864
in the possession of Lady Ritchie*

Emery Walker Ph. sc

THE
KNIGHTS OF BORSELLEN
ETC.

BY
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR
AND PORTRAITS*

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
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INTRODUCTION
TO
THE KNIGHTS OF BORSELLEN
ETC.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE KNIGHTS OF BORSELLEN
ETC.

I. CONCERNING GRANDFATHERS AND
GRANDMOTHERS.

THE author of "Vanity Fair" was always very much interested in his grandfathers and grandmothers—long before



FAMILY GROUP.

the present fashion for heredity had set in. I have often heard him describe the Thackerays as a race, though he did



DANDY AND NURSEMAID.



MUSICIANS.



PORTRAIT OF ARCHDEACON THOMAS THACKERAY,
THE GREAT GRANDFATHER (1693-1760).

not seem exactly to belong to it himself. They were tall, thin people, with marked eyebrows, and clear dark eyes, simple, serious. They were schoolmasters, parsons, doctors, Indian Civil Servants, and some officers thrown in to give them an air. My father once went to see the place in Yorkshire—Hampsthwaite, near Harrogate—whence his ancestors first came, and he took me with him. We walked through the village and down a steep road, until we came to an old grey bridge across the rushing Nidd, beyond which rolls a long line of hills. (Visiting the place again with my own children after a lifetime, it seemed even prettier to me than I remembered it. The waters were fuller, the ash trees had spread their branches, they were starting from between the rocks and hanging over the stream.)* After walking through the village my father went into the old church. The clergyman came out to meet him, and showed us the Parish Registers, then kept in an ancient worm-eaten chest, where Dorothis and Cicelys and Timothys and Timotheas were inscribed from 1660 downwards. We were told that the Thackeray farm was an old Elizabethan dwelling which had only lately been pulled down, and which had stood on the slope on the other side of the stream. For two hundred years or more, generations of farmers had dwelt among these hills and breathed the life-giving Yorkshire air, before the first of their race came to the front.

This worthy was Elias Thackeray of Hampsthwaite, a handsome man and a good scholar, who went to Cambridge, took orders, and was appointed to the living of Hawkhurst in his native Yorkshire. Elias Thackeray never married, but his brother Timothy, the farmer, had a well-favoured son called Thomas, who also distinguished himself at his books, and was finally ordained and became a schoolmaster. He was then successively a master at Eton, Headmaster of Harrow in

* There is a brook called the Thackwray not far from Hampsthwaite (wray means running water).



Captain & L^t Colonel the Honble Wellusly Dobus



Dobus the Poet



*Sir John Dobus M.P.
In his place in Parliament.*



The Celebrated (though Unappreciated) Painter Dobus

1746, Chaplain to the Prince of Wales in 1748. In the *Whitehall Evening Post* for Tuesday June 28 of that year we read: "On Sunday last the Rev. Dr. Thackeray, master of the school at Harrow-on-the-Hill, kissed H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's hand on being appointed one of his Chaplains-in-Ordinary." This piece of news appears among other more important facts, such as the return of the French from the Netherlands, conferences between Marshal Saxe and

YSSENCIETTERY.



the Envoy-Extraordinary of the King of Poland, accounts of Admiral Byng's successful encounter in the Mediterranean with a convoy of eighty ships. Dr. Thackeray was Archdeacon of Surrey at his death in 1760.

The Archdeacon is described as a dignified person, with a charming manner, dark eyes, and a powdered wig; he

must have been a good headmaster, for he more than doubled the numbers at Harrow. He was just about to be made a bishop when he died, but none of his descendants, although there were a great many of them, have ever reached to such a dignity. He was also distinguished as an apparition, and is said to have been seen walking into his own house a few hours after his death.

We have a picture kindly given to us by the Rennell Rodds ; it is that of an old lady sitting in a red velvet chair. She wears long white gloves up to her elbows, a grey dress with short frilled sleeves made in the fashion of George the Third's time, a white kerchief folded and tucked away into black velvet bands, a quaint cap with a frill to it tied under her chin. She also wears a big black silk apron, and sits demurely with her hands folded. Her face is pleasant but determined, as should be that of the mother of sixteen children and the wife of a headmaster of Harrow. When Miss Anne Woodward married Dr. Thackeray, a family historian declares that they were the handsomest couple of their time. Their grandchildren certainly were very good-looking people, and I can trace a look of many of the old lady's descendants in her own spirited, smiling face. William Makepeace, Mrs. Thackeray's sixteenth child, was my father's grandfather. He went to India, and after his return home, still a young man, but already somewhat broken in health, he settled with his wife, Amelia Richmond Webb, at Hadley, in Middlesex, where were born many sons and daughters.

The story of William Makepeace Thackeray the first, as well as that of his seven sons, has been told by Sir William Hunter in his delightful records of the history of an empire, with the record of the making of which he has interwoven the lives of these good, self-respecting, and public-spirited young men.

In Sir William's pages we find the earlier history of the father of them all, William Makepeace Thackeray, the



PORTRAIT OF MRS. THACKERAY,
WIDOW OF ARCHDEACON THACKERAY.

“elephant hunter” as he is called, “arriving in India on his seventeenth birthday with his mother’s Bible in his trunk.” We hear of his rapid promotion under Mr. Cartier, the predecessor of Warren Hastings as Governor of Bengal; of the wild territories he was set to govern, of his adventurous wanderings, his speculations in elephants and tigers, his audacious disputes with the Court of Directors—all happening within the ten years he remained in India. He was not unlike the hero of a fairy tale, somewhat limited, but brave and single-minded. Family feeling was strong in this enterprising young civilian. He sailed for India in 1766; in 1768, at the age of nineteen, he had sent home for his sisters, Jane, ten years his senior, and Henrietta, who was a little younger and very beautiful. Sir William quotes the old family story of Mrs. Thackeray’s exclamation, “If there is a sensible man in India, he will find out my Jane.”

This is a copy of the petition of the sisters:—

“TO THE HON^{BLE} THE COURT OF DIRECTORS—

“*For the Hon^{ble} East India Company.*

“The humble petition of Jane and Henrietta Thackeray—

“Sheweth

“That your Petitioners having a Brother in your Service, a writer in Bengal, who is desirous of their going there, and an invitation being also sent them by John Cartier Esq^r. they therefore humbly beg permission so to do, by one of the Ships bound thither, and the Security required will be duly given by

“Your Honours’

“Most obedient Servants

“(signed) JANE THACKERAY

“HENRIETTA THACKERAY.

“Endorsed :

“Request of Misses Jane and Henrietta Thackeray to go to their friends at Bengal.

“Granted.

“Read in Court.

“2 Nov. 1768.”

Eventually under their young brother's auspices the two sisters both married. Jane became the wife of Major Rennell, and Henrietta married Mr. Harris, chief of the Council of Dacca.

William Makepeace Thackeray in Calcutta also married about this time. His wife was Amelia Richmond Webb, a daughter of Colonel Richmond Webb, who commanded a company at the battle of Culloden, and lies buried in the East Cloister of Westminster Abbey.* Colonel Webb was a kinsman of the General Webb who appears in "Esmond."

A letter from the father of Mrs. Thackeray to his son still exists, and is characteristic enough to be inserted here:—

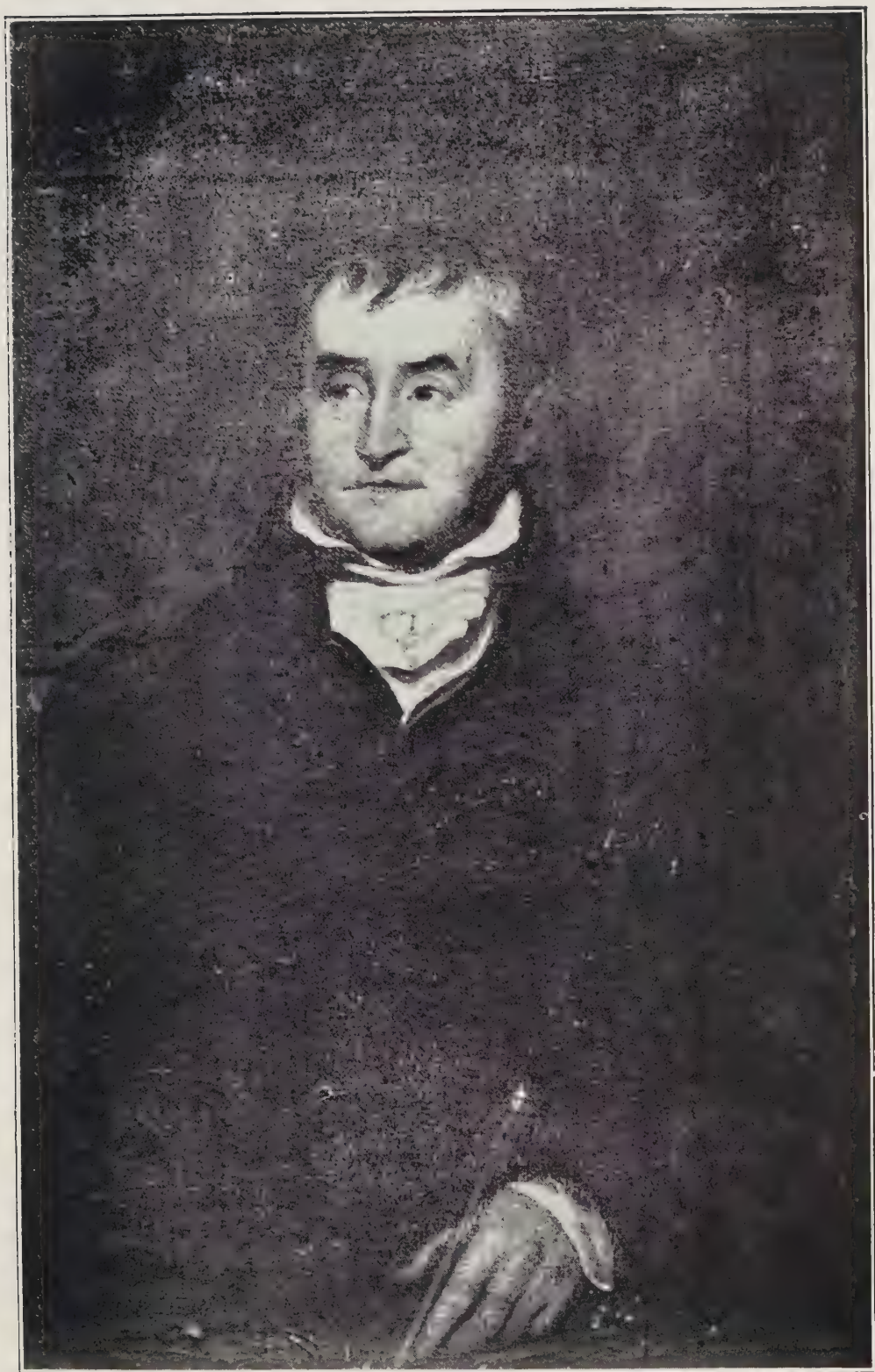
Col. R. Webb to his Son.

"Bath, August 25, 1765.

"My dear Richmond,—I have received a letter this day by which I perceive that there is no likelihood of getting you to the East Indies (in the fair and genteel prospect I would send you) *this* next year. . . . In the meantime, you have time enough ; you may keep at your college, and as I shall be in London I will procure a master to instruct you in Arithmetic, that you may not go abroad ignorant of what every man must know, and every mechanic does know. You shall be taught under my eye, and will not have it to learn among little boys when you go abroad, but be immediately able to enter on merchant's accounts. As to the Church, it does not seem to be your choice, and therefore I'll not name it.

"If the two new pair of shoes and two new pair pumps are not made, forbid them, and only bespeak one pair of each ;

* His name is recorded on a tablet on the cloister wall. The inscription on the gravestone below has been worn away by the steps of the congregations passing into the Abbey, but the tablet has been restored quite lately by one of the family of the Moores ; it records Colonel Webb's virtues in the language of the day, and tells of the death of his wife, Sarah Webb, who could not long survive her loss.



PORTRAIT OF W. M. THACKERAY, THE GRANDFATHER (1749-1813).

which will serve you to wear in Colledge. Pray, are your new clothes made? Write me word by return of post. . . .

"I do not doubt of your readiness to acquiesce in whatever I propose, that you will make a figure in whatever way of life fortune shall put you in. I am convinced that you will conduct yourself with honour and good, and keep clear of vice and idleness, these rocks which so many youths split upon; and for my part, if Heaven spares my life, I will do my utmost to protect, encourage, and support you in anything that's praiseworthy.

"Be honest and good, you have a good stock of learning which I hope you won't neglect. Make yourself master of your pen and your sword, and you will be enabled to serve your king, country, yourself and friends, and there's nothing that you, who are born a gentleman and educated like one, may not pretend to. . . .

"I must now busy myself with putting all your sisters out, and Mama and you and I spend the winter in London.—Adieu, my dear boy,

"R. WEBB."

The younger Richmond subsequently entered the army, and was killed in the American War.

Apparently the poor Webb sisters were all "put out," as their father says, and shipped off to India. Three of them married there. Amelia met Mr. Thackeray at Calcutta, at the age of seventeen. Another, Augusta, became Mrs. Evans; a third, Sarah, married Mr. Peter Moore. On the unmarried daughter, Charlotte, some sad tragedy seems to have fallen, although her start in life was happy. After the Thackerays' departure for England she made her home with Mrs. Moore. One of this lively lady's letters describing her sister's adventures has been preserved, and reads like a page out of "Evelina" or "Cecilia."

*From Mrs. Moore in Calcutta to Mrs. Thackeray
in England.*

“The day following Dr. Williams being discarded as a lover came Mr. Wodsworth, who had teased us with his company almost incessantly for some time before. He took Mr. Moore aside and declared a most violent love for Charlotte, entreating that P. M. should give him his interest. Mr. Moore replied with great coolness that she was at her own disposal, and that he did not mean to interfere. Mr. Wodsworth then came to me and told me that Mr. Moore had something to say to me. I accordingly went out, and was a little astonished at Wodsworth’s assurance. I rejoined the company with a very grave aspect, and took no further notice, but saw that Mr. W., *agreeable to his bold and constant custom*, had stayed supper without being asked. We had not an opportunity to mention the matter to Charlotte, so that you may guess her surprise when, as we walking with the Auriols to the door, Mr. W. laid hold on her, and without further preface began with, ‘O dear Miss Webb, don’t distract me, I love you to distraction.’ Poor Charlotte, who was thunderstruck at so abrupt and indelicate a declaration, was much provoked, and turning short on him only said, ‘Bless me, sir, you’re mad, sure!’ and immediately joined us in the verandah. Notwithstanding this rebuff he had the boldness to come the next day to tea, and joined us in our walk; but we received him very coolly, and hardly spoke to him, and Mr. Moore took this opportunity of telling him he must be much less frequent in his visits. He expressed great concern lest Mr. Thomson should have overheard his speech to Charlotte. Mr. Moore told him he might well be ashamed of it, for he never heard anything like it in his life, and added that he spoke so loud, that not only Mr. Thomson, but the two Mr. Auriols must have heard it. You know P. M. loves a little mischief. Here endeth the chapter of Mr. Wodsworth.



*L' General John Richmond alias Webb,
Gouverneur and Captain General of the Isle of Wight*

‘Auriol of late has paid her very great and constant attention, which she seems to receive with much pleasure.’ . .

Mrs. Moore goes on to hope that Charlotte will soon make up her mind, as Augusta—still wearing short frocks, and with her hair over her forehead—is also beginning to receive verses and offers, which she refuses with great spirit.

The following pathetic letter from the mother in England to Warren Hastings—which was found in the British Museum and given us by Mr. Malcolm Low—comes in vivid contrast to all the merriment and feastings:—

From Mrs. Webb to Warren Hastings, Esq.

“London, High Street, Marylebone, December 20, 1781.

“Sir,—Distracted with the sufferings of our dear beloved and unfortunate daughter, Charlotte Webb, I hope, will plead my excuse for the liberty of thus addressing you on her behalf. Apprehending Mr. Evans may possibly be absent from Calcutta, as [or ?] fearing any other accident should put it out of his power to convey our dear child to England, in compliance to most earnest and repeated request. If therefore, she is not already on her passage home, I beg and implore that you, Sir, will have the great goodness and compassion to her wretched state, and ours, as to have her conveyed home with all possible speed and safety, which shall ever be esteemed as the greatest obligation, which favour I should never have presumed to ask, but that urgent necessity prompts me to it; the misery she has already suffered, and the great loss of time past owing to Mrs. Moore’s imprudence in keeping her summer after summer since her first illness, which has perhaps rendered all our future endeavour to recover her, lost. These dreadful considerations, together with their completing her tragedy by a sham marriage, all which shocking events makes her poor father and I really fear that *even murder* may be the next

cruel scene with which we may be presented. Our troubles and reflections are of the bitterest kind, that so *good*, so fine a girl should meet with such a load of woes, for, if there are Truth, Innocence, and Honour, in the Humane breast, our dear Charlotte Webb had her full portion. Such was her character from infancy while in England, but that fatal period in which I unhappily suffered her to depart from under the protection of her parents has ruined her, and I am the innocent cause, for which I shall never forgive myself.

“Pardon, Sir, my thus trespassing on your time and patience, but I trust your humanity will consider this comes from an unhappy mother, who weeps over every line as she writes, so full is my heart of sorrow for my dear Charlotte, that I am almost frantic. Her father and I have both wrote long letters to Mr. Evans pressing him to send our poor girl home, we likewise got a friend to convey a small letter to the same purpose over land. But she has suffered so very much and so have we, on her account, which has obliged us to try every method to convey our wishes to Mr. Evans, and even [here a word or two blurred] feeling heart, and which I hope will apologise for the freedom.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

‘SARAH WEBB.’

This letter makes us realise, as indeed does many another instance, what a remarkable rôle Warren Hastings was called on to perform. He seems to have been Father Confessor as well as Dictator to the whole colony. They turn to him in every difficulty, invariably counting on his help and good offices. As for poor Charlotte Webb and her mysterious troubles, she disappears from the scene entirely; no further mention is made of her in the old letters and scraps which remain.

Seven or eight years later Amelia Thackeray and Sarah Moore and their husbands settled on Hadley Green, where

they are afterwards joined by Amelia's sister-in-law Henrietta, now Mrs. Harris, a widow, and visited by Jane Thackeray and her distinguished husband, Major James Rennell.

Some volumes of old letters were once found at a second-hand bookseller's by Mr. Alexander Murray Smith ; they are from Great-grandpapa Thackeray, the elephant-hunter, and chiefly addressed to his solicitor. Mr. Thackeray seems fond of business, and is deputed to look after investments for his brothers and sisters. He has also Wards who have been left to his guardianship. The wards had been sent by their dying father in India to Mr. Thackeray's care, and to that of Mr. Morgan Thomas, the friendly man of business. They arrive with a patrimony consisting among other things of diamonds and cashmere shawls, to be disposed of for their benefit. Mrs. Rennell is prepared to buy some of the treasures. Mr. Thackeray's family is so large, he cannot have his wards to stay with him, he says. The family preoccupies him very much. One year he is engaged in having it "occulated," another year he and his wife have just returned from France, to find Mrs. Moore and her children established in another house on the Green. There is a story of a black boy, who has stolen Mrs. Thackeray's purse with "a guinea" in it, the year in which my grandfather Richmond Thackeray was born. Great-grandpapa Thackeray wishes the black boy out of the house, and begs Mr. Thomas to find him a lodging at a hairdresser's until he can be sent on board ship. One might be puzzled by this cure for dishonesty, but the writer goes on to explain that at the barber's the boy might make some progress in hair-dressing, which would be of service to him in India, and enable him to earn an honest living there, without stealing purses. Parents nowadays might envy Mr. Thackeray's complaints of the expenses of education. "I can speak from experience," he says, "it is to me a most serious matter My son's bills at Eton for the last year came to near 80*l*."

Incidentally some of the family names occur—the other dwellers upon Hadley Green are mentioned. Mr. Peter Moore arrives from India, brothers and sisters cross the scene; so does Mr. Cartier, their former Chief, and a Mr. Baronneau, who lends Mrs. Thackeray his carriage.

Mrs. Bayne, the family historian, tells us how Mr. Thackeray alternately wore a pepper-and-salt suit, and a blue one with brass buttons, and that Mrs. Thackeray used to dress in white, and lie upon a sofa, rather to the scandal of her more energetic contemporaries.

Among the various letters bound up with Mr. Thackeray's correspondence with his lawyer is a very unexpected epistle to one of his wards by Miss Amelia Alderson, better known as Mrs. Opie. They had met on some country visit. It is as long as letters seemed to be in those days, and is a somewhat ponderous mixture of heavy flirtation and lively good advice.

It was from this family home on Hadley Green that the sons started forth one by one—never to return.

Six of them followed their father's example, and went to India: William, Richmond, Tom, Webb, St. John, Charles, each in turn, some soldiers, some civil servants. Richmond, my own grandfather, went out at sixteen, in the Company's Civil Service, and held various appointments. He was the only one of the Indian brothers who married, and my own father was his only son. The history of William is also told—the handsomest and foremost of them all. He was the friend of Sir Thomas Munro, the Governor of Madras, and he worked with him for many years. The task, says Sir William Hunter, assigned to Munro and his assistants was to bring order out of chaos, and substitute a fair revenue system for extortion by the sword; "they spent their days in the saddle, and their nights in tents, in ruined forts, and Hindu temples, or under the shadow of some crumbling town gate. One by one each hamlet was visited, and the people were assured that the British Government only asked for a moderate rental, and

would protect them in the undisturbed possession of their homesteads." William Thackeray was famous for his horses and horsemanship, as well as for being an authority on financial subjects. He was President of the Board of Revenue in the Madras Government when he died, January 11, 1823, aged forty-four.

St. John Thackeray was also in the Civil Service ; he was chosen to help to bring into order the territories just won from the Mahrattas, and we read that he lost his life as he advanced unguarded with a flag of truce to a Kittur fort which the insurgents had seized. Webb, who had a special gift for languages, lived but a year after his arrival as a Madras civilian, but he lived long enough to make his mark.

Then there is the story of Thomas, killed in action in the Nepal War of 1814, after showing "extraordinary valour." We have a letter dated from the camp, "On ye banks of the Jumna." It is docketed by a sister—Mrs. Ritchie—"My beloved brother Thomas's last letter, written fourteen days before he fell."

"The appearance of a left-hand epistle," he says, "will not alarm you, my dear Charlotte, even though you should not have been apprised of the trifling accident which gives me no pain and little uneasiness, except that it will for a time put it out of my power to write to you. I trust," he continues, "I shall soon have occasion to address you again, to thank you for the Hadley news, and very shortly my right hand will be able to apologise for this awkward attempt of my left to express my affection."

It is odd to read letters in the familiar family phraseology, *almost* not *quite* in the familiar handwriting—letters full of the doings of people who are *almost* not *quite* those one has known. Here is a letter of 1801 ; it is written to his sister by my grandfather at the age of nineteen from the college at Calcutta. It is very like one of my father's early letters.

"I hope to be out of this in ten months," he says ; "I am

almost sorry I entered it, as the people begin to give themselves airs, and you know I always hated a jack in office. I could make Mater laugh with a few anecdotes, but I believe it is dangerous, and therefore will not indulge myself. Should I leave college next December I shall hope to see you here, but I suppose you won't come without a formal invitation.

“A CARD.

“Mr. Thackeray requests the honour of Miss Thackeray's company at his house in Calcutta.”

“Joking apart, I think, my dear Emily [Mrs. Shakespear], should I leave college by that time, and you have no great fears, you had better come. . . . For next to our dear father and mother you have no better friend than me.”

My kind young grandfather goes on making plans for his family at home, just as my own father used to do. “Should any accident, which God forbid, happen in England, this would be a good situation for the whole family.” Then he speculates about his father being appointed to some place at home. “But I could not see him attending a levée of a lord, whose highest good quality would be totally obscured by the least conspicuous one of Pater's.” “Go down the Grove,” he says in a postscript, “and read this on the bench by yourself, and then perhaps you will have patience to make out the epistle.”

There are some brotherly jokes in it; he is sending his letter by the hand of a friend, a good sort of man; indeed, I intend him for either an admirer of yours or one of the Moores, *i.e.* if you are not already married.” The Moore cousins lived next door to the Thackerays at Hadley. Mr. Peter Moore was named my father's guardian in my grandfather's will. He was that well-known and brilliant man, the friend of Sheridan (who indeed died in Mr. Moore's house in

Westminster). He was M.P. for Coventry for twenty-one years.* Fortune deserted him in later life.

There is a second letter from Richmond Thackeray to his mother, urging that his sister when she comes to India should bring letters of introduction, "for to tell the truth," he says, "I am very far from a lady's man. It will be my and William's business to see that Emily is as well provided with everything as possible. I find economy will carry a small salary a great way, and am in hopes of having at least 800 rupees a month before she arrives." Emily accepted the invitation, and my grandfather, Richmond Thackeray, then writes to beg that another of his sisters may come out. It is Charlotte he wishes for, beautiful Charlotte, barely sixteen. Augusta he loves quite as well, he says, but he has set his heart on Charlotte.

Parents in those days were less influenced by their children's wishes than they are now. Charlotte remained at Hadley, and eventually married Mr. Ritchie; Augusta was sent out to her brother, being next in rotation. She was a very stately, and, when I knew her, a most alarming old lady. I just came up to her knees, and used to gaze in awe at her white stockings and sandalled shoes, as she walked along the Champs Elysées, where so many of our relations had congregated by that time. Among these was Charlotte, my great-aunt Ritchie; and I loved her, as who did not love that laughing, loving, romantic, handsome, humorous, indolent old lady? Shy, and expansive in turn, she was big and sweet-looking, with a great look of my father. Though she was old when I knew her, she would still go off into peals of the most delightful laughter, just as if she were a girl. When she was still quite young, soon after her parents' death (both of whom she had devotedly nursed with the help of her brother Charles), she came out of the house at Hadley one day dressed in the deepest mourning,

* Mr. Richmond Moore of Guildford has a fine oil painting of Mr. Peter Moore.

and got into the London coach which passed through the village. She looked so blooming, and so beautiful in her crape veils, that Mr. John Ritchie, a well-to-do merchant of a suitable age, who was travelling in the coach, fell in love with her then and there. He inquired who she was, "paid his addresses," and was accepted very soon after.

One autumn day, just before his second visit to America, my father sent for an open carriage and a pair of horses, and we drove to Hadley, near Barnet, to see the early Thackeray home. It was a square family house, upon a green. It was not high, but spread comfortably, with many windows, and it was to let. The Thackerays were gone from it long since, the seven sons and the many daughters.

My father seemed to know it all, though he had never been there before. He went into the garden, exclaiming, "There was the old holly tree that *his* father used to write about." Half the leaves were white on the branches that spread across the path; that gravel path, which my grandfather, Richmond Thackeray, used to roll as a boy, and which he longed for in India sometimes. At the back of the drawing-room was a study, with a criss-cross network of wire book-case along the walls; it was here that Amelia Thackeray was sitting when her husband came in agitated and very pale; he said there was terrible news from India, and as she started, terrified, from her seat, he exclaimed, "Not William, not William, but Webb." "O Webb, my Webb," cried the poor mother, and dropped senseless on the ground. She never quite recovered the use of her limbs, though she regained consciousness. Until then she had never told anybody that she loved Webb the best of all her children. We have but one record of her own, a letter written to her son St. John, aged sixteen, at the East India College, Hertford, written with very motherly and touching expressions:—

Mrs. W. M. Thackeray to St. John Thackeray.

“December 12, 1807.

“I feel impatient to wish my dear boy every success, at the same time not to feel discouraged should it prove otherwise than my anxious wishes would have it. If you do but profit by the past, which can't be recalled, it will still prove beneficial by affording you experience for the future ; for, as you most justly observe, ‘the loss of time in youth is certainly most unfortunate, because irreparable.’ But, thank God, my dear boy has still left enough of early youth to redeem all past neglect, and since, thank God, he has sense and true understanding to enable him to perceive the mighty advantages of diligence in order to sow in due season to make *sure* of a good harvest. . . . I feel much for your approaching trial on Saturday, and can't forbear recommending you, my dearest St. John, still to exert your utmost until that day in getting by heart the parts you have to exhibit in as perfectly as possible. Do your best and leave the rest to Providence. Be sure on no account to neglect your precious health. Remember that a cheerful, open countenance and fine, graceful carriage is the *characteristic* of a gentleman and a young man of sense. To feel quite well—and to be so—are quite essential requisites towards succeeding. Pray be at the trouble to *peruse* this with *attention*, and forget not the hints of your most affectionate mother,

“A. T.

“P.S.—Be as neatly dressed as possible on Saturday, and with your own pleasing, manly, yet modest, open countenance you need not fear that any one will excel my dear boy ; and the next year I am, please God, at least *certain* that in *superiority* of talents and abilities, as well as person, *none* will surpass you. God ever bless you.”

Amelia Thackeray was only a little over fifty when she died; she and her husband were both buried at Hadley in the churchyard. I can remember my own father as he stood by the stone which was half hidden in the ivy at his feet. "Do you see what is written there?" he said gravely, and with his finger he pointed to William Makepeace Thackeray carved upon the slab.

I have never seen any picture of Mrs. Amelia Thackeray, but there are pretty miniatures of Mrs. Peter Moore, gay and sprightly, and of another sister, Mrs. Evans, a very charming person to look at. But she, less happy than her sisters, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Thackeray, seems to have been engaged in cruel lawsuits with her husband, trying to dissolve an unhappy marriage.

The Webbs, if they took after my father's favourite hero, General Webb, must have been an audacious, outspoken race. Any reserve in the family comes from the Thackeray side of the house. My father used to say that it was through his grandmother that the wits had come into the family, certainly Great-grandpapa Thackeray was a practical but not at all a clever man.

There is a picture we used to look at in the nursery at home, and which my own children look at now as it hangs upon the wall. It is a water-colour sketch delicately pencilled and tinted, done in India some three-quarters of a century ago by Chinnery, a well-known artist of those days, who went to Calcutta and drew the people there with charming skill. This picture represents that family group, father, mother, infant child, a subject which has been popular with painters ever since they first began their craft. Long before Raphael's wondrous art was known this particular composition was a favourite with artists and spectators, as I think it will ever be from generation to generation, while mothers continue to clasp their little ones in their arms. This special group of Thackerays is almost the only glimpse we have of my father's

earliest childhood, but it gives a vivid passing impression of that first home which lasted so short a time. My long, lean young grandfather sits at such ease as people allowed themselves in those classic days, propped in a stiff chair with tight white ducks and pumps, and with a kind grave face. He was at that time collector of the district called the 24 Pergunnahs. My grandmother, a beautiful young woman of some two-and-twenty summers, stands draped in white, and beside her, perched upon half-a-dozen big piled books, with his arms round his mother's neck, is her little son, William Makepeace Thackeray, a round-eyed boy of three years old, dressed in a white muslin frock. He has curly dark hair, and a very sweet look and smile. This look was almost the same indeed after a lifetime. Neither long years of work and trouble, nor pain nor chill anxiety ever dimmed its clear simplicity, though the gleam of his spectacles may have sometimes come between his eyes and those who did not know him very well.*

My father would take his spectacles off when he looked at this old water-colour. "It is a pretty drawing," he used to say, but he added that if his father in the picture had risen from the chair in which he sat, he would have been about nine feet high from the length of the legs there depicted. My father could remember the crocodiles floating on the Ganges, and that was almost all he ever described of India, though in his writings there are many allusions to Indian life. A year after this sketch was painted the poor young collector died of a fever on board a ship, where he had been carried from the shore for fresher air. Forty years afterwards my father described a visit he paid to Paris to his aunt Mrs. Halliday, the Augusta who was sent to India in the place of Charlotte. The old lady was ill, and wandering in her mind, and she imagined herself still on board that ship on the Ganges beside

* Much of this is reprinted, by the permission of Messrs. Scribner, from the "St. Nicholas Magazine."

her dying brother. Richmond Thackeray was little over thirty when he died. The account of his solid and lasting work in India is given by Sir William Hunter, and must not



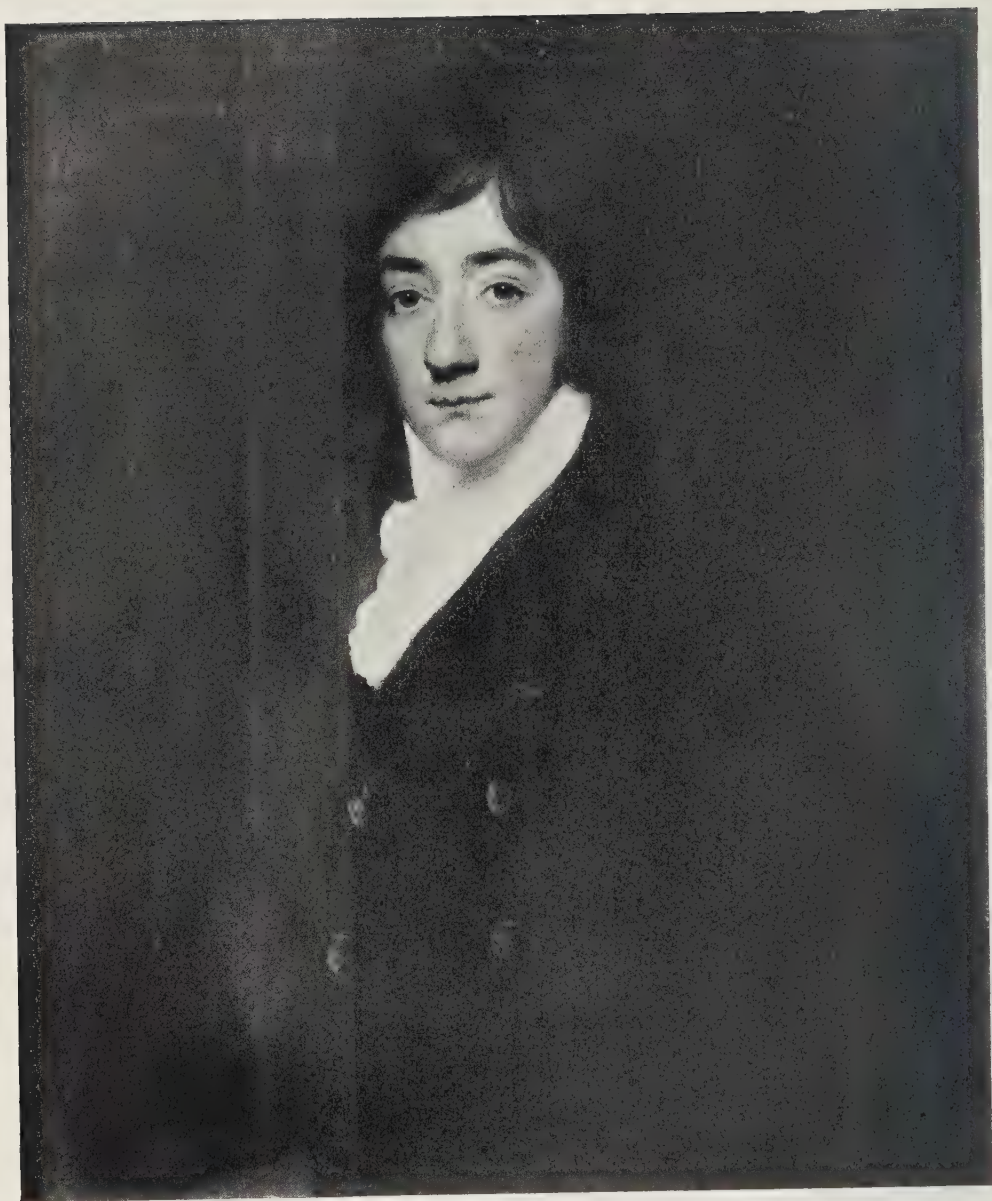
THE COURSE.

be altogether omitted here. He seems to have had the family gift for administration, for brilliant and conscientious public



PEOPLE AT TABLE.

work. His tastes and amusements curiously recall my father's—his drawings, his love of art, the paint box with the silver clasps, the horses, the portfolios of prints, the bric-à-



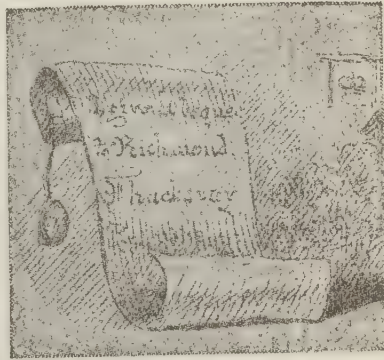
RICHMOND THACKERAY, THE FATHER (1781-1816).

From a painting in the possession of Lady Ritchie.

brac, his collections of various kinds and his pleasure in hospitality. Richmond Thackeray was a reserved man, but he was no recluse. He was a great road-maker, I have been told. As for his gift for design, it will be seen from the



GENTLEMAN PROPOSING.



THE WILL.

facsimiles here given how great his taste was, and from whom my own father inherited his love of drawing. His grave* is in the old cemetery at Calcutta, where he was laid with all sympathy and respect.

These are among a few of the sketches which remain.

Richmond Thackeray liked writing letters in pictures for his correspondents to decipher.

II.

The pictures and sketches from which we have been drawing are not yet exhausted. Among those which are here published some tell their own stories, some have to do with things belonging to many long-agos of fun and youthful impression. Take for instance the illustration to the old song, "There are no Maids like English Maids," or the notes from

* An Indian correspondent has sent me the photograph of the tall obelisk put up to the memory of Richmond Thackeray.

abroad, such as *Mon Cheval Boit* and *La Pluie*. The Dandy seems of English extraction, but the Musicians and Yssengietery certainly come from the land of Caran d'Ache, who was not yet in existence. Tom Fool's country, who shall divine?

Besides these sketches we give others, such as the portraits of the Dobus family, in their different avocations.*

Here, also are the adventures of "Vivaldi," with their delightful horrors, which have never yet been put before the



TOM FOOL'S PORTFOLIO.

public, and of which a more elaborate version is in the British Museum. The MS. was sent to us for verification, a discriminating little schoolboy having bartered his collection of stamps for it with another little schoolboy, who had become the lawful possessor of the picture by inheritance, I think. The family of the stamp-collector demurred, if I remember rightly, and thought the stamps far too valuable to part with for mere

* I have heard of other members of the Dobus family in other collections.



MON CHEVAL BOIT.



LA PLUIE.

sketches ; but Sir Sidney Colvin, at the British Museum, finally settled the controversy by offering a sum of money, which was accepted, and the pictures are now safely in their niche in the British Museum.



THERE ARE NO MAIDS

The lecture on Charity and Humour included among the other lectures in Volume XI. of this edition may be noticed



NAVAL COURTESY.

here. It was written during his first visit to America, and given in New York for the benefit of a Charitable Ladies'

Society, in which some of my father's friends were interested. General Grant Wilson writes of it as follows: "A delightful afternoon discourse on Charity and Humour, by which Thackeray added above a thousand dollars to the Society exchequer."



Vivaldi escaping from the Bandits tower.



The Fury of the Bandit Chief!



Wounded & overpowered by numbers he is carried back to the Tower.

*The Bandits Tower a Tale for young persons
uniting Instruction with amusement
& blending terror with delight!*



His uncomfortable condition in the DUNGEON.

VIVALDI.

My father kept this lecture for charitable purposes and to help his friends with. The address was subsequently repeated in London on behalf of the families of Angus B. Reach and Douglas Jerrold. For the latter fund it was delivered on

July 22, 1857, the day after the declaration of the result in the Oxford Election when Thackeray was a candidate for Parliament, and was defeated by Mr. Cardwell. The *Times* in its report of the Address says: "The opening words of the discourse ran thus: 'walking yesterday in the High Street of a



The Gaoler on bringing to Vivaldi his monthly portion of bread & water, is so struck by his appearance that he gives him the means to escape.



he escapes on the Captain's favorite mule.



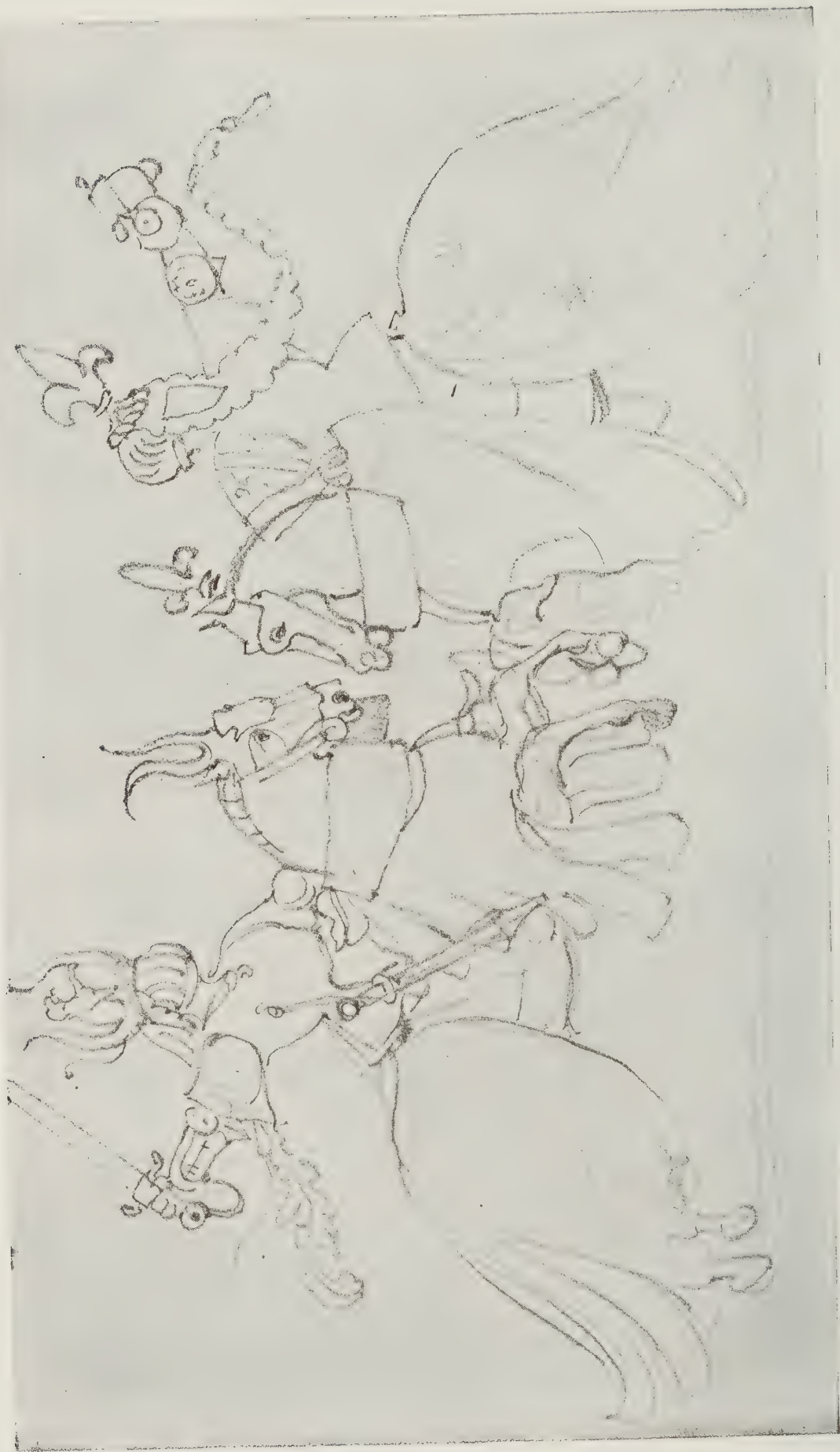
The effects of the anger of the Bandit Chief!



Vivaldi in the arms of his Matilda! —

VIVALDI.

certain ancient city.' So began the lecturer, and was interrupted by a storm of laughter that deferred for some moments the completion of the sentence." The concluding words of the lecture are a grace, such as one of those which Charles Lamb used to offer up for his favourite books.



DUEL.

We still have the following note by the humorist my father admired and for whom he expressed his admiration on more than one occasion.

“London, *March 23, 1855.*

“My dear Thackeray,—I have read in the *Times* to-day an account of your last night’s lecture, and cannot refrain from assuring you, in all truth and earnestness, that I am profoundly touched by your generous reference to me. I do not know how to tell you what a glow it spread over my heart. Out of its fulness I do entreat you to believe that I shall never forget your words of commendation. If you could wholly know at once how you have moved me and how you have animated me, you would be the happier, I am certain.

“Faithfully yours ever,

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

III.

THE KNIGHTS OF BORSELLEN.

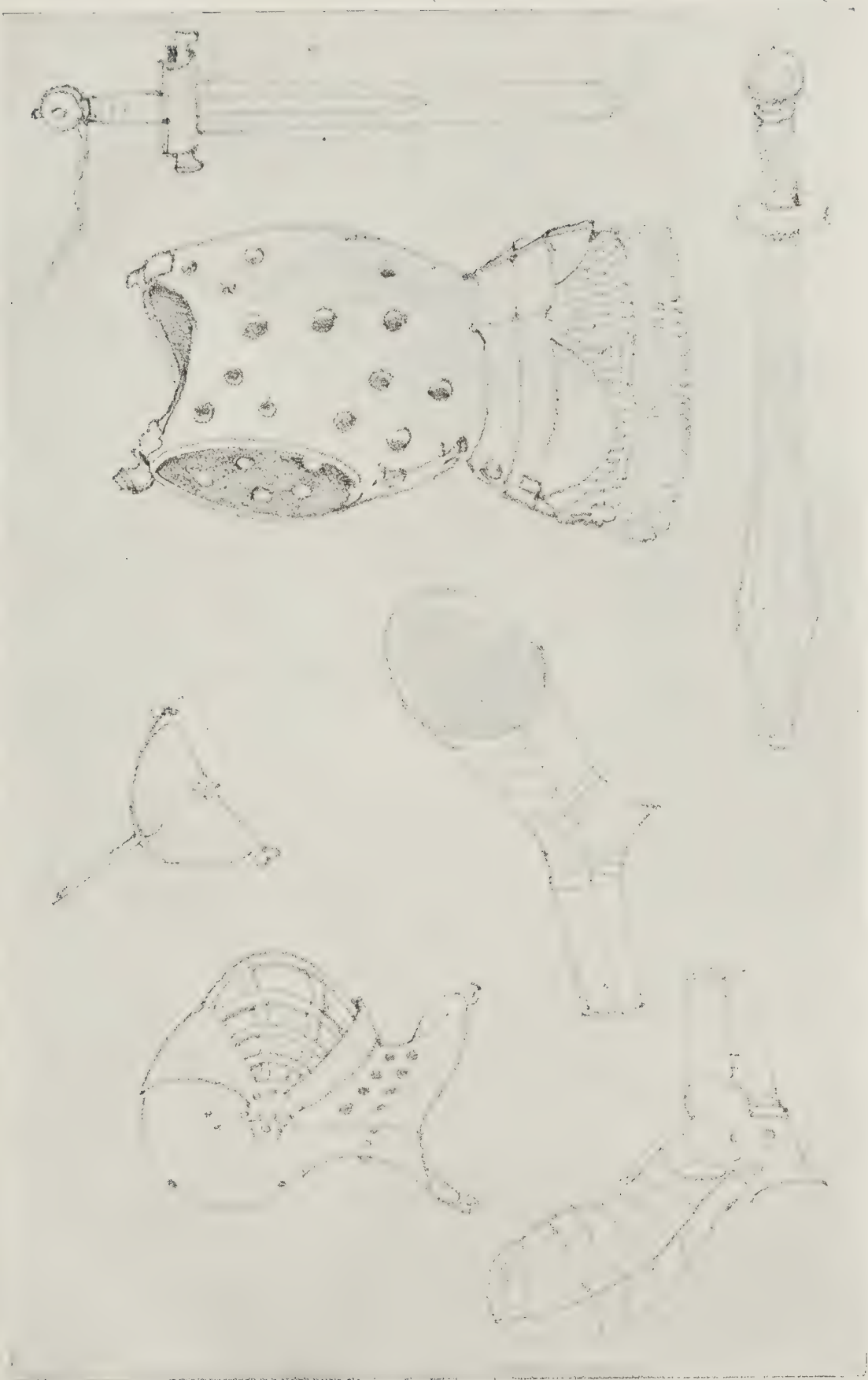
My father used sometimes to speak to us of a mediæval romance that he had intended to write. There is Mr. Motley’s record of hearing him say, “that he was thinking about a novel of the time of Henry V. which would be his *capo d’opera*, and in which the ancestors of all his present characters, Warringtons, Pendennises, and the rest should be introduced.” “It would be a most magnificent performance,” he said, “and no one would read it.”

I have already said how before finally starting on the novel of “Denis Duval” he was turning over another story in his mind. It was never written after all, but there are some notes which concern it in the same MS. volume containing those for “Denis Duval.” The story which was never written belonged to the days of Henry V., and we had seen

- Dates from Tyler.
- 1340 J of Gaunt born. d 1399.
- 1366 H. Bolingbroke (b. d. 1413)
Hotspur b.
- 1367 Ric II. b. + 1400
- 1376 B. P. died. (b. 1330.) (Crécy '46. Poitiers 56)
- 77 Ed III. d.
- Aug. 9. 87 Henry of Monmouth b.
- 1390-2 Bolingbroke in Barbary & Prussia
- 1398 B. banished after quarrel with Norfolk.
- 1399 Richard in Ireland. Young Henry knighted.
- Bolingbroke lands July
 - Richard lands August. resigns October
- 13 October. Henry IV crowned
- 15 Henry of M. created Prince of Wales.
- 1400 14 Feb. Richard's death
- 1403 Battle of Shrewsbury.
- 1413 Henry IV died. Henry V crowned.
- 1415 October 25. Agincourt.
- 1418 Siege of Rouen.
- 1420 Marriage of Henry.
- 1421 Birth of Henry VI.
- 1422 Death of Henry V.

DATES FROM 'TYLER.'

Facsimile of MS. page from W. M. Thackeray's Note Book.



STUDIES FOR THE FASHIONS CIRCA 1400.

him reading for it from time to time in Monstrelet and in Froissart.

This novel of my father's did not reach beyond the opening chapters, which are printed here for the first time; they seem to date from about 1841, when he was living and working in Paris. In this early fragment one is constantly struck by the resemblance to some of his later work, such as "Esmond" or "Pendennis"; there is the same chord in the sentences, the same methods are used to create the impression of actuality. A friend suggests that in old Castel-Sarrasin we have the original of Major Pendennis, who was not to be born for some four hundred years, and no wonder we are reminded of him since the Pendennises and the Castlewoods had the blood of these mediæval ancestors flowing in their veins. Though the story of Franck de Borsellen was not continued by my father, we can see what use he made of his early studies in "The Legend of the Rhine," "Rebecca and Rowena," and "The Prize Novelists."

The description of the Knights in "Barbazure" will be remembered by readers of "Punch," especially that of Romané de Clos Vougeot, the stately warrior mounted on his *destrière* travelling from Aquitaine through Berry, Picardy, and Limousin. He and his companion are described as "caparisoned in the fullest trappings of Feudal War. The arblast, the mangonel, the demi culverin and the cuisard of the period glittered upon the neck and chest of the war-steed, while the rider with chamfron and catapult, with ban and arrière ban, morion, timbrel, battle axe and diffard and the other appurtenances of ancient chivalry, rode stately on his steel-clad charger, himself a tower of steel."*

Mediæval records and MSS. had a great attraction for the author of "Barbazure," as indeed for many other great authors and poets of his generation, and that which preceded it.

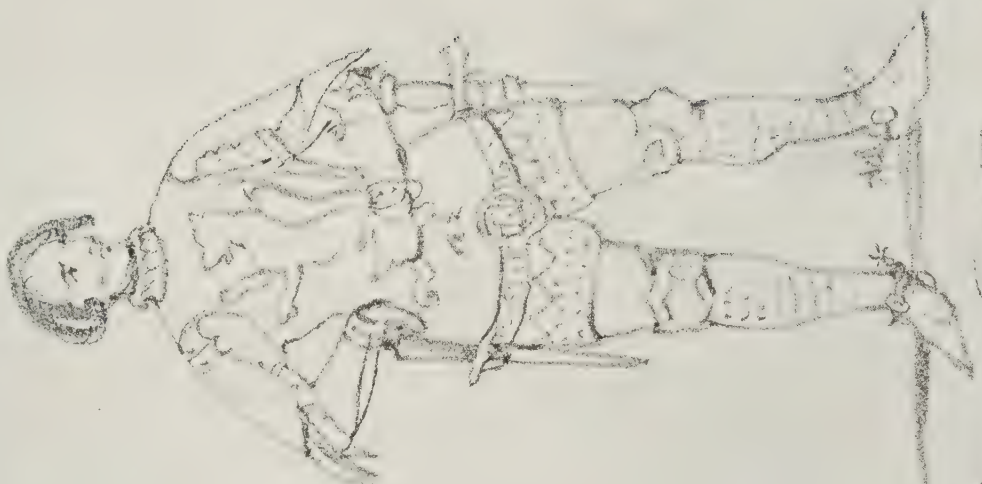
* We have consulted the highest authority on Heraldry, from whom we learn that these details are peculiar, but just possible.

The chronological list here given belongs to this particular phase, and we have more than one old record evidently concerning the story of the Borsellens, for which he had read up so carefully. My father's heroes, Jehan and Franck de Borsellen, belonged to the times chronicled by Shakespeare, when the English invaded France in those stirring days of Monstrelet and Froissart. We used to see him in his study reading the big volumes, which were kept on the lower shelf of his bookcase. At the end of his life, just before writing "Denis Duval," he hesitated, as we have seen, as to whether he should not revert to the story for which he had once read up so carefully and of which he had written the opening chapters. The one fact concerning this novel which is most vividly impressed upon my mind is that he told me how his hero, a simple knight, he said, was to come into the battle of Agincourt riding on a cow, as the knights did in those days when even cows were chivalrous. He finally decided for that story of the eighteenth century which he did not live to finish. Perhaps he thought the early fourteenth and fifteenth centuries too remote from daily life to suit his purpose; and yet those distant times seem very near as one reads of Jehan and Franck de Borsellen and their foes and their friends, living in that strange, pedantic, bygone and yet most present hour, as it is here described.

Knightly romances were in people's minds in the beginning of the last century, evoked by mighty wizards of the North and of the South, whose spells could raise the past again from the past. Tradition lives its own life. What are a few centuries more or less compared to Time. The days of Henry V. are spoken of still by the peaceful inhabitants of Fontainebleau as if they were yesterday. "That bridge was broken down by the English"—a driver said, as he pointed with his whip: "it has never yet been restored. No, madam, I am not speaking of the Germans," he insisted; "the bridge was destroyed long before they came, by the English who



Louis de France
son of Philip III
died 1319.



John de Tarbo - 1319

were here, and who did such great damage in the days of Jeanne d'Arc."

Over here what a wave of past prowess and stately achievement is still recorded by the ancient shrines among which we habitually live and move! We pass along the Embankment, from the Abbey to the Temple, to the Tower where any day you may watch the river flowing on with its freight, or listen to the Beefeater describing the Regalia, perhaps, and quietly telling of hairbreadth escapes, of desperate fights, of splendid festivities; and as he points to a glorious ruby, shining peaceably in the late King's crown, we listen as he tells us how it was in the helmet worn by Henry V. at Agincourt and by the Black Prince before him. It was given to the Black Prince, so I am informed by a kind student of ancient lore, by Peter the Cruel, who had taken it from the Moors.

We have an old sketch-book, shabby and battered, which was my father's. Out of this old sketch-book, sadly defaced by ruthless children, we reproduce some of the notes and sketches which evidently belong to the unfinished story of the Baron de Borsellen and his companions.

He was studying at the Louvre, and his notes are a medley of old and new, of now and of then—slight sketches are there labelled *Callot*, *Hollar*, *C. Vernet*; and, besides the sketches, we find heraldic things—items concerning early costumes and armours and shields and stately casques. Here is a pencil sketch labelled "Louis de France, son of Philip III., died 1319"; another of "Robert, Comte de Clermont," in his coat of mail with his great sword and heavy iron legs; there is the slightly indicated figure of Agnes de Loisy and a memorandum: "Her gown is quartered with her arms and her husband's in lozenges"; and then again comes a *map*, rather than a drawing of Philippe de Valois, on whose trappings the fleur-de-lys are just indicated. Romané de Clos Vougeot himself may have been one of the two knights encountering each other. The men-at-arms are evidently

carefully copied, as must be the helmet with its kingly crest. We have the knights in all their ponderous dignity and the sketches of the foot-soldiers with their piques and cross-bows. There is also a note referring to “*Les Tournois du Roi René d’après le manuscrit et les desseins par Champollion Figeac.*” The reproduction of these drawings may interest the readers of the adventures of Franck de Borsellen.

As for the two full-page pictures, they seem to concern the actual events which are here chronicled. Some such impression must have been in my father’s mind when he wrote of the rise of that campaign which ends this fragment of the story, and in which little Franck de Borsellen realises for the first time the terrors as well as the pomp of the fields of glory he had dreamt of.

To these notes should be added grateful acknowledgment to a student of the past, who from his peaceful precincts elucidates the ancient truths which we living offshoots of those strenuous times are too apt to confuse. Mr. Henry Newbolt has kindly read the incompleted chapters, and added two quotations from Monstrelet which explain the course of events. He sought for the books in the London Library and found in the volume of Monstrelet belonging there, certain pencil marks which showed that the actual course of this story was pointed out for quotation. Can my father himself have made them? It is an interesting problem—that he possessed certain volumes of Monstrelet I have already stated, but he may have consulted others.

THE KNIGHTS OF BORSELLEN.

THE KNIGHTS OF BORSELLEN

I.

THE BARON DE BORSELLEN FRANCK I.

AT the battle of Najara, among the scaly men of mark that fell into the hands of the English along with the redoubtable Du Guesclin was a Flemish knight by name Franck de Borsellen, who was making almost his first campaign.

The men of mark were ransomed by their captors at exorbitant prices, except Du Guesclin, their chief, who considered that he was paid a very high compliment by the Black Prince Edward because the latter refused to yield him up at any fine whatever.

Although among the chivalry of those days it was often the fashion to allow the captured warrior to fix the price of his own release, young Borsellen would never have thought of valuing his own bravery at the price of ten thousand crowns—which nevertheless was set on it—and would very probably have escaped at a much humbler rate had he not unluckily found some friends in the English camp who knew, or thought they knew, perfectly the value of his estates, and estimated the cost of his freedom accordingly. The fact is that very many of the English knights now fighting under the banner of their liege lord, the Prince of Aquitaine, and aiding Peter the Cruel his ally, had been a few months before in the service of Peter's adversary Henry, to whom Bertrand du Guesclin had brought a great host of warriors of all nations anxious to fight under so renowned a leader.

When the Black Prince took up the quarrel of Peter and invaded Henry's kingdom, he recalled the English and other

soldiers who owed him obedience from the latter's service ; and it was one of these Englishmen, to whom Franck de Borsellen had often (as is the fashion of young cavaliers) boasted of the wealth and splendour of his lordship of Borsellen, that now took his old companion of arms prisoner and fixed the above-named price for his ransom.

Franck had nothing for it but to yield, and when the Black Prince returned to Bordeaux was compelled to send from thence letters to his mother and the intendant of his little domains in Hainault, who, after melting all his plate, selling all his precious jewels, his armours, his horses and hawks, nay, his fields and villages, brought at length the ten thousand crowns to Franck's captors, and left him quite free, but as near a beggar as any nobleman might be who had a horse and sword, two or three stout fellows at his back, and a stomach that regularly twice a day called out for its portion of beef and strong drink.

There is no doubt but that in our days a gentleman of six feet high, who could not write and read, and who possessed for all his fortune the above-named appetite and encumbrances, would be a beggar, or at the very most a private in the Life Guards. In the year 1370, however, men of noble birth were not ruined so easily ; and three-and-twenty years after the fight of Najara, which cost him everything except a few acres round the bare old walls of his castle of Borsellen, Franck was back in the halls of his fathers again, with plenty of wood blazing in the old chimney, a reasonable store of silver flagons on the table, wine-butts in the cellars, cooks to dress the beef, brave soldiers to eat it, dogs to gnaw the bones, horses in the stables, hawks on the perch, and moreover (but she sate all day spinning with her maidens in a turret upstairs) a lady of Borsellen, who had brought the Baron a sufficient dower, and afterwards a daughter and two fair sons ; the daughter (whom out of politeness we have named first, though she was the second born of the family) was called Isabeau ; the eldest son was christened Jehan or John, after John of Gaunt, whom the Baron had served ; and finally the younger son was called Franck after himself.

Borsellen was not in the bloom of youth when he married

his lady. After losing the chief part of his patrimony in the manner above described, he had taken service with John of Lancaster, or, as he was pleased to call himself, the Lord of Spain ; and, after battling through the hundred conspiracies in which that turbulent Prince was engaged, had been rewarded by his master with the hand of pretty Alice Poyns, the daughter of one of the Duke's intendants who had amassed a fortune in his service. Some young squire of her own country had, it was said, already won the heart of the poor girl, but Franck was not of a disposition to consider this prior attachment as an obstacle, and set on some of his free companions to waylay and well-nigh kill the squire, and carried off the young lady and her dowry, and carried them together to his castle of Borsellen, to make bombance and good cheer for the rest of his days. For he did not care for fighting as long as he could live in peaceful plenty, hunting of mornings and getting drunk of evenings as a bold baron should.

The young Baron John de Borsellen was in every way worthy of his amiable father. At eight years old he was not afraid of the biggest dog or man in the household, and would lash one or the other with his whip or his belt as he had seen his father do. At six he had beaten his nurse first and then his mother, and his father laughed when he heard the story, and swore by St. Ives that the young rogue had served them right. He had from that time quitted the women's apartments, the tender mother, the silly nurse, and the prosy old chaplain, and had taken his place in the hall in a little chair by his father's great one, and had had a little cup that was filled out of the Baron's big silver flagon, and used to sing :

Duc de Bourgogne,
Que Dieu vous tienne en foie

with a lusty little voice ; nay, had ridden many and many a long hunt behind Franck de Borsellen on his great trotting Flemish stallion when it pleased the Baron, as it did almost every morning, to ride out and hunt the buck or the boar. When he was nine years old he had a little pack of dogs of his own, and a pack of little varlets still more obedient than

the dogs, and he used to go out on foot and hunt hares and rabbits in the commons and copses, badgers in the morasses and along the rivers, on his own account. Woe betide the young serf who thwarted Messire Jehan in any way! He had one day tied up one on to a tree and was taking very good aim at him with a crossbow, and would have killed him too, had not his father chanced to ride by, who in a fit of compassion released the lad. However, the Baron vowed that it was the best joke he ever knew, and told his friends a hundred times over what a spirited mad wag his son and heir was.

Isabeau, the second-born, came into the world six years after the young Baron, and it is never known that, from the day of her birth to that of his death, her father took the slightest notice of her. He had no fortune to give her, and proposed at a proper age, unless some neighbouring nobleman took a fancy to make her his wife, to place her in a convent and dedicate her to Heaven. Many a comely and tender young damsel was in those days doomed to bury her youthful charms in the cloister and accommodate herself as best she might to that lonely and unnatural servitude.

At last came Franck, a sickly puling child for the first years of his life, who was frightened like Astyanax at his father's nodding plumes and frowning crest the only time when the Baron, about to ride out on a war-party, deigned to embrace him, and who remained with his mother for many years after. She—a gentle Andromache—was not perhaps ill content, but Franck de Borsellen was no Hector, out of the field at least. He had never been bred to dawdle in lady's bower, and twangle guitars and sing songs in their favour, as some high-flown gallants of the Courts were wont to do in those times: he was an honest country noble. Du Guesclin had knighted him on a field of battle, and he would have dashed his armed fist into the face of any man who dared to say, except in joke, that he could read or write. The only time when he was sober in his wife's company was when he rose in the morning to leave her bed, and many many days and months in the year was he away from it and her. The poor slave did not repine at his absence, as she should

perhaps have done : but she was not of knightly birth herself, and could not appreciate the honours to which her husband had raised her. As we are upon the family chronicle (very necessary for the understanding of the rest of this book) we may as well say that Franck de Borsellen's youngest son was born in the year 1394, his sister a year previous, and his brother, the representative of the ancient and honourable race, in the year of grace 1387. Alice Poyns, the intendant's daughter, was twenty years old when she married the noble husband who was exactly twice her age.

This is no great disparity nowadays, when a nobleman after coming home from an evening party puts his feet into warm water, and when he takes off his shawl nightcap next morning rubs his hair with the bear's grease until it curls and glistens as it did when he was a lad at Eton ; it is not the mature gentleman who suffers so much as the budding young lady in her teens, who loses her best hours of precious sleep in whirling round a ball-room, and becomes preternaturally old at five-and-twenty. It was the men who grew old in the good old times, not the women. Their bodies were worn down by the weight of heavy arms and maimed by wounds gotten in spite of all their steel ; doctors were there few or none to heal the wounds, and such a plenty of strong drink was given to inflame them as a score of men in our degenerate days would try in vain to discuss.

War and liquor, then, had made great havoc upon the stout frame of Franck de Borsellen, and when Franck's hour came for dying it came after a gallant inroad into the neighbouring English county of Calais, where he burned three villages, took two score of horses and cattle, which were driven home in triumph to Borsellen, and set very many farmers and country-people to ransom. When Franck's last hour came, he had no prickings of conscience for a life of near sixty years passed in robbery, debauch, and murder, but went out of the world comforted by his chaplain's absolution, and fully convinced that his whole tenor of life, though stained by a few peccadilloes here and there, was such as became a gentleman and a knight. And his last words to his son Jehan were to remember that he, Franck of Borsellen, had been held

to be a warrior of such repute as to be compelled to pay ten thousand crowns for his freedom.

“My son,” said he, “remember this, and keep up accordingly the honour of your name. Treat well your mother, Jehan—a good woman, though coming of a poor house. Take Franck, your brother, out of the hands of the clerks and the women, and make a man of him if thou canst. Care for your sister: she bids fair to be handsome, and may light upon a rich husband at Court.”

In a very few hours after this speech, old Franck de Borsellen’s boisterous spirit and great war-worn body were at rest for ever; the latter was carried with decent state to the chapel of the castle, and Messire Jehan reigned over the little barony.

II.

MESSIRE JEHAN.

HE behaved upon the occasion of his bereavement with a piety that drew down general admiration. He gave a vast deal of wine and metheglin to all such mourners as came to the funeral, and his very first public act afterwards was to harry and plunder those Calais villages according to his sire's dying injunction.

Messire Jehan's mother was not a little proud of him, for he was her son and a handsome cavalier; and the lad was not ill-natured and of a kindly easy temperament, and during the first days of his mother's widowhood tolerably attentive to her. The poor thing had been so unused to kindness and attention that Jehan's behaviour endeared him to her very much. For a while she came down and presided at the table, bringing her younger children with her. Isabeau was, as her father said, growing to be a comely damsel: in a year or two Jehan promised to take her to the Court of my lord of Burgundy, and the young woman was nothing loth. Little Franck at meal-times occupied the small chair which Jehan in his youth had filled by the side of his father, and John meanwhile worthily filled that huge oaken throne.

This family intimacy, however, did not last very long, for the company which her son kept was somewhat too boisterous for the widow and her young children, and many jokes passed among Jehan's young companions and much talk was held which made the lady blush to hear, so after a short space she retreated to her own apartments again, carrying the young people with her. Little Franck adored his mother, but returned not without a pang to the women's apartments and jurisdiction once more. He thought his big brother Jehan the greatest man in all this world, and longed to imitate his

virtues. As for Jehan, he had acquiesced in his mother's retreat with a perfectly good grace and got drunk even better without her.

Franck now began to be a little restive with the old priest and his long lessons, and he wished to go a-hunting and fighting like his brother. The latter in the first days after his father's death, when the habit of patronage was new and pleasant to him, had promised his brother a little horse and had taken him to the falconry and given him a hawk. He would have taken Franck out hunting with him too; but when the lad was out of the way, honest Jehan never thought a whit about him, so that Franck's taste for field sports was not gratified as yet.

However, the lord of Borsellen was speedily called to service in some of those interminable feuds in which his patron was engaged; and leaving his castle in the care of his mother, guarded by two or three old men who were left behind precisely because they were so infirm as to be of no use in a campaign, went away with all the able-bodied males whom the barony could muster. Franck could not ride then, as he had hoped, for the only steed left in the stables was an old mill-horse; but the forester took him out and showed him some little sport with the hawks, and initiated him into the mystery of trapping and springing. Franck became a decent shot with a bow, too, and brought home to his mother with great pride a very large old owl that had been stricken to death by a shaft from his quiver.

In the matter of war Franck's instructor was the old porter who had served the late lord in many campaigns, and told the boy brave stories concerning them. The chaplain had a rare budget of these tales too, and Franck listened to them with all his ears.

There was in the courtyard a grim wooden figure of a Saracen, against which Franck used to tilt lustily, to the great delight of his sister and not a little to the pleasure of his mother and the old priest who kept his company. The lady of Borsellen in the course of her meek life had known but little happiness, and these days she often thought were the happiest of her existence. When the old castle was left to



THE FALCONER.

herself and her children, and the old vacant hall and courtyard echoed with their innocent laughter, what fierce blows did doughty young Franck deal upon the battered old figure of the Saracen! By the names of all the wicked magicians and enchanters he ever heard of he used to call it, rescuing his sister from their fell clutches; and sometimes the chaplain and the old porter were made to figure in the play, and performed the parts of kings, emperors, or felon Paynim knights with grinning good grace.

Such progress was Franck de Borsellen making in his education in the years 1406 and 1407 during the time that his brother was following his liege lord the Count of Hainault, who was following that redoubtable Duke of Burgundy, nicknamed by the age in which he lived as "John without Fear." Jehan's namesake, the Duke, pretty soon distinguished a young fellow who was as brave and as unscrupulous as himself, and Borsellen came back to his castle a much greater man than he was when he left it.

He had seen, too, a great deal of the world since his departure. He had been at Paris and had seen the mysteries as they were enacted to the great delight of the poor King in his moments of half sanity; and brought back some of the newly invented cards, which were the rage of the Court then, and over which Messire Jehan and his friend would sit and gamble all night. He had danced, too, at the Queen's hotel of Saint Paul—nay, carried his gallantry so far as to bring back for his lady mother a robe and headdress just such as Her Majesty wore. Poor Alice was wonderfully delighted with the giver, though she blushed as she wore his gift. The gown had an immense train that her two women laughed as they carried. It was embroidered with the great green griffin of the Borsellens and her own arms alternately; above it was a tight velvet jacket trimmed with ermine, having big light sleeves which trailed to the ground, and cut so exceedingly low at the neck as to make an honest country matron blush with good reason. But the marvel of all was the head-piece. It was of red velvet of the shape of a huge crescent, or pair of horns (not an ox in the farmyard had such a pair of horns), from which hung two streamers of gauze or lace that should

properly have been left to flaunt in the air behind the noble wearer, but which the lady insisted upon tying round her throat, for all the fashion.

What stories had Jehan to tell of the balls and galas at the Court, of the magnificence of Berri, the prodigality of Orleans, the wild pranks of the King of Navarre, and above all of the splendour of his own lord of Bungundy, who eclipsed them all. And then the poor devils of citizens—what a life they led of it! Messire Jehan brought back with him a whole wardrobe of linen bed-furniture that he had procured at Paris at the cheapest rate. As an officer of the Duke, he had but to enter any citizen's house and take what he fancied—a parcel of napkins and sheets, or a piece of claret, a sack of oats for his horses—nay, a horse for the oats, if it so minded him. Every prince of the blood, and every officer of a prince in consequence had this privilege of robbery, and availed himself of it accordingly.

There was the Duke of Orleans—one of the best jokes ever heard had been perpetrated by him. The Duke for many years had received in his own hands half the taxes of the kingdom, and never paid one farthing of his own debt. Riding out one day, his horse took fright, well-nigh plunged him into the Seine, and set my lord into such a tremor that he thought a judgment was coming upon him, and vowed he would pay every one of his creditors. Next day his intendants called them together, and they came to the number of eight hundred; but his greatest fright was over, and he thought of paying no more. When the varlets began to remonstrate, the Duke ordered his men out with sticks and offered the knaves the choice of a beating or a retreat. These stories were told by Messire Jehan in the simple way in which the chroniclers of the time record them. His mother and sister listened to them with wonder, as good simple mothers and sisters will do, but his young brother was lost in delight at the tale and respect for the accomplished teller of them.

One part of the story, however—the last and most important part of it—Messire Jehan did not tell. Was it that he was ashamed of his share in the action, or that it was too grave a subject to talk of with little boys and ladies? It was

this. His master, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke of Orleans, after their long quarrel, had been reconciled, and great festivities had taken place in consequence of their peace. But both knew how hollow the truce was, and assembled their men about Paris to the number of many thousands, and each prepared to resist or to overcome the other.

Then took place, as the chronicler says, "the most woeful and piteous adventure that had occurred for a long time in the Christian kingdom of France. On Wednesday, being St. Clement's day, November 23, 1407, eighteen men who were lodged in an hotel having the sign of Our Lady near to the gate Barbette of Paris, in which city the Duke of Orleans then was, sent forward a certain Thomas Courthame, valet de chambre of the king, to the said Duke, who had gone to visit the Queen, then residing in her hotel near the above gate of Barbette. The which Thomas, coming before the Duke as from the King, said to him, 'Monseigneur, the King orders that without delay you come to him, as he would speak with you hastily in regard of matters that nearly concern you and him.'

"On which the said Duke, wishing to obey the command of the King (as he fancied it), did incontinently mount on his mule, having in his company only four or five varlets on foot, carrying torches before and behind him, and two squires; for thus did he go abroad privately, although there were at that hour in Paris six hundred squires and knights in his pay.

"The night was rather dark as he came to the above-named gate of Barbette, and eighteen men who had armed themselves privily placed themselves under cover of a house near the gate, and as he passed rushed suddenly out upon him, crying loudly, 'Kill, kill!' One struck him with an axe, so that his hand was cut off clean at the wrist. Whereon the Duke began to cry, 'I am the Duke of Orleans.' 'That is what we want,' replied they, striking him, and beat him off his mule and struck him in such a manner on the head that his brains were scattered over the pavement. With him was most piteously slain a young man, a German by nation, who had been the Duke's page, who, when he saw his master down, laid himself upon his body to save him, but helped

him nothing. The two squires were riding upon one horse, which, when it heard the tramping and clattering of arms of those upon it, began to snort and to run and ran a long space before they could stop it. And when they stopped it, the Duke's mule came up without their lord. . . . And those who had done the murder began incontinently to cry 'Fire,' and set fire to the hotel in which they were, and escaped on horse or foot as best they might, some of them going to the hotel of Artois, where their master, the Duke of Burgundy, was, who, as he afterwards publicly confessed, had commanded the murder.

"The next day the body was buried in great state, the Duke of Burgundy holding the pall. But at the council after the burial the Duke, being troubled, confessed the action of which he had been guilty, which the lords hearing were in such wonder and sorrow that they could scarcely give him an answer. But the day after, the Duke going as before to the Council, Count Waleran of Saint Pauls forbid him to enter; hereon in great doubt the Duke returned to his hotel, and there without a moment's loss taking horse rode away with only six of his men out of the gate of Saint Denis and rode without stopping at any place, but changing horses frequently, until they reached the Duke's castle of Bapaume. When he had there slept a little, he rode away until he reached Lille in Flanders, and the people whom he had left in Paris in great doubt lest they should be taken and arrested, speedily followed him. Especially Raymond d'Actonville and his accomplices, who quitted the city in various disguises and came all together to lodge at the castle of Sens in Artois by order of Duke John of Burgundy, their master and lord."

It does not appear that John of Burgundy, after performing this act of vengeance and flying from the consequences of it, abdicated for any considerable period his title of "John without Fear." As soon as he arrived in his own country he summoned his lieges and councillors about him, who as in duty bound took his side in the quarrel, and he hired a famous theologian and special pleader of the day, Master John Petit, to compose and publish that famous apology for murder which may be found in the *Chronicles* entire.

It is a curious monument of the learning of the age—a kind of learning which has passed out of vogue luckily in every country but ours, where Doctor Petit would be the distinguished head of a college, no doubt, and, after having lectured on Aristotle and edited a few Greek plays, might look forward to a bishopric at the very least as the reward of his piety and learning. Petit's scholarship was considerable for his time. He adduced all the instances of homicide recorded in Holy Writ—how Moses killed the Egyptian, how Joab “the constable” of King David slew the prince his son; how Athalia caused Achab to be murdered on the steps of the altar. From Scripture the Doctor passed to the Fathers, of no less authority in his eyes; from the Fathers to the Greek and Latin classics; and showed by major and minor, by twelve subdivisions and arguments in honour of the twelve apostles—first that it is proper to kill tyrants; second, that the Duke of Orleans was a tyrant; and therefore the reader may draw the conclusion for himself, if he chooses but to admit the premises.

The reply to the harangue is not less curious, for the Duchess of Orleans hired her advocate Sevisy, who solemnly in presence of the Queen and the Lords of the Council pronounced a defence of the slaughtered Prince, and exculpated him from the charge of sorcery, of which Petit and the Duke of Burgundy accused him.

He proved the absurdity of this accusation first from Solomon and next from Ovid: and concluded by declaring that “Master John de Bar himself, so skilled in that cursed art, and who had been burned with all his books, declared at his last confession that the Devil had never appeared to him, and that of his invocations and sorceries no effect had ever come, although he had declared the contrary in order to get money from the great lords.” Doctor Sevisy in the same manner upset other misstatements of Doctor Petit. Valentin Visconti, the Duke's widow, a woman beautiful and of high spirit, who in spite of all his excesses had been most tenderly attached to her lord, stood by Sevisy as he made his discourse before the Queen. She gave him the document with her own hands as if to authorise every word of it, and was surrounded by her

relatives in deep mourning like herself, who demanded justice upon the murderer.

The Queen promised that right should be done.

A herald, a secretary, and the Dauphin of Auvergne were sent off to the Duke of Burgundy, and found him surrounded by his army—that is to say, by those of his duchy and county of Burgundy, of Flanders, of Artois and the marches of Picardy, who had assembled in great numbers and noble apparel.

[NOTE.—To him was also come his brother-in-law, the Count of Hainault, with many noble persons of his counties of Holland, Zealand, Ostrevant, and other places. There were knights and squires to the number of about twelve hundred basnets, and two thousand well-appointed men on foot. Also the Count of Mars and the Scots were with the host, which was furthermore furnished with a vast number of chariots containing provisions and munitions of war. The Princes of Hainault and Burgundy had assembled the army for the purpose of succouring Bishop John of Liège, who was besieged at Maestricht by the turbulent commons of the former city.]

III.

THE MESSENGER FROM THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY COMES TO THE
CASTLE OF BORSELLEN.

WHEN the braying of the trumpet without and of the emulous animal within the court was concluded, old Hans had had time to unbar the gate and give admission to the personages who had signified their presence by sound of horn. First there came a little old man that was so nearly being a hunch-back it was a wonder to think how he had escaped. He rode gallantly, his hand on his hip, looking at the porter and all the castle windows for heads to greet him; he was placed in a very large saddle on the back of a huge, raw-boned, white-nosed bay horse, with enormous legs and the hair hanging in ringlets at the fetlock. The mane and tail of the steed were decorated likewise with ribbons, the rider wore a dingy chaperon of red velvet, cocked on one side of his old withered yellow face; his hair was thin and grey, but parted down the middle accurately, and falling on his shoulders in a curler; the sleeves of his coat were scalloped and hung a yard from his elbows, and on his spindle legs were a pair of poulaine shoes that dangled at least two feet beyond the stirrup. He it was who had been playing the horn: it hung at his waist by a chain, and near it was a dagger and a purse; a sword hung by this warrior's side, and a mace was placed at his saddle.

Behind this gentleman came a lad on a little horse, bearing on his arm a helmet surmounted by a huge crest of a Saracen's head, almost of the natural size, and he was followed by a squire, a servant, a stout weather-beaten fellow, that was mounted on a tolerable hack, and was leading a mule which carried the knight's luggage and armour. The page had a

bag, too, at his saddle, which contained, as afterwards was found, the knight's library and his harp.

"Make way for my lord of Burgundy's ambassador!" cried the little knight in a cracked voice.

"Ha! It is old Castel-Sarrasin," said John of Borsellen, who was by this time away from his cups, and staring from the hall window. "Go down, Franck, and hold his stirrup, and make him welcome."

"Welcome, welcome, Messire Tristan," shouted out John from the window; "you come in good time, for the capons are smoking hot."

Franck went out, cap in hand, to receive the visitor; but the knight examined him very fiercely, and haughtily folded his arms across his breast, said a few words, and, much to Jehan's surprise, his brother came blushing back into the hall again and said, 'Messire Tristan de Castel-Sarrasin greets Messire de Borsellen, and says that he comes to him with missives from his liege the Duke of Burgundy, which Messire Jehan of Borsellen should receive as befits.' So, growling and cursing, Jehan was obliged to leave the hot capon, and to come down to the court with half a dozen of his people, and to help Messire Tristan to alight; which done, the newcomer produced a letter from his bosom, that Messire Jehan received on one knee.

"Your poor servant Tristan of Castel-Sarrasin is the humblest knight of Christendom," said the little warrior, "and would never think of ceremonials with such a famous gentleman as Messire Jehan, his old friend; but as ambassador from the Duke's Grace of Burgundy, I must claim all the honours that are done to him, and which I beg this worthy company to witness."

"Well, Messire Tristan, they are rendered heartily; and now will it please you to enter and dine? Meanwhile, I shall send for a clerk to examine the letters," said Jehan.

The knight made no ado, but accepted the invitation, bidding his groom look to Roderick and himself, and leaning upon the arms of Franck, as they went up the stairs: he pronounced Franck to be a gracious damoiseil, and the lad looked with awe and wonder at the Prince's envoy with his



"I PRAY YOU SIR WALK IN."

strange fantastical figure and garb, and his strutting, dignified manner.

On entering the room he greeted the ladies with a solemn stare which made Isabeau giggle and her mother blush ; and when, without further apology, he seated himself in Jehan's own chair, Franck looked as much stricken with wonder as if the end of the world was come ; and as Jehan, far from resenting the insult or annihilating the little creature, actually brought him a silver basin and water to wash, Franck finished by thinking the new guest was one of the greatest men in the world. Instead of using the napkin that was offered to him, the little man waved his long lean fingers to and fro gracefully in the air, staring at the ladies all the while. Franck had heard from his brother that such was the mode at Court ; though Jehan, more simple in his ways, either dried his hands in a cloth, or maybe forgot the ablution altogether, and ate his meat without purification.

The meal was a good and substantial dinner served at ten o'clock (indeed, except in the names of the repast, the French have scarcely changed for these four hundred years) ; it was plentifully accompanied by wine and honey-beer ; and after it, the lady of Borsellen, retiring, concocted a cup of rich spiced wine with her own hands, which she served to her guest, who received it with many polite speeches. As the chaplain was not in the way, Jehan, with something of a sneer, bad the clerk, his brother, read the letter addressed to him, which Franck, blushing as usual, did ; but he was delighted to receive many commendations on his learning from the knight, who told him that all the great lords of France, nowadays, were scholars as well as soldiers, and witnessed the Duke of taken prisoner at Crecy ; and he was going on to speak of the Prince who lately died at Paris, but here he stopped, for both he and Jehan de Borsellen were Burgundy's men, and the knight knew perfectly well Jehan's share in Orleans' death.

The Duke of Burgundy's letter was a summons to Jehan, one out of many score that the Prince had sent out, calling upon all the knights and gentlemen of his following to join him by a certain day in the marches of Picardy preparatory

to a descent upon the men of Liège and the intruder of Liège, as the new bishop was called, whom they had elected. Against these men of Liège the Duke preached a sort of crusade: they had turned their rightful lord out of his bishopric, had taken his towns, had slaughtered his knights and nobles, had laid waste the Brabant country with fire and sword: and high time it was to avenge these injuries.

Jehan said he desired no better sport, and added that he knew very well that these Flemish commons possessed unheard-of riches, of which he longed to have a share; and the knight of Castel-Sarrasin, though he professed not to fight for wealth, but for honour only, showed, nevertheless, that he should be by no means averse to the plunder, which might justly be taken from these low-bred knaves who had used the nobles and forsaken their princes so abominably. In fact, he was of opinion that it was quite a holy war in which they were about to engage, and that plunder in such a case was lawful.

Jehan frankly gave his guest to understand that he did not care whether the war was holy or not; and that as for plunder, it, in his notion, was *always* lawful.



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the figure is seated on a large
base and is very strong.

IV.

TABLE TALK.

. . . “A pretty robe, Madam, and in the true Paris fashion ; but if you will give me leave, the toes of your boots are not half long enough—why, they are not six inches above the foot, and should, upon the faith of a knight, be an ell long at least. The Queen, though, between ourselves, Madam, she is fat, inordinate fat and gross about the leg, wears the point of her poulaine tied by a chain to her knee—a filigree gold chain it is, prettily set with turquoise.”

“I warrant Messire Tristan has seen it,” cried Jehan, with a hoarse laugh.

“Manners, my good host of Borsellen, manners and discretion. Suppose I have seen it, that is no cause why I should tell—kiss and tell, oh, fie ! We never do such things, fair demoiselle—by Venus we never do.”

Isabeau only laughed as the little ugly man threw a leer across the table to her, which was destined to take her heart by storm ! Franck listened and wondered ; he was too simple in the ways of the world to know as yet that people of Sir Tristan’s nation very often tell *without* kissing, and took his stories for Gospel. Jehan, who had set up for a gallant too, on his return from Court, was rather sulky at being so completely put in the shade by his little talkative guest, and sate with one leg thrown over his arm-chair, dipping his nose into his great silver flagon every now and then, and looking as important as possible.

“You don’t drink, Sir Tristan,” said he ; “the wine is good Gascony, I warrant you. Since the time when the lord my father—peace to his soul—was in those parts, he could abide no other drink.”

“My poor house of Castel-Sarrasin must have been fully known to him then,” continued the knight—“a mean mansion, ladies, but it has lodged fifty knights and their train in its time. Did your honoured sire never tell of it?”

“Never; and yet he knew the country well, sir, when he was for two years a prisoner of honour to the Black Prince of Aquitaine. He was a doughty knight, Messire Tristan, and ransomed for ten thousand crowns by Hugh Calverley, who took him at Najara.”

This story was told twice at least every evening by Jehan, who gave it at present in a very solemn voice, looking round at his family for approval, and then full in the face of the Frenchman.

“My father was a famous knight,” said Isabeau, tossing up her slim neck.

“Ay, truly,” cried Franck; “look at his sword, Sir Knight, yonder great two-handed one; no one could wield it but he.”

“Jehan, can,” said his mother, looking at her big son.

“That I can,” growled John. “My armour weighs thirty pounds more than those of my father, Sir Franck. I am an inch broader in the chest than he was, and am much longer in the leg.” Messire de Castel-Sarrasin, however, did not take the slightest notice of this family boasting, but continued rattling on about his castle and two miles of vineyards that he possessed on the banks of Garonne, that yielded him three hundred tonneaux of claret, that brought him three thousand silver marks yearly.

“But,” said John, “Picardy wine is a good drink: and though we make no wine in Flanders, they brew rare metheglin at Bruges.”

“I would ship you a few tons from Bordeaux, but for the wicked English cruisers.”

“Hang the English,” answered Messire de Borsellen! “the men of Liège have taken a parcel of their cursed archers into pay. I wish I was among them with my two-handed sword! I should have been rich but for them; they robbed my father of ten thousand crowns, or my lands would have been as big as your own, Messire de Castel-Sarrasin.”

“And will be again, I am sure, if merit and polity can win them back,” said Sir Tristan. “Look at the man, ladies—what a champion! What a chest! What a fist, to hold a war-axe! What a leg! (John grinned.) It would be held a thought too thick at Court,” continued the knight, glancing complacently at his own spindle shins, which were cased in parti-coloured breeches of red and yellow. “By the way, why continue that odious fashion of buff? It’s not decent—positively not decent; motley is your wear, sir, or blue, or what you will. A man in those odious tight buff hose looks like a wild Hirishman (I have lived three years among the kernes, Madam)—a wild Hirishman, who has no breeches at all—their very kings have never such a thing.”

“Oh, tell us all about the wild Hirish kings without breeches,” burst out Franck, in eager delight. “I have read in the legend of Saint Patrick, and long to know more of them.”

“More, child,” said the simple lady, kissing him; “why, I believe thou hast read every book in this world—the boy has Latin at his fingers’ end, Sir Knight, as our good chaplain here can vouch; and for English, it is his mother’s tongue, and he knows it as well as his father’s.”

“Is it so?” said the Knight; “then I shall lend him the books of Chaucer and jolly Master Lydgate. My harp boy carries them in my trunk, and I never travel without them. For of all the tongues in the world for song and pleasant wit, commend me to the English.”

“I never would learn it,” said Jehan, sulkily, “I hate ’em so.”

“You are a great noble and a man of war, Jehan, and have no need of such book-learning, but Franck is a man of peace—is it not so? my Franck—and shall be a great clerk or a cardinal, mayhap.”

“His father said he should be a clerk,” said the widow timidly, “and so I taught him our old Saxon tongue, sir”; and herewith the widow fell a-musing and thought of fair Avon, where she was born, and old Bristol town, and the green pastures of pleasant Somersetshire.

“Tell us about the Hirish,” continued Franck, who did not like the turn that his mother’s conversation was taking.¹

“I passed six years with them,” continued the Knight, “going over to the country with my good lord King Richard, whom the felon Lancaster,” said he, clenching his little fist, “basely murdered; but let that pass; one of these days I, Tristan of Castel-Sarrasin, promise to make him pay it. We set out from . . . sirs, in the year of grace 1394, a gallant army as ever was led by a king: ten thousand men-at-arms were we, and thirty thousand archers and vassals on foot. Ah, you should have seen the fleet making ready, and the stores of wine and provender that were put on board, and the minstrels that flocked to the host and made it merry, and have heard the trumpets ringing night and day, and the great war chargers neighing! Ladies were there too, and very fair ones too; but of such we will not speak in the presence of this chaste lady and damoiselle. Never was such a gallant sight seen as that of our ships sailing in a fair sunshine into Waterford Bay. A dirty town it is, Madam, and inhabited by a ragged people, but King Richard made the place splendid with his camp, and all the Hirishry came down and wondered. More than his father, the Black Prince, had ever done, or his stern grandfather, the lord of Ireland, our good King Richard did by his state and splendour, and by the beauty and grace of his person. When Oneil the King and the Ulster lords saw our King, they flung themselves straightway at his feet and swore homage to him. To my lord of Mowbray, Earl Marshal, Macmore and the chiefs of Leinster did the like, taking off their knives, caps, and girdles, and swearing themselves to be King Richard’s liege men.

“Fancy to yourselves in what a state these wild Irish chieftains were, and how they ought to thank us for teaching them the ways of honour and the glorious practices of chivalry. All their lands and seignories they bound themselves to yield up to our King, the rightful lord of such savages; they promised to aid him with all their swordsmen

¹ The reader very likely knows the delightful poem in the *Archæologia*, from which the Knight’s narrative has been taken. The last incident is from Froissart.

in the wars against those rebel kernes, who dared to hold out. In return for which service the King took them into his gracious pay, and made over to them all the lands which they might conquer from the rebel chiefs. Pretty lands, God wot, and a pretty people! Ride through the country, and you shall find nothing but great water, forests, and marshes. For miles you shall see no town nor person to speak withal. For the men fly to the woods, and dwell in caves and huts and hollow trees like wild savage beasts as they are, or were, until our lord King Richard came to benefit them.

“Thanks to his Grace, the Ulster and Leinster chiefs learned Christian manners from him, and bless his name to this day. For you must know that when we first came among them, they sate at tables with their jesters and bondsmen against all the practices of chivalry, which beastly custom we caused them quickly to forswear. And in matters of dress they were habited in long yellow gowns and mantles of woollen, which we could with difficulty cause them to change for our French doublets and cloaks of satin and miniver. All this did great King Richard, however, effect for them, knighting their sons and them (albeit they pretended to have some rude heathenish chivalry of their own), and making courteous gentlemen of those who had been brutes before. Will it not make this noble company blush when I tell them that these rude monsters—these kings, forsooth—would not for a long time consent to the wearing of breeches, without which no serf or villain, honourable gentlemen, let alone a majestic prince, duke, or king, can be, as I need scarcely say, fittingly and decently equipped.

“And here it was with one of the aforesaid savage dukes or princes that a strange adventure befel me, the poor knight of Castel-Sarrasin in Gascony, who have the honour in this glass of wine to pledge this noble company. For, riding one day with my falcon on my fist, the prickers and huntsmen being on before, and my unworthy self plunged in thought composing (if the truth must be known) a little *virelai* or *chanson d’amour* in honour of Lady Blanche, my lord Marshal’s mistress, who loved such trifles of my composition, and vowed I sung them prettily to my rebeck—riding, I say,

musingly along, and rhyming Blanche, haunch, it chanced that in this pursuit my horse took fright and ran away with me, in spite of all my efforts, into the midst of the enemy. My friends could never overtake me, and in passing through the Hirish one of them, by a great feat of agility, leaped on the back of my horse and held me tight with both his arms, but did me no harm with lance or knife. He seemed rejoiced to have made me prisoner, and carried me to his house, which was strong, and in a town surrounded with wood palisades and stagnant water. This gentleman, by name Brien Costeret, gave me one of his daughters in marriage.¹

¹ Cristal in Froissart.

V.

FRANCK DEPARTS WITH HIS BROTHER TO THE WAR.

. . . FAREWELL, O gentle mother, and peaceful haunts of childhood. The old Chronicle spelled at sunset in the hall-window, the old tales of knight and fairy told at night by the great hall fire which made every banner and helmet on the wall cast gigantic shadows round about the little trembling wondering listeners, who sat at the knees of the old almoner. Good-bye, Don the greyhound, and Boris, the old toothless mumbling wolf-dog, who could do nothing but bay of nights and sit lazy in the sun watching Franck and Isabeau as they played in the court or busied themselves in their little garden under their mother's window. How pleased and silent and tender used she to sit and watch them from it! how carefully she will tend Franck's flowers when he is away, and clip and water his rose-tree! Isabeau is growing to be a young woman now, and will soon care for other things besides childish pinks and rose-bushes; other hopes and desires will swell that fair bosom of hers, and carry her heart far away. But here in this lonely place is all the poor mother's world, and all her little store of happiness is shut in by the old castle gate. How she has treasured up all the lad's sayings; how she will look wistfully of nights at his little vacant bed, and lie awake long hours thinking of him, her gentle heart full of thoughts inexpressibly sad and sweet. Many a risk and danger has he to run in this wild world, so full of snares and temptations; but err and forget as he will, there is one who always remembers, and night and day is praying and yearning for him.

The days in which Franck lived had at least this advantage over our own times—that if a man felt any particular passion for good or evil there was nothing to

hinder him from expressing it, and that he was not bound to adopt the rigid stoicism which is considered as manly among us. The friendship of men for one another was extraordinarily warm. We read of brothers of arms riding the same horse, as Charles V. and Savoisie going to see the Queen's entry into Paris ; sharing the same bed like Harry of Monmouth and Lord Scrope, who betrayed him ; and upon occasions bursting out into the most extraordinary fits of tears as Richard II. did, for instance, at Conway, when he was seized by Lancaster, and swore while weeping at the most piteous rate that as soon as he made his peace with Henry he would have him put to such a death as "should be spoken of even in Turkey," and that as for his attendants "he would have them flayed alive." When Harry of Monmouth again had offended his father he appeared before him with a gold dog's collar on his wrist and a gown "embroydered with oylets," with the needles hanging by the silk from the oylet-holes, and, taking his knife from his girdle, begged the King repeatedly to stab him, as he could not live without his good graces. What would George the Third have said of such a request from his son ? It would have passed as the act of a madman, or as an insolent joke at best—so different are our ways from those of our ancestors.

Let it not be then considered as a mark of weakness on the part of Franck de Borsellen when it is stated that for the first day of his journey from home he wept and cried *moult piteusement*, and was not considered by his companions a whit the less manly for this exhibition. He would not take a morsel of supper that night, but went to his bed at the village where the cavalcade stopped, and slept well, after making many vows to keep his mother's injunctions faithfully, and say his prayers twice a day to Our Lady and Saint Lambert, and fast and confess him regularly, as a true gentleman should. Next day he rode on without breakfast, very dismal and pale ; but at the halt of noon he had found his appetite again, and a few cups of wine drove the sorrow well-nigh out of his heart. The old knight Messire Tristan had taken, too, an especial fancy to him, and entertained him as they rode along with choice stories of the

Court, and lays of the minstrelsy, and other matters of the day.

Although they were in the Duke of Brabant's own country, after they had advanced about a couple of days upon their march they found the villages utterly deserted, which made the optimist Sir Tristan say that they had better choice of quarters at any rate, and describe the straits to which he and other noble knights had been put in former campaigns ; the country, too, was laid waste far and near, and the party could scarcely find a grain of corn, whereon Messire Tristan vowed that it was very lucky they had brought a store of forage with them.

VI.

CONCERNING THE MEN OF LIÈGE AND PERIVOIS THEIR LEADER.

JOHN OF BAVARIA, called the Pitiless, brother of Duke William, although Bishop of Liège, refused to take orders, and even spoke of marrying. Not being inclined to keep his promise towards them, the Liègeois, strong in their numbers and always remarkable for their independence, turned out their Bishop and took to themselves a new one—a young man only eighteen years of age, a cousin of Saint Lambert of Liège, by name Thierry de Herries.

The real government of the bishopric, however, rested with Thierry's father, Henry lord of Perivois, a very skilled and prudent warrior, whom the Liègeois elected as their maimbourg and captain. The nobility and some of the towns of the Liège territory still held out for John of Bavaria, but Perivois marched against them and took them one by one, putting John's garrisons to the sword. Especially in the town of Bouillon which John had fortified, the commons of Liège took it and the castle by assault, and slew all those that were found within.

John by way of revenge entered into the Liège country, which he sacked and ravaged, carrying back with him a great booty into Hainault; on which the Liègeois with their captain at their head pursued him back into that country, ravaged, burned, and sacked more pitilessly than ever John had done; and though the Hainault noblemen and chivalry assembled all their forces for the purpose of punishing the commons of Liège, the latter were too powerful for them and retired back into their own country with all the booty they had made.

Meanwhile the Liègeois neglected no means of establishing the claims of their new Bishop. They exposed their case to

the King of France. They sent an embassy to Pope Gregory at Rome beseeching him to degrade John of Liège from his episcopal rank, which he still persisted in holding, though not in orders; and when that Pontiff would not comply with their request, being of the party of the Duke; they forthwith sent to Pope Benedict at Marseilles, who agreed to all their demands and despatched his bulls accordingly in their favour.

Now when Bishop John found himself in danger, having lost the greater part of his good towns and fortresses, he retreated to Utrecht, which still held for him, and sent messages to Duke William his brother, and Duke John his sister's husband piteously beseeching them to give him aid. Those Princes were naturally wroth at the insolence of the low-bred citizens of Liège, and were not slow to give their brother aid.

At the approach of the Dukes, the Liègeois quitted Maestricht, which they were besieging, and went back to their city—that is about five leagues from the former place. A great parley was held by the town councils whether or no they should attack the Dukes, and the lord of Perivois was strongly of opinion that they—being unused to the art of war,—should remain in their towns and fortifications, where they were well lodged, fed, and defended, and leave the army of the Dukes to separate and disband, as it must do from famine, when the Liègeois would have easy work in destroying it. But the citizens were puffed with pride at their former successes and determined to come to blows with the men of Duke John and Duke William. “In their vaunted chivalry,” said they, “in the year 1406 we offered them battle, and we were only twenty thousand then, and they fled from before us; and now we can bring three score thousand into the field. In all our combats with them we have had the advantage: let us destroy these proud nobles now and for ever at one blow!” It was all in vain, therefore, that their captain argued prudence: they determined to go out and meet the Dukes; and Perivois, seeing that his advice was disregarded, did the next best thing he could for his people, and made all the provisions for the coming contest that a brave and prudent captain should.

The deliberation being over, he gave his orders that on the morning of the 13th September in the year of grace 1408 all the citizens should be armed and ready to issue out of the city at sound of bell. Accordingly at the appointed time they marched out to the number of at least fifty thousand, as anyone might see, having among them five or six hundred horsemen well armed in the French fashion, and five or six score of English archers, who had come to serve in their pay. With the hosts went great multitudes of carts and chariots, with culverins, ribaldequins, and all the munitions necessary thereto. So prepared, the men of Liège marched out as far as Tongres, five leagues from Liège, where the enemy was now come. The men of Liège were full of spirit and longing for battle; and their captain rejoiced to see them in this warlike mind, but exhorted them above all to keep discipline and be of one mind, as the troops on the other side were. It was Saturday evening they came to a field called the field of Hasbain, where they gallantly took up their ground, having the banner of Saint Lambert and those of the trades planted on the top of the hill. Although my lord of Burgundy very well deserved the title of *Sans Peur*, which he gained for his actions on this famous day of Hasbain, a great prince, be he ever so fearless, must be prudent too; and seeing the great force of the men of Liège, and knowing the valour and skill of their commander, Duke John was for delaying a little either to make an arrangement with the commons, or if possible to withdraw from them their leader, or at any rate he was minded not to fight until the succours which he expected came up. There was his brother of Nevers who was marching to him with four hundred lances; Amé de Tery was on the way from Savoy with three hundred basinets: the Duke looked out, too, for the Lorraines and the men of Count Waleran de St. Pol, and when he saw his own small army, and thought of that immense host of the commons that was coming against him, the heart of this great Prince was not without anxiety. For woe betide those who were to be conquered in the battle! The robbers and murderers, pillagers of Liège would give no quarter, nor in their turn

would noble knights think of sparing base citizens and workmen who had put such insults upon chivalry.

Perivois would fain have negotiated too ; but in truth he was not free of his choice, and, though leader of the men of Liège, could only lead them whithersoever they chose. Did he refuse to do their will, he risked to be murdered by them ; were he to fight and be beaten by the enemy, there was a certain gibbet before him. Meanwhile he was condemned to have his counsels disregarded and his knightly experience made light of by boors and tradesmen ; to have his prudent voice drowned by their noisy clamours.

VII.

THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY IN HIS CAMP.

"MAY it please your Grace," said the Gascon knight, "your servant has accomplished his vow. Lo, here is the big warrior of Borsellen."

"My liege knows me well enough," said Jehan, going down on his knee.

"Welcome, Valentin and Orson," said the Duke graciously.

"Welcome, Giant and Dwarf," said Claus his fool; but Messire Tristan was too polite to notice this reflection on his person at a moment when he was occupied in doing his duty to so great a prince as John of Burgundy.

The Duke was surrounded by some of the men of the highest rank in his dominions, and those of Duke William his brother-in-law: there were the Counts of Namur and Delamarch, the Prince of Orange, the Counts of Clermont and Fribourg, the Seneschal of Hainault, the Sire of Croy, and others whose names may be found in the lists of the Burgundian Herald Saint Remy.

When Jehan of Borsellen fell back into the crowd he was very kind to his young brother Franck, who stood amazed at the splendour of the presence in which he stood; and indeed Jehan was by no means sorry to show the cadet on what terms he stood with the greatest prince in Europe.

Before he had finished his catalogue, a cry was heard without to make way for the king's ambassadors; and accordingly three of them, Messires Guichard Dolphin and Guillaume de Trignonville, and a secretary of the King's, were admitted into the presence of the Duke of Burgundy, and delivered the message of the Sovereign. Charles forbade the Dukes solemnly to make war upon the men of Liège, and



DUC DE BOURBON.

called upon both parties to "submit their quarrel to the arbitration of the King's Council."

Indeed the summons came somewhat too late. The Princes were hot for the contest, and had with them the best chivalry of Picardy, Burgundy, and the Low Countries, as eager as their lords to attack the trading rebels of Liège.

"My knights and gentlemen will scarcely thank the King," said the Duke of Burgundy. "Here is Hue de Launoy has ridden four hundred miles, and brought forty lances."

"Forty-five, may it please your Grace, and two brothers, and six score fellows on foot. And we well-nigh starved as we came through the Liègemen's country, and if you send us back again, the Lord help us. If your Grace deserts us we must take to the woods and help ourselves."

"Did I not always stand by you?" said the Duke; "and is there any man that ever served our family who can say I was ungrateful. Look you, Messire Guichard, here is one man who speaks that has broken his fifty lances, there are men round our tents, ten thousand more, all come at my bidding to put down these cursed brewers and weavers of Liège. Who is to pay my honest men-of-arms and gallant gentlemen? Not I, in faith. They must have their pay out of the pockets of the Liègers, and fill their bellies from their waggons."

"I hear say there are a good ten thousand waggons loaded with all sorts of stores," here grumbled an old knight.

"But shall we let our prizes pass by? Speak to us, now, Messire Guichard. You have had your say as ambassador of the King—now tell us, Guichard Dolphin, how would you act were you in my place?"

"In faith, sir," said Messire Guichard, "if I were the Duke of Burgundy I would have my rights and fall upon the rogues to-morrow"; and when he had delivered himself of this sentiment Monsieur Guichard smiled grimly and felt a great load off his conscience.

"Hear the Dolphin, gentlemen," said Monseigneur; and indeed all present clapped their hands and applauded. "It is the best speech I have heard to-day. And will you join us and break a lance or two with us?" continued the Duke.

"Yes, truly," answered Dolphin, "as every gentleman

should, against these low-bred smiths and coalmen—his duty to his Prince being always done.”

“Well said ; well said,” cried the Duke ; “and as you and your train, Sir Guichard, have come as peaceful men, you will need arms, with which my people shall furnish you ; and so choose for yourself and St. . . . be with you to-morrow.”

Upon this Messire Guichard confessed, not without some shamefacedness, that, foreseeing the probabilities of war, he had brought his armour secreted in his baggage. At which admission (the reader will find the whole story in the *Chronicles*) all the company laughed, and vowed that Messire Dolphin was a noble knight ; and the knight of Castle-Sarrasin especially took occasion to pour into his *protégé’s* ears a long dissertation upon the excellences of knighthood and the duty of gentlemen to stand by one another.

The little knight in the course of their march had so imprinted upon the mind of his new acquaintance, John of Borsellen, the propriety of obtaining a still higher rank of knighthood than that which he held ; and as it was the custom for the Prince to make on the eve of a day of battle a number of knights, bachelors and basinets, John signified that he should demand to be admitted into the latter rank, or, in the phrase of the day, asked to raise his banner.

How proud was Franck to ride as his brother’s squire, and to think that he was going on the morrow to be present at his first battle. He asked leave to ride at his brother’s side, and the permission was accorded to him ; and, as in duty bound, he and the simple Gascon gentleman, a great stickler for all the practices of chivalry, went to a priest and shrove themselves, and passed many hours devoutly over their beads before they lay down to get rest for the morning’s encounter.

Jehan made himself ready for fighting by joining a set of jovial fellows over the dice, and drinking whole gallons of claret wine to the confusion of Liègeois and Orleanists, and to the health of the Flanders Dukes. He was quite drunk when he reeled to his bed ; but brisk and ready at daybreak, the whole array of the Dukes did not show a stouter or better appointed soldier.

VIII.

THE BATTLE.

“HARK,” said Jehan ; “these cursed guns are beginning to fire !”

The sentence was scarcely from his lips, when an immense stone discharged from the artillery of the Liègemen knocked down a horse and man of Jehan’s troop. Franck turned a little pale, and perhaps reined up a little closer to his brother.

“You had better have remained with your mother, Franck,” said Jehan, who at the prospect of a battle became quite good-humoured.

“That is right, man, stick close by me. They won’t fire again for some minutes, and I make no doubts that ere a couple of shots more are over we shall receive orders to fall on them.”

Indeed, as Jehan said, orders were soon brought to the troops in advance—consisting of about five hundred men—to take with them a thousand big varlets on foot, as Monstrelet calls them, and to turn the flank of the enemy’s column and attack him in the rear.

The Chroniclers have preserved a curious account of this not very complicated manœuvre. When the men of Liège saw the direction that the Burgundian body was taking, they thought they were flying, and were for breaking rank and setting on them at once.

But the old Seigneur of Perivois, like a wary old knight, said to them : “My friends, yonder body that is marching to the right of our columns, and that arrows and guns cannot reach, will come round and attack us on the flank while the main force of the Burgundian lances presses us in front. Keep you firm here where you are well defended, and budge not from your lines ; your pikes and arrows will drive off the

knights and their lances. Meanwhile, I will take our horse and go round and meet and charge yonder column. We are as many as they, and by the help of Saint Lambert as good or better men."

All the old soldiers about the captain of the Liègeois saw that his advice was good; but the people and citizens yelled out: "He is a coward—he flies": and the lord of Perivois, seeing that there was no help for it, said, "Well, I will show you to-day that it is not my intent to fly, in Heaven's name let us stand close and bear the charge, for here it comes."

["He hastily commanded the army to be formed into a square, in the front of which was a body drawn up in the form of a triangle; and the carts and baggage were towards the rear, on the right and left of his army, handsomely arranged. Their horses were in the rear, on one of the wings, intermixed with their archers and crossbows; but these were of little value—except the English archers, who were better disposed of in other places. The Seigneur de Perivois, accompanied by his son, the Bishop, and some of his best companions in arms, posted himself, like a good commander, at the head of his army, fronting the enemy.

"During this time the two Dukes began their advance, gaily exhorting their men to bear themselves gallantly against the enemy, a rude and ignorant people, who had rebelled against their lord, and who confidently trusted in their superior numbers for success; telling them that if they acted as their leaders expected, victory would be theirs without fail, and they would gain everlasting honour. When the Dukes had made such-like speeches, they retired to their posts, under their banners, and advanced slowly toward the enemy, who kept up a heavy fire against them with their guns. . . .

"When the two armies met, the conflict became very severe on each side, and lasted for upwards of an hour, wherein many deadly blows were given by both parties. At this moment, the detachment on horseback, with their infantry, according to their orders, advanced towards the rear of the Liègeois; but from the position of the baggage waggons they had much difficulty in forcing their way. At length, by dint of courage, they succeeded, and having gained an entrance, began to lay about them so vigorously that the army of the enemy was cut in two, and they saw full six thousand Liègeois quit their ranks, with their guns and the banners of their guilds, and take flight with all speed towards



MEN AT ARMS.

a village half a league from the field of battle. When the detachment perceived this, they left off the attack they had begun, and pursued the runaways, whom they charged, not once but several times, beating down and slaying them without mercy ; and, in short, routed them so effectually that through fear of death they fled here and there into woods and other places to hide themselves.”—*Monstrelet*.]

Franck, after perhaps a little thrilling mixture of pain and pleasure such as a man feels in his first combat, sang out presently, “Our Lady for Borsellen” as loud as the rest, and laid about him with his sword, striking and stabbing and demeaning himself like a gallant young bachelor.

A thousand big varlets on foot, and the five hundred horsemen, had altogether despatched this flying body of Liègeois (there were about six thousand of these unhappy men, nor did their adversaries lose a score of theirs in killing them), and the enemy being despatched, horse and foot were falling to plunder, when the Seigneur de Croy rode up to the leaders in a great heat, shouting to them : “Gentlemen, gentlemen, we have lost much precious time ; our business was not with this column of fugitives, but with the main body that still keeps its ground yonder, and that we were bidden to take in flank. Set upon them, then, in the name of all the saints, and leave the plunder until the day be over.”

“Messire de Croy says true,” said the knight of Castel-Sarrasin ; “gather your lances, Messire de Borsellen ; and you, my young bachelor, make ready to kill some more of these hogs of Liège.”

“Here is a very fat one that I have stricken down,” said the young man, whose courage was up, and who felt himself longing for more blood. “Look what a blow I have dealt the knave across the neck : as mine is a good sword, Messire Tristan, and my horse has as much courage as his master.”

“In faith, the boy struck about him like a man,” said Jehan, clapping his brother on the shoulder.

“He need not be a Hector of Troy,” answered Sir Tristan, “to stick runaway boors and tailors in the back.”

Here one of the men that Franck had cut down, and who was lying close by the gentleman with a great gash in his throat from which issued a stream of gore, turned suddenly

round and flung out his arms wildly, and cried out "Jesus!" and fell back stark dead.

The Gascon gentleman seeing his case, bid a varlet get him a gourd of water that one of the slain men wore at his back, and as Franck drank from it he said to him, "My worthy young bachelor, it is ill for young men to boast of their deeds of arms; let them only speak of them who have good reason to boast. See now, you can kill this poor tailor, and yet cannot bear to see him die: keep your sword, Messire Franck, for nobler enemies. See you now, here, I have never drawn mine from the sheath."

"A peace to your talk, Sir Knight," shouted Jehan, "and don't dishearten the boy; he has acted to the best of his power, as he saw his brother do. I have slain to my own hand seven of these dogs, and if I or the rest of our troop had ridden with sheathed swords I should like to know where would these caitiffs have been now?"

"They would have fled as they were minded, and we half an hour since on the backs of the Liègeois, as we were bidden."

"In faith, sir, you say right," answered John, who was a good soldier; "and so let us get our people together and do as the Sire de Croy orders."

"It was he that led us into the scrape," muttered Sir Tristan, "and would not listen to the word of an old soldier."

The troop was gathered together as well as possible; those of the other commanders were assembled in a similar way; and all set forward to attack the main body of the Liègeois that they could see on Hasbain hill a mile distant, with their flags still planted where they had been when the action began. The cannon were, however, silent; for the men of Burgundy were hand to hand with the men of Liège, and it was impossible to fire without wounding indiscriminately one and the other.

As Franck rode on with his brother, he felt as if he would willingly give up his sword and return to that cloister that his mother designed for him, for the dead man's eyes were still staring at him, and his last word of despair ringing in his ears.

But in ten minutes they came within arrow-shot of the men on the hill

[“ . . . Who, it must be said, defended themselves courageously. In truth, the event of this battle was some time doubtful, for during one half-hour it could not be known which side would be victorious. The noise of their war-cries was frightful: the Burgundians and Hainaulters under their banners shouted ‘Our Lady for Burgundy!’ ‘Our Lady for Hainault!’ and the Liègeois in their turn shouted ‘St. Lambert for Perivois!’ The men of Liège would perhaps have conquered if this detachment on horseback, when returned from the defeat of the runaways, had not again fallen on their rear, and behaved so marvellously well; then those who opposed them were pierced, and all attempts to check them were in vain. A great slaughter was made by them in a short time, for none were admitted to ransom; and by their vigour, whole ranks fell, one over the other, for now all the weight and power of the infantry were also brought against them.

“The defeat once begun, there were such heaps of dead and wounded that it was melancholy to behold, for they were in many places thicker than stooks of corn in harvest. . . . At this period of the battle, and near to the banner of the Duke of Burgundy, where the conflict was the strongest, fell the Seigneur de Perivois and his two sons—namely, the one who had been elected Bishop of Liège, and his brother; they were instantly put to death. Many other knights and squires to the number of upwards of five hundred, all the English archers, and about twenty-eight thousand of the commonalty, were left dead on the field, and more perished by arrow-shots than by any other weapon. . . . I have no need to describe particularly the great courage and coolness of the Duke of Burgundy, nor how he galloped to different parts of the army, exhorting them to act well, nor how until the end of the battle he most gallantly behaved himself; for in truth his conduct was such that he was praised and spoken of by all knights and others; and although he was frequently covered with arrows and other missile weapons, he did not on that date lose one drop of blood. When he was asked, after the defeat, if they should cease from slaying the Liègeois, he replied, † ‘Let them all die together, for I will not that any prisoners be made, or that any be ransomed.’ In the like gallant manner did Duke William, the other Princes, and in general the whole body of the chivalry and nobility of the two Dukes,

behave themselves. There were slain from five to six hundred of their men. . . .

“On Monday, the morrow of the battle, about the hour of twelve, John of Bavaria, Bishop of Liège, . . . came to the camp of the two Dukes, and most humbly thanked them for the succour they had afforded him. He and his party were received with much joy, and he was presented, on his arrival, with the head of the Seigneur de Perivois, which had been found, with his two sons, among the dead, and was fixed on the point of a lance, that all who pleased might see it.”—*Monstrelet.*]



NOTES NOT USED.

“ A TRUTH it is that Charles the Well-beloved, son of King Charles V., began to reign and was crowned at Rheims on the Sunday before the Feast of All Saints, in the year of grace one thousand three hundred and eighty, and was then but fourteen years of age, and right grandly did rule his kingdom ; and at the commencement of his reign by advice of his noble Council he undertook many fair voyages, wherein he comported himself according to his youth, with prudence and valour enough. In Flanders he gained the battle of Rosbecque, by which he reduced the Flemings to his obedience and overcame the Duke of Gueldres, and also collected a great host wherewith to pass into England, making himself by such enterprises much to be dreaded by all persons who heard of him. But fortune which turns against those in high places, as well as those of mean estate, showed her fickleness towards King Charles, for as he was coming in the year thirteen hundred and ninety-two to his city of Mans, with intent of passing from thence into Brittany, and punishing the Duke of Brittany for giving shelter to Messire Peter de Craon, who wickedly attacked and waylaid Messire Oliver de Clisson, a most piteous adventure befell the King, and one which brought the greatest sufferings upon his kingdom.”

After commencing his chronicle in this way, Monstrelet proceeds to describe the sudden madness which fell upon Charles, which threw the government of his kingdom into the hands of the princes of the blood royal. And as we shall have much to say in this history with regard to this unhappy Charles the Well-beloved, and of the reasons wherefore during his reign the lords of the royal family were at strife, it will be as well to set down their names here, before we come to the facts of their history.

The kingdom of France during this monarch's illness was

governed by a Council of which the nominal head was his Queen.

Isabella of Bavaria brought the king three sons and five daughters. The first son, called the Duke of Aquitaine, married a daughter of Philip Duke of Burgundy, his father's uncle, and died without issue. The second son, John Duke of Touraine, married Jacqueline, daughter of the Count of Hainault. The third son is known in history as Charles VII. the Victorious.

Of the daughters, the eldest, Isabella, married first King Richard of England, and at his death the Duke of Orleans. Michelle married Philip Duke of Burgundy ; Jeanne, the Duke of Bretagne ; Marie was a nun at Poissy, and Catherine finally married Henry V.

Besides the Queen in the Council was the King's uncle, the Duke of Berry, the only surviving brother of Charles V., who had been a member of the Regency during his nephew's minority, and Louis Duke of Bourbon, the King's maternal uncle. With them sate the Duke of Orleans, the King's brother, the Duke of Burgundy his cousin, with the Count of Nevers, and the Duke of Limbourg, his brothers, the King of Navarre, the King of Sicily, certain other great lords of the royal blood, and some of the chief officers of the State.

During Charles's minority, and afterwards during his illness, every one of these great lords, his relatives, was at strife with the rest, conspiring with one another against one another, making treaties and breaking them at convenience, and not often hesitating at murder when the opportunity fell in their way. Collectively and individually they were occupied in robbing the country ; and as to do so it seemed necessary that they should have the formality of the King's signature to their acts, the object of each party was to seize and keep possession of the Sovereign as long as he might.

The Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans were the most powerful lords of the family, and gradually the other princes joined one or the other's faction. As they had adherents in all parts of France, in all parts plunder took place, and from Bordeaux to Calais the fair realm of France was a scene of civil war. Ah ! famous times were those for brave knights

and warriors, and such as in our economical days are scarce likely to return. . . .

There were so many lords governing France at the time, and the claims of each were so various and so complicated, that it is no wonder mistakes were made, and parties continually plundered and robbed by Burgundy's men, by Orleans' men, by the King of Navarre's people, by the followers of the rival Dukes of Brittany, by the English English, by the Calais English, by the Gascon English, by the Free



Companies that wandered through the country and served anybody or nobody, or by the men in the pay of the chief towns who had guards, captains, and immunities of their own, that were, of course, to be supported. Through the hands of all these passed poor *Jacque Bonhomme*. So much for his politics. As to his religion, there were, during the period of this tale, always two, and once three, Popes, who each expected his absolute obedience, and excommunicated him if he refused it. Gunpowder had not blown chivalry out of the world as yet, and the latter, at the commencement

of the fifteenth century, may be considered to have reached its highest pitch of glory. What Englishman is there that does not kindle at the name of Harry V. and love to think of the great victory he won on the Feast of Crispin Crispinian? Harry at this time was not the great conqueror that he was destined to be. His father and he had enough to do to keep their own (as they called it), and were fighting for their lives on the Scotch borders or the Welsh Marches with Hotspur and Owen Glendower.

The picture with which we would end this fragment is, perhaps, a peaceful foreshadowing of Franck de Borsellen's future life on earth, or is it only a memorial design? A distant Heaven seemed nearer then, than now, in men's daily thoughts. Now even Heaven is sought for here, by many who leave the hereafter to the Great Dispensation.

CRITICAL REVIEWS
OF
BOOKS AND PICTURES

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*CARLYLE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.**

SINCE the appearance of this work, within the last two months, it has raised among the critics and the reading public a strange storm of applause and discontent. To hear one party you would fancy the author was but a dull madman, indulging in wild vagaries of language and dispensing with common sense and reason, while, according to another, his opinions are little short of inspiration, and his eloquence unbounded as his genius. We confess, that in reading the first few pages, we were not a little inclined to adopt the former opinion, and yet, after perusing the whole of this extraordinary work, we can allow, almost to their fullest extent, the high qualities with which Mr. Carlyle's idolaters endow him.

But never did a book sin so grievously from outward appearance, or a man's style so mar his subject and dim his genius. It is stiff, short, and rugged, it abounds with Germanisms and Latinisms, strange epithets, and choking double words, astonishing to the admirers of simple Addisonian English, to those who love history as it gracefully runs in Hume, or struts pompously in Gibbon—no such style is Mr. Carlyle's. A man, at the first onset, must take breath at the

* "The French Revolution: A History" In three volumes. By Thomas Carlyle. London: James Fraser, 1837.

end of a sentence, or, worse still, go to sleep in the midst of it. But these hardships become lighter as the traveller grows accustomed to the road, and he speedily learns to admire and sympathise; just as he would admire a Gothic cathedral in spite of the quaint carvings and hideous images on door and buttress.

There are, however, a happy few of Mr. Carlyle's critics and readers to whom these very obscurities and mysticisms of style are welcome and almost intelligible; the initiated in metaphysics, the sages who have passed the veil of Kantian philosophy, and discovered that the "critique of pure reason" is really that which it purports to be, and not the critique of pure nonsense, as it seems to worldly men: to these the present book has charms unknown to us, who can merely receive it as a history of a stirring time, and a skilful record of men's worldly thoughts and doings. Even through these dim spectacles a man may read and profit much from Mr. Carlyle's volumes.

He is not a party historian like Scott, who could not, in his benevolent respect for rank and royalty, see duly the faults of either: he is as impartial as Thiers, but with a far loftier and nobler impartiality.

No man can have read the admirable history of the French ex-Minister who has not been struck with this equal justice which he bestows on all the parties or heroes of his book. He has completely mastered the active part of the history: he has no more partiality for court than for regicide—scarcely a movement of intriguing king or republican which is unknown to him or undescribed. He sees with equal eyes Madame Roland or Marie Antoinette—bullying Brunswick on the frontier, or Marat at his butcher's work or in his cellar—he metes to each of them justice, and no more, finding good even in butcher Marat or bullying Brunswick, and recording what he finds. What a pity that one gains such a complete contempt for the author of all this cleverness! Only a rogue could be so impartial, for Thiers but views this awful series of circumstances in their very meanest and basest light, like a petty, clever statesman as he is, watching with wonderful accuracy all the moves of the great game, but looking for no

more, never drawing a single moral from it, or seeking to tell aught beyond it.

Mr Carlyle, as we have said, is as impartial as the illustrious Academician and Minister ; but with what different eyes he looks upon the men and the doings of this strange time ! To the one the whole story is but a hustling for places—a list of battles and intrigues—of kings and governments rising and falling ; to the other, the little actors of this great drama are striving but towards a great end and moral. It is better to view it loftily from afar, like our mystic poetic Mr. Carlyle, than too nearly with sharp-sighted and prosaic Thiers. Thiers is the *valet de chambre* of this history, he is too familiar with its dishabille and off-scourings : it can never be a hero to him.

It is difficult to convey to the reader a fair notion of Mr. Carlyle's powers or his philosophy, for the reader has not grown familiar with the strange style of this book, and may laugh perhaps at the grotesqueness of his teacher : in this some honest critics of the present day have preceded him, who have formed their awful judgments after scanning half-a-dozen lines, and dammed poor Mr. Carlyle's because they chanced to be lazy. Here, at hazard, however, we fall upon the story of the Bastille capture ; the people are thundering at the gates, but Delaunay will receive no terms, raises his drawbridge and gives fire. Now, cries Mr. Carlyle with an uncouth Orson-like shout :—

“Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood, into endless explosion of musketry, distraction, execration ;—and overhead, from the Fortress, let one great gun go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged !

“On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies ! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty ; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit ; for it is the hour ! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné ; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee ! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man ; down with it to Orcus : let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up for ever ! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the

guard-room, Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering. Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The eight grim Towers, with their Invalides, musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact;—Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us: the Bastille is still to take!"

Did "Savage Rosa" ever "dash" a more spirited battle sketch? The two principal figures of the pieces, placed in skilful relief, the raging multitude and sombre fortress admirably laid down! In the midst of this writhing and wrestling, "the line too labours (Mr. Carlyle's line labours perhaps too often), and the words move slow." The whole story of the fall of the fortress and its defenders is told in a style similarly picturesque and real.

"The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge; a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone-Ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher: one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted? '*Foi d'officier*, on the word of an officer,' answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, 'they are.' Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*"

This is prose run mad—no doubt of it—according to our notions of the sober gait and avocations of homely prose; but is there not method in it, and could sober prose have described the incident in briefer words, more emphatically, or more sensibly? And this passage, which succeeds the picture

of storm and slaughter, opens (grotesque though it be), not in prose, but in noble poetry; the author describes the rest of France during the acting of this Paris tragedy—and by this peaceful image admirably heightens the gloom and storm of his first description:—

“O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out in the silent main; on Balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged Dames are even now dancing with double-jacketted Hussar-Officers, and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hôtel-de-Ville! One forest of distracted steel-bristles, in front of an Electoral Committee; points itself, in horrid radii, against this and the other accused breast. It was the Titans warring with Olympus; and they, scarcely crediting it, have *conquered*.”

The reader will smile at the double-jackets and rouge, which never would be allowed entrance into a polite modern epic, but, familiar though they be, they complete the picture, and give it reality, that gloomy rough Rembrandt-kind of reality which is Mr. Carlyle's style of historic painting.

In this same style Mr. Carlyle dashes off the portraits of his various characters as they rise in the course of the history. Take, for instance, this grotesque portrait of vapouring Tonneau Mirabeau, his life and death; it follows a solemn, almost awful picture of the demise of his great brother:—

“Here, then, the wild Gabriel Honoré drops from the tissue of our History; not without a tragic farewell. He is gone: the flower of the wild Riquetti kindred; which seems as if in him it had done its best, and then expired, or sunk down to the undistinguished level. Crabbed old Marquis Mirabeau, the Friend of Men, sleeps sound. Barrel Mirabeau gone across the Rhine; his Regiment of Emigrants will drive nigh desperate. ‘Barrel Mirabeau,’ says a biographer of his, ‘went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled Emigrant Regiments. But as he sat one morning in his tent, sour of stomach doubtless and of heart, meditating in Tartarean humour on the turn things took, a certain Captain or Subaltern demanded admittance on business. Such Captain is refused; he again demands, with refusal; and then again, till Colonel Viscount Barrel-Mirabeau, blazing up into a mere brandy barrel, clutches his sword and tumbles out on this

canaille of an intruder,—alas on the *canaille* of an intruder's sword's point, who had drawn with swift dexterity; and dies, and the Newspapers name it *apoplexy* and *alarming accident*. So die the Mirabeaus."

Mr. Carlyle gives this passage to "a biographer," but he himself must be the author of this History of a Tub; the grim humour and style belong only to him. In a graver strain he speaks of Gabriel:—

'New Mirabeaus one hears not of: the wild kindred, as we said, is gone out with this its greatest. As families and kindreds sometimes do; producing, after long ages of unnoted notability, some living quintessence of all they had, to flame forth as a man world-noted; after whom they rest, as if exhausted; the sceptre passing to others. The chosen Last of the Mirabeaus is gone; the chosen man of France is gone. It was he who shook old France from its basis; and, as if with his single hand, has held it toppling there, still unfallen. What things depended on that one man! He is as a ship suddenly shivered on sunk rocks: much swims on the waste waters, far from help.'

Here is a picture of *the* heroine of the Revolution:—

"Radiant with enthusiasm are those dark eyes, is that strong Minerva-face, looking dignity and earnest joy; joyfullest she where all are joyful. Reader, mark that queen-like burgher-woman: beautiful, Amazonian-graceful to the eye: more so to the mind. Unconscious of her worth (as all worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness; genuine, the creature of Sincerity and Nature in an age of Artificiality, Pollution, and Cant; there, in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, *she*, if thou knew it, is the noblest of all living Frenchwomen,—and will be seen—one day."

The reader, we think, will not fail to observe the real beauty which lurks among all these odd words and twisted sentences, living, as it were, in spite of the weeds; but we repeat, that no mere extracts can do justice to the book; it requires time and study. A first acquaintance with it is very unprepossessing; only familiarity knows its great merits, and values it accordingly.

We would gladly extract a complete chapter or episode from the work—the flight to Varennes, for instance, the huge coach bearing away the sleepy, dawdling, milk-sop royalty of

France; fiery Bouillé spreading abroad his scouts and Hussars, "his electric thunder-chain of military outposts," as Mr. Carlyle calls them with one of his great similes. Paris in tremendous commotion, the country up and armed, to prevent the King's egress, the chance of escape glimmering bright until the last moment, and only extinguished by bewildered Louis himself, too pious and too out-of-breath, too hungry and sleepy, to make one charge at the head of those gallant dragoons—one single blow to win crown and kingdom and liberty again! We never read this hundred-times told tale with such a breathless interest as Mr. Carlyle has managed to instil into it. The whole of the sad story is equally touching and vivid, from the mean ignominious return down to the fatal 10th of August, when the sections beleaguered the King's palace, and King Louis, with arms, artillery, and 2,000 true and gallant men, flung open the Tuileries gates and said "*Marchons! marchons!*" whither? Not with *vive le Roi*, and roaring guns, and bright bayonets, sheer through the rabble who barred the gate, swift through the broad Champs Elysées, and the near barrier,—not to conquer or fall like a King and gentleman, but to the reporters' box in the National Assembly, to be cooped and fattened until killing time; to die trussed and tranquil like a fat capon. What a son for St. Louis! What a husband for brave Antoinette!

Let us, however, follow Mr. Carlyle to the last volume, and passing over the time, when, in Danton's awful image, "coalized Kings made war upon France, and France, as a gage of battle, flung the head of a King at their feet," quote two of the last scenes of that awful tragedy, the deaths of bold Danton and "sea-green" Robespierre, as Carlyle delights to call him.

"On the night of the 30th of March, Juryman Pâris came rushing in; haste looking through his eyes: a clerk of the *Salut* Committee had told him Danton's warrant was made out, he is to be arrested this very night! Entreaties there are and trepidation, of poor Wife, of Pâris and Friends: Danton sat silent for a while; then answered '*Ils n'oseraient*, They dare not;' and would take no measures. Murmuring 'They dare not,' he goes to sleep as usual.

“ And yet, on the morrow morning, strange rumour spreads over Paris city : Danton, Camille, Phélippeaux, Lacroix, have been arrested over night ! It is verily so : the corridors of the Luxembourg were all crowded, Prisoners crowding forth to see this giant of the Revolution enter among them. ‘ Messieurs,’ said Danton politely, ‘ I hoped soon to have got you all out of this : but here I am myself ; and one sees not where it will end.’—Rumour may spread over Paris : the Convention clusters itself into groups ; wide-eyed, whispering, ‘ Danton arrested !’ Who then is safe ? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own peril, a feeble word for him ; moving that he be heard at that bar before indictment ; but Robespierre frowns him down : ‘ Did you hear Chabot, or Bazire ? Would you have two weights and measures ?’ Legendre cowers low ; Danton, like the others, must take his doom.

“ Danton’s Prison-thoughts were curious to have ; but are not given in any quantity : indeed, few such remarkable men have been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He was heard to ejaculate : ‘ This time twelvemonth, I was moving the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain : Briscot would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave the whole business in a frightful welter (*gâchis épouvantable*) : not one of them understands anything of government. Robespierre will follow me, I drag down Robespierre. Oh, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing of men.’—Camille’s young beautiful Wife, who had made him rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille’s stolen letters to her still exist ; stained with the mark of his tears. ‘ I carry my head like a Saint-Sacrament ?’ So Saint-Just was heard to mutter : ‘ Perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Dennis.’

“ Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille, once light *Procureur de la Lanterne*, ye also have arrived, then, at the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim Waste beyond Creation, a man does see *the Shade of his Mother*, pale, ineffectual ;—and days when his Mother nursed and wrapped him are all too sternly contrasted with this day ! Danton, Camille, Hérault, Westermann, and the others, very strangely massed up with Bazires, Swindler Chabots, Fabre d’Eglantines, Banker Freys, a most motley Batch, ‘ *Fournée*’ as such things will be called, stand ranked at the bar of Tinville. It is the 2nd of April, 1794. Danton has had but three days to lie in prison ; for the time presses.

“ ‘ What is your name ? place of abode ?’ and the like, Fouquier

asks ; according to formality. 'My name is Danton,' answers he ; 'a name tolerably known in the Revolution : my abode will soon be Annihilation (*dans le Néant*) ; but I shall live in the Pantheon of History.' A man will endeavour to say something forcible, be it by nature or not ! Hérault mentions epigrammatically that he 'sat in this Hall, and was detested of Parlementeers.' Camille makes answer, 'My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus* ; an age fatal to Revolutionists.' O Camille, Camille ! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there did lie, among other things, the fatallest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly-Right-honourableness ; 'the highest Fact,' so devout Novalis calls it, 'in the Rights of Man.' Camille's real age, it would seem, is thirty-four. Danton is one year older.

"Some five months ago, the Trial of the Twenty-two Girondins was the greatest that Fouquier had then done. But here is a still greater to do ; a thing which tasks the whole faculty of Fouquier ; which makes the very heart of him waver. For it is the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes : in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged with wrath. Your best Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one stroke. He demands that the Committee-men themselves come as Witnesses, as Accusers ; he 'will cover them with ignominy.' He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire flashes from the eyes of him,—piercing to all Republican hearts : so that the very Galleries, though we filled them by ticket, murmur sympathy ; and are like to burst down, and raise the People, and deliver him ! He complains loudly that he is classed with Chabots, with swindling Stockjobbers ; that his Indictment is a list of platitudes and horrors. 'Danton hidden on the Tenth of August ?' reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in the toils : 'Where are the men that had to press Danton to show himself that day ? Where are these high-gifted souls of whom he borrowed energy ? Let them appear, these Accusers of mine : I have all the clearness of my self-possession when I demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels,' *les trois plats coquins*, Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, 'who fawn on Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them produce themselves here ; I will plunge them into Nothingness, out of which they ought never to have risen.' The agitated President agitates his bell ; enjoins calmness in a vehement manner : 'What is it to thee how I defend myself ?' cries the other ; 'the right of dooming me is thine always. The voice of a man speaking for his honour and his life may well drown the jingling of thy bell !' Thus Danton, higher and higher ; till the lion voice of him 'dies away in his throat :' speech will not utter what is in

that man. The Galleries murmur ominously ; the first day's Session is over."

"Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille : it is but one week, and all is so topsy-turvied ; angel Wife left weeping ; love, riches, Revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-gate ; carnivorous Rabble now howling round. Palpable, and yet incredible ; like a madman's dream ; Camille struggles and writhes ; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied : 'Calm, my friend,' says Danton, 'heed not that vile canaille (*laissez là cette vile canaille*).' At the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate, 'O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more then !'—but, interrupting himself : 'Danton, no weakness !' He said to Hérault-Séchelles stepping forward to embrace him : 'Our heads will meet *there*,' in the Headsman's sack. His last words were to Samson the Headsman himself, 'Thou wilt show my head to the people ; it is worth showing.'

"So passes, like a gigantic mass of valour, ostentation, fury, affection, and wild revolutionary manhood, this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube ; born of 'good farmer-people' there. He had many sins ; but one worst sin he had not, that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this ; but a very Man : with all his dross he was a Man ; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick ; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men."

This noble passage requires no comment, nor does that in which the poor wretched Robespierre shrieks his last shriek, and dies his pitiful and cowardly death. Tallien has drawn his theatrical dagger, and made his speech, trembling Robespierre has fled to the Hôtel de Ville, and Henriot, of the National Guard, clatters through the city, summoning the sections to the aid of the people's friend.

"About three in the morning, the dissident Armed-forces have *met*. Henriot's Armed Force stood ranked in the Place de Grève ; and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there ; and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens ! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough. Before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil war, hear the Convention Decree read :—'Robespierre and all rebels Out of

Law !' Out of Law ? There is terror in the sound : unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home ; Municipal Cannoneers range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink as some say ; finds his Place de Grève empty : the cannons' mouth turned *towards* him ; and, on the whole,—that it is now the catastrophe !

" Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces : ' All is lost : ' ' *Miserable !* it is thou that has lost it,' cry they ; and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of window : far enough down ; into masonwork and horror of cesspool ; not into death but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows him ; with the like fate. Saint-Just called on Lebas to kill him ; who would not. Couthon crept under a table ; attempting to kill himself ; not doing it.—On entering that Sanhedrim of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct ! undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting in a chair, with pistol-shot blown through, not his head, but his under jaw ; the suicidal hand had failed. With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators ; fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul ; pack them all, rudely enough, into carts ; and shall, before sunrise, have them safe under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings.

" Robespierre lay in an ante-room of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready ; the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen : a spectacle to men. He lies stretched on a table, a deal-box his pillow ; the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, insult him : his eyes still indicate intelligence ; he speaks no word. ' He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the Feast of the *Être Supreme* '—O reader, can thy hard heart hold out against that ? His trousers were nankeen ; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in this world."

" The Death-tumbrils, with their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered, their ' seventeen hours ' of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril ; clutching the side of it with one hand ; waving the other Sibyl-like ; and exclaims, ' The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'enivre de joie* ; ' Robespierre opened his eyes ; ' *Scélérat*, go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers ! '—At the foot of the Scaffold,

they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened ; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him ; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw ; the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry ;—hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick !

“Samson’s work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this Generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. Oh, unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates ? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo, and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and such like, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons ! His poor landlord, the Cabinetmaker in the Rue Saint-Honoré, loved him ; his Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him, and to us ! ”

The reader will see in the above extracts most of the faults, and a few of the merits, of this book. He need not be told that it is written in an eccentric prose, here and there disfigured by grotesque conceits and images ; but, for all this, it betrays most extraordinary powers—learning, observation, and humour. Above all, it has no CANT. It teems with sound, hearty philosophy (besides certain transcendentalisms which we do not pretend to understand), it possesses genius, if any book ever did. It wanted no more for keen critics to cry fie upon it ! Clever critics who have such an eye for genius, that when Mr. Bulwer published his forgotten book concerning Athens, they discovered that no historian was like to him ; that he, on his Athenian hobby, had quite out-trotted stately Mr. Gibbon ; and with the same creditable unanimity they cried down Mr. Carlyle’s history, opening upon it a hundred little piddling sluices of small wit, destined to wash the book sheer away ; and lo ! the book remains, it is only the poor whit which has run dry.

We need scarcely recommend this book and its timely appearance, now that some of the questions solved in it seem almost likely to be battled over again. The hottest Radical in England may learn by it that there is something more necessary for him even than his mad liberty—the authority,

namely, by which he retains his head on his shoulders and his money in his pocket, which privileges that by-word "liberty" is often unable to secure for him. It teaches (by as strong examples as ever taught anything) to rulers and to ruled alike moderation, and yet there are many who would react the same dire tragedy, and repeat the experiment tried in France so fatally. "No Peers—no Bishops—no property qualification—no restriction of suffrage." Mr. Leader bellows it out at Westminster and Mr. Roebuck croaks it at Bath. Pert quacks at public meetings joke about hereditary legislators, journalists gibe at them, and moody starving labourers, who do not know how to jest, but can hate lustily, are told to curse crowns and coronets as the origin of their woes and their poverty,—and so did the clever French spouters and journalists gibe at royalty, until royalty fell poisoned under their satire; and so did the screaming hungry French mob curse royalty until they overthrew it: and to what end? To bring tyranny and leave starvation, battering down Bastilles to erect guillotines, and murdering kings to set up emperors in their stead.

We do not say that in our own country similar excesses are to be expected or feared; the cause of complaint has never been so great, the wrong has never been so crying on the part of the rulers, as to bring down such fearful retaliation from the governed. Mr. Roebuck is not Robespierre, and Mr. Attwood, with his threatened legion of fiery Marseillois, is at best but a Brummagen Barbaroux. But men alter with circumstances; six months before the kingly *dechéance*, the bitter and bilious advocate of Arras spake with tears in his eyes about good King Louis, and the sweets and merits of constitutional monarchy and hereditary representation: and so he spoke, until his own turn came, and his own delectable guillotining system had its hour. God forbid that we should pursue the simile with Mr. Roebuck so far as this; God forbid, too, that he ever should have the trial.

True; but we have no right, it is said, to compare the Republicanism of England with that of France, no right to suppose that such crimes would be perpetrated in a country so enlightened as ours. Why is there peace and liberty and

a republic in America? No guillotining, no ruthless Yankee tribunes retaliating for bygone tyranny by double oppression? Surely the reason is obvious—because there was no hunger in America; because there were easier ways of livelihood than those offered by ambition. Banish Queen, and Bishops, and Lords, seize the lands, open the ports, or shut them (according to the fancy of your trades' unions and democratic clubs, who have each their freaks and hobbies), and are you a whit richer in a month, are your poor Spitalfields men vending their silks, or your poor Irishmen reaping their harvests at home? Strong interest keeps Americans quiet, not Government; here there is always a party which is interested in rebellion. People America like England, and the poor weak rickety republic is jostled to death in the crowd. Give us this republic to-morrow and it would share no better fate; have not all of us the power, and many of us the interest, to destroy it?

(*The Times*, April 3, 1837.)

FASHNABLE FAX AND POLITE ANNYGOATS.

BY CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ.

No. —, GROSVENOR SQUARE : 10th October.

(N.B. *Hairy Bell.*)

MY DEAR Y.—Your dellixy in sending me “My Book”^{*} does you honour; for the subjick on which it treats cannot, like politix, metafizzix, or other silly sciences, be criticized by the common writin creaturs who do your and other Magazines at so much a yard. I am a chap of a different sort. I have lived with some of the first families in Europe, and I say it, without fear of contradistinction, that, since the death of George the IV., and Mr. Simpson of Voxall Gardens, there doesn’t, praps, live a more genlmnly man than myself. As to figger, I beat Simpson all to shivers; and know more of the world than the late George. He did things in a handsome style enough, but he lived always in one set, and got narrow in his notions. How could he be otherwise? Had he my opportunities, I say he would have been a better dressed man, a better dined man (*poor angsy deer*, as the French say), and a better furnished man. These qualities an’t got by indolence, but by acute hobsevation and foring travel, as I have had. But a truce to heggotism, and let us proceed with bisniss.

Skelton’s “Anatomy” (or Skeleton’s, which, I presume, is his real name) is a work which has been long wanted in the littery

^{*} *My Book; or, The Anatomy of Conduct.* By John Henry Skelton London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1837.

world. A reglar slap-up, no-mistake, out-an'-out account of the manners and usitches of genteel society, will be appreciated in every famly from Buckly Square to Whitechapel Market. Ever since you sent me the volum, I have read it to the gals in our hall, who are quite delighted of it, and every day grows genteeler and genteeler. So is Jeames, coachman; so is Sam and George, and little Halfred, the sugar-loafed page:—all 'xcept old Huffy, the fat veezy porter, who sits all day in his hall-chair, and never reads a word of anythink but that ojus *Hage* newspaper. "Huffy," I often say to him, "why continue to read that blaggerd print? Want of decency, Huffy, becomes no man in your high situation: a geniman without morallity, is like a liv'ry-coat without a shoulder-knot." But the old-fashioned beast reads on, and don't care for a syllable of what I say. As for the *Sat'rist*, that's different: I read it myself, reg'lar; for it's of uncompromising Raddicle principils, and lashes the vices of the arristoxy. But again I am diverging from Skeleton.

What I like about him so pertiklerly is his moddisty. Before you come to the book, there is, fust, a Deddication; then, a Preface; and nex', a Prolygomeny. The fust is about hisself; the second about hisself, too; and, cuss me! if the Prolygolygominy an't about hisself again, and his school-master, the Rev. John Finlay, late of Streatham Academy. I shall give a few extrax from them:—

"Graceful manners are not intuitive: so he, who, through industry or the smiles of fortune, *would emulate a polite carriage*, must be *taught* not to outrage propriety. Many topics herein considered have been discussed, more or less gravely or jocosely, according as the subject-matter admitted the varying treatment. I would that with propriety much might be expunged, but that I felt it is all required from the nature of the work. The public is the tribunal to which I appeal: not friendship, but public attestation, must affix the signet to 'My Book's' approval or condemnation. Sheridan, when manager of Drury, was known to say, he had solicited and received the patronage of friends, but from the public only had he found support. So may it be with me!"

There's a sentence for you, Mr. Yorke!* We disputed about it, for three-quarters of an hour, in the servants' hall. Miss Simkins, my Lady's *feel de chamber*, says it's complete ungramatticle, as so it is. "I would that," &c., "but that," and so forth: what can be the earthly meaning of it? "Graceful manners," says Skeleton, "is not intuitive." Nor more an't grammar, Skelton; sooner than make a fault in which, I'd knife my fish, or malt after my cheese.

As for "emulating a genteel carriage," not knowing what that might mean, we at once asked Jim Coachman; but neither he nor his helpers could help us. Jim thinks it was a baroosh; cook says, a brisky; Sam, the stable-boy (who, from living chiefly among the hosses and things, has got a sad low way of talking), said it was all dicky, and bid us drive on to the nex' page.

"For years, when I have observed anything in false taste, I have remarked that, when 'My Book' makes its appearance, such an anomaly will be discontinued; and, instead of an angry reply, it has ever been, 'What! are *you* writing such a work?' till at length, in several societies, 'My Book' has been referred to whenever *une méprise* has taken place. As thus: "'My Book" is, indeed, wanted;' or, 'If "My Book" were here;' or, 'We shall never be right without "My Book";' which led me to take minutes of the barbarisms I observed. I now give them to the world, from a conviction that a rule of conduct should be studied, and impressed upon the mind. Other studies come occasionally into play; but the conduct, the deportment, and the manner are ever in view, and should be a primary consideration, and by no means left to chance (as at present), 'whether it be good, or whether it be evil.'

"Most books that have appeared on this vital subject have generally been of a trashy nature; intended, one would imagine—if you took the trouble to read them—as advertisements to this trade, or for that man, this draper, or that dentist, instead of attempting to form the mind, and leaving the judgment to act.

"To Lord Chesterfield other remarks apply: but Dr. Johnson has so truly and so wittily characterised, in few words, that heartless libertine's advice to his son, that, without danger of corrupting the mind, you cannot place his works in the hands of youth.

"It should ever be kept in our recollection, that a graceful

* Oliver Yorke was the well-known pseudonym of the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

carriage—a noble bearing, and a generous disposition to sit with ease and grace, must be enthroned ‘in the mind’s eye’ on every virtuous sentiment.”

There it is, the carriage again! But never mind that—to the nex’ sentence it’s nothink: “to sit with ease and grace must be enthroned ‘in the mind’s eye’ on every virtuous sentiment!” Heaven bless your bones, Mr. Skeleton! where are you driving us? I say, this sentence would puzzle the very Spinx himself! How *can* a man sit in his eye? If the late Mr. Finlay, of Streatham Academy, taught John Henry Anatomy Skeleton to do this, he’s a very wonderful pupil, and no mistake! as well as a finominy in natural history, quite exceeding that of Miss Mackavoy. Sich *peculiar* opportunities for hobobservation must make his remarks really valuable.*

Well, he observes on every think that is at all observable, and can make a gen’l’mán fit for gen’l’mánly society. His beayviour at dinner and brexfast, at bawls and swarries, at chuch, at vist, at skittles, at drivin’ cabs, at gettin’ in an’ out of a carriage, at his death and burill—givin’, on every one of these subjicks, a plenty of ex’lent maxums; as we shall very soon see. Let’s begin about dinner—it’s always a pleasant thing to hear talk of. Skeleton (who is a slap-up heppycure) says:—

“Earn the reputation of being a good carver; it is a weakness to pretend superiority to an art in such constant requisition, and on which so much enjoyment depends. You must not crowd the plate—send only a moderate quantity, with fat and gravy; in short, whatever you may be carving, serve others as if you were helping yourself: this may be done with rapidity, if the carver

* I canot refrain from quattin, in a note, the following extract, from page 8:—

“To be done with propriety, everything must be done quietly. When the cards are dealt round do not sort them in all possible haste, and, having performed it in a most hurried manner, clap your cards on the table, looking proudly round, conscious of your own superiority. I speak to those in good society,—not to him who, making cards his trade, has his motives for thus hurrying,—that he may remark the countenances of those with whom he plays—that he may make observations in *his mind’s eye*, from what passes around, and use those observations to *suit ulterior ends*.”

This, now, is what I call a reg’lar parrylel passidge, and renders quite clear Mr. Skeltonsés notin of the situation of the mind’s eye.—CHAS. YLPLSH.

takes pleasure in his province, and endeavours to excel. It is cruel and disgusting to send a lump of meat to anyone: if at the table of a friend, it is offensive; if at your own, unpardonable. No refined appetite can survive it."

Taken in general, I say this remark is admiral. I saw an instance, only last wick, at our table. There was, first, Sir James and my Lady, in course, at the head of their own table; then there was Lord and Lady Smigsmag right and left of my Lady; Captain Flupp, of the huzzas (huzza he may be; but he looks, to my thinkin, much more like a bravo); and the Bishop of Biffeter, with his lady; Haldermin Snodgrass, and me—that is, I waited.

Well, the haldermin, who was helpin the tuttle, puts on Biffeter's plate a wad of green fat, which might way a pound and three-quarters. His Ludship goes at it very hearty; but not likin to seprate it, tries to swallow the lump at one go. I recklect Lady Smigsmag saying gaily, "What, my Lord, are you goin that whole hog at once?" The bishop looked at her, rowled his eyes, and tried to spick; but between the spickin and swallerin, and the green fat, the consquinsies were fatle! He sunk back on his chair, his spoon dropt, his face became of a blew colour, and down he fell as dead as a nit. He recovered, to be sure, nex day; but not till after a precious deal of bleedin and dosin, which Dr. Drencher described for him.

This would never have happened, had not the haldermin given him such a plate-full; and to Skeleton's maxim let me add mine.

Dinner was made for eatin, not for talkin: never pay compliments with your mouth full.

"The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip; and should it be blunt, or the meat overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat, with any knife; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake—for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so blunt, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

“Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens; and we by much of its produce!

“When the finger-glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents, or even rinse your mouth, and spit it back; although this has been done by some inconsiderate persons. Never, in short, do that of which, on reflection, you would be ashamed; for instance, never help yourself to salt with your knife—a thing which is not unfrequently done in *la belle France* in the ‘perfumed chambers of the great.’ We all have much to unlearn, ere we can learn much that we should. My effort is ‘to gather up the tares, and bind them in bundles to destroy them,’ and then to ‘gather the wheat into the barn.’

“When the rose-water is carried round after dinner, dip into it the corner of your napkin lightly; touch the tips of your fingers, and press the napkin on your lips. Forbear plunging into the liquid as into a bath.”

This, to be sure, would be difficult, as well as ungentlemanly; and I have something to say on this head, too.

About them blue water bowls which are brought in after dinner, and in which the company makes such a bubbling and spitting; people should be very careful in using them, and mind how they hire short-sighted servants. Lady Smigsmag is a melancholy instance of this. Her Ladyship wears two rows of false teeth (what the French call a *rattler*), and is, everybody knows, one of the most absent of women. After dinner one day (at her own house), she whips out her teeth, and puts them into the blue bowl, as she always did, when the spitting time came. Well, the conversation grew animated; and so much was Lady Smigsmag interested, that she clean forgot her teeth, and went to bed without them.

Next morning was a dreadful disturbance in the house; somebody had stolen my Lady’s teeth out of her mouth! But this is a loss which a lady don’t like positively to advertise; so the matter was hushed up, and my Lady got a new set from Parkison’s. But nobody ever knew who was the thief of the teeth.

A fortnight after, another dinner was given. Lady Smigsmag only kept a butler and one man, and this was a chap whom we used to call, professionally, Lazy Jim. He never

did nothing but when he couldn't help it ; he was as lazy as a dormus, and as blind as a howl. If the plate was dirty, Jim never touched it until the day it was wanted, and the same he did by the glas ; you might go into his pantry, and see dozens on 'em with the water (he drenk up all the wind) which had been left in 'em since last dinner party. How such things could be allowed in a house, I don't know ; it only shewed that Smigsmag was an easy master, and that Higgs, the butler, didn't know his bisniss.

Well, the day kem for the sek'nd party. Lazy Jim's plate was all as dutty as pos'bil, and his whole work to do ; he cleaned up the plate, the glas, and every think else, as he thought, and set out the trays and things on the sideboard. " Law, Jim, you jackass," cried out the butler, at half-past seven, jist as the people was a comen down to dinner ; " you've forgot the washand basins."

Jim spun down into his room,—for he'd forgotten 'em, sure enough ; there they were, however, on his shelf, and full of water : so he brought 'em up, and said nothink ; but gev 'em a polishin wipe with the tail of his coat.

Down kem the company to dinner, and set to it like good uns. The society was reg'lar *distangy* (as they say) : there was the Duke of Haldersgit, Lord and Lady Barbikin, Sir Gregory Jewin, and Lady Suky Smithfield, asides a lot of common-tators. The dinner was removed, and the bubble and squeakers (as I call 'em) put down ; and all the people began a washin themselves, like any think. " Whrrrrr !" went Lady Smigsmag ; " Cloocloocloocloophizz !" says Lady Barbikin ; " Gogleoggleoggleblrrawaw !" says Jewin (a very fat g'n'l'm'n), " Blobblobgob !" began his Grace of Haldersgit, who has got the widest mouth in all the peeridge, when all of a sudden he stopped, down went his washand-basin, and he gev such a piercing shrick ! such a bust of agony as I never saw, excep when the prince sees the ghost in " Hamlick " : down went his basin, and up went his eyes ; I really thought he was going to vomick !

I rushed up to his Grace, squeegeing him in the shoulders, and patting him on the back. Every body was in alarm ; the duke as pale as hashes, grinding his teeth, frowning, and makin the most frightful extortions : the ladis were in astarrix ;

and I observed Lazy Jim leaning against the sideboard, and looking as white as chock.

I looked into his Grace's plate, and, on my honour as a gnlmn, among the amins and reasons, there was two rows of TEETH !

"Law !—heavens !—what !—your Grace !—is it possible ?" said Lady Smigsmag, puttin her hand into the duke's plate. "Dear Duke of Aldersgate ! as I live, they are my lost teeth !"

Flesh and blud coodn't stand this, and I bust out laffin, till I thought I should split ; a footman's a man, and as impregnable as hany other to the ridiklous. I bust, and every body bust after me—lords and ladies, duke and butler, and all—every body excep Lazy Jim.

Would you blieve it ? *He hadn't cleaned out the glasses, and the company was a washin themselves in second-hand water, a fortnit old !*

I don't wish to insinuate that this kind of thing is general ; only people had better take warnin by me and Mr. Skeleton, and wash theirselves at home. Lazy Jeames was turned off the nex morning, took to drinkin and evil habits, and is now, in consquints, a leftenant-general in the Axillary Legend. Let's now get on to what Skelton calls his "Derelictions"—here's some of 'em, and very funny one's they are too. What do you think of Number 1, by way of a dereliction ?

"1. A knocker on the door of a lone house in the country.

"2. When on horseback, to be followed by a groom in a fine livery ; or, when in your gig or cab, with a 'tiger' so adorned by your side. George IV., whose taste was never excelled, if ever equalled, always, excepting on state occasions, exhibited his retinue in plain liveries—a grey frock being the usual dress of his grooms.

"4. To elbow people as you walk is rude. For such uncouth beings, perhaps, a good thrashing would be the best monitor ; only there might be disagreeables attending the correction, in the shape of legal functionaries.

"9. When riding with a companion, be not two or three horse-lengths before or behind.

"10. When walking with one friend, and you encounter another, although you may stop and speak, never introduce the strangers, unless each expresses a wish to that effect.

"13. Be careful to check vulgarities in children ; for instance :

‘Tom, did you get wet?’—‘No; Bob did, but I cut away.’ You should also affectionately rebuke an unbecoming tone and manner in children.

“18. To pass a glass, or any drinking vessel, by the brim, or to offer a lady a bumper, are things equally in bad taste.

“19. To look from the window to ascertain who has knocked, whilst the servant goes to the door, must not be done.

“26. Humming, drumming, or whistling, we must avoid, as disrespectful to our company.

“27. Never whisper in company, nor make confidants of mere acquaintance.

“28. Vulgar abbreviations, such as gent for gentleman, or buss for omnibus, &c., must be shunned.

“29. Make no noise in eating: as, when you masticate with the lips unclosed, the action of the jaw is heard. It is equally bad in drinking. Gulping loudly is abominable—it is but habit—unrestrained, no more; but enough to disgust.

“30. To do anything that might be obnoxious to censure, or even bear animadversion from eccentricity, you must take care not to commit.

“31. Be especially cautious not to drink while your plate is sent to be replenished.

“32. A bright light in a dirty lamp* is not to be endured.

“33. The statue of the Achilles in Hyde Park is in bad taste. To erect a statue in honour of a hero in a defensive attitude, when his good sword has carved his renown—Ha, ha, ha!”

Ha, ha, ha! isn’t that reg’lar ridiklous? Not the statute I mean, but the *derelection*, as Skillyton calls it. Ha, ha, ha! indeed! *Defensive hattitude*! He may call that nasty naked figger *defensive*—I say it’s *hoffensive*, and no mistake. But read the whole bunch of remarx, Mr. Yorke; a’nt they *rich*?—a’nt they what you may call a perfect gallixy of *derelections*?

Take, for instance, twenty-nine and thutty-one—gulpins, mastigatin, and the haction of the jaw! Why, sich things a’nt done, not by the knife-boy, and the skillery-made, who dine in the back kitchin after we’ve done! And nex appeal to thutty-one. *Why* shouldn’t a man drink, when his plate’s taken away? Is it unnatral? is it ungen’m’n’ly? is it unbecomin?

* “If in the hall, or in your cab, this, if seen a second time, admits no excuse; *turn away the man.*”

If he'd said that a chap shouldn't drink when his *glass* is taken away, that would be a reason, and a good one. Now let's read "hayteen." Pass a glass *by the brim*! Put your thumb and fingers, I spose. The very notin makes me all over uncomfortable; and, in all my experience of society, I never saw no not a coalheaver do such a thing. Nex comes:—

"The most barbarous modern introduction is the habit of wearing the hat in the 'salon,' as now practised even in the presence of the ladies.

"When, in making a morning call, you give your card at the door, the servant should be instructed to do his duty, and not stand looking at the name on the card while you speak to him."

There's two rules for you! Who *does* wear a hat in the salong? Nobody, as I ever saw. And as for Number 40, I can only say, on my own part individiwidiwally, and on the part of the perfession, that if ever Mr. Skelton comes to a house where I am the gen'l'm'n to open the door, and instrux me about doing my duty, I'll instruct him about the head, I will. No man should instruct other people's servants. No man should bully or talk loud to a gen'l'm'n who, from his wery situation, is hincapable of defense or reply. I've known this cistim to be carried on by low swaggerin fellars in clubbs and privit houses, but never by reel gen'l'm'n. And now for the last maxum, or dereliction:—

"The custom of putting the knife in the mouth is so repulsive to our feelings as men, is so entirely at variance with the manners of gentlemen, that I deem it unnecessary to inveigh against it here. The very appearance of the act is—

‘A monster of so odious mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.’”

Oh, heavens! the notion is overpowerin! I once see a gen'l'm'n cut his head off eatin peez that way. Knife in your mouth!—oh!—fawgh!—it makes me all over Mrs. Cook, do have the kindniss to git me a basin!

* * * * *

In this abrupt way Mr. Yellowplush's article concludes. The notion conveyed in the last paragraph was too disgusting

for his delicate spirit, and caused him emotions that are neither pleasant to experience nor to describe.

It may be objected to his communication, that it contains some orthographic eccentricities, and that his acuteness surpasses considerably his education. But a gentleman of his rank and talent was the exact person fitted to criticise the volume which forms the subject of his remarks. We at once saw that only Mr. Yellowplush was fit for Mr. Skelton, Mr. Skelton for Mr. Yellowplush. There is a luxury of fashionable observation, a fund of apt illustration, an intimacy with the first leaders of the *ton*, and a richness of authentic anecdote, which is not to be found in any other writer of any other periodical. He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel-writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned.

It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with *the only authentic picture of fashionable life* which has been given to the world in our time. All the rest are stolen and disfigured copies of that original piece, of which we are proud to be in possession.

After our contributor's able critique, it is needless for us to extend our remarks upon Mr. Skelton's book. We have to thank that gentleman for some hours' extraordinary amusement; and shall be delighted at any further productions of his pen.

O. Y.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, November 1837.)

A WORD ON THE ANNUALS.

A PARCEL of the little gilded books, which generally make their appearance at this season, now lies before us. There are the *Friendship's Offering* embossed, and the *Forget-Me-Not* in morocco; *Jennings's Landscape* in dark green, and the *Christian Keepsake* in pea; *Gems of Beauty* in shabby green calico, and *Flowers of Loveliness* in tawdry red woollen; moreover, the *Juvenile Scrap-book* for good little boys and girls; and, among a host of others, and greatest of all, the *Book of Gems*, with no less than forty-three pretty pictures, for the small sum of one guinea and a half.

Now, with the exception of the last, which is a pretty book, containing a good selection of modern poetry, and a series of vignettes (which, though rather small, are chiefly from good sketches, or pictures), and of Jennings's *Landscape Annual*,* which contains the admirable designs of Mr. Roberts, nothing can be more trumpery than the whole collection—as works of art, we mean. They tend to encourage bad taste in the public, bad engraving, and worse painting. As to their literary pretensions, they are such as they have been in former years. There have been, as we take it, since the first fashion for Annuals came up, some hundred and fifty volumes of the kind; and such a display of miserable mediocrity, such a collection of feeble verse, such a gathering of small wit, is hardly to be found in any other series. But the wicked critics have sufficiently abused them already; and our business, therefore, at present, is chiefly with the pictorial part of the books.

The chief point upon which the publishers and proprietors of these works have insisted, is the encouragement which they

* Jennings's "Landscape Annual for 1838: Spain and Morocco." By Thomas Roscoe. Illustrated from drawings by David Roberts. 8vo. London: Jennings. 1838.

have afforded to art and artists, by keeping them constantly before the world, set off by all the advantages of a pretty binding, a skilful engraver, and a poet, paid at a shilling a line, more or less, to point out the beauties of the artists' compositions, and to awaken, by his verses or his tale, the public attention towards the painter. But the poor painter is only the publisher's slave; to live, he must not follow the bent of his own genius, but cater, as best he may, for the public inclination; and the consequence has been, that his art is little better than a kind of prostitution; for the species of pictorial skill which is exhibited in such books as *Beauty's Costume*, the *Book of Beauty*, Finden's *Tableaux*, etc., is really nothing better.

It is hardly necessary to examine these books and designs one by one—they all bear the same character, and are exactly like the *Books of Beauty*, *Flowers of Loveliness*, and so on, which appeared last year. A large weak plate, done in what we believe is called the stipple style of engraving, a woman badly drawn, with enormous eyes—a tear, perhaps, upon each cheek, and an exceedingly low-cut dress—pats a greyhound, or weeps into a flower-pot, or delivers a letter to a bandy-legged, curly-headed page. An immense train of white satin fills up one corner of the plate; an urn, a stone-railing, a fountain, and a bunch of hollyhocks adorn the other; the picture is signed Sharpe, Parris, Corbould, Corboux, Jenkins, Brown, as the case may be, and is entitled “the Pearl,” “la Dolorosa,” “la Biondina,” “le Gage d'Amour,” “the Forsaken One of Florence,” “the Water-lily,” or some such name. Miss Landon, Miss Mitford, or my Lady Blessington, writes a song upon the opposite page, about water-lily, chilly, stilly, shivering beside a streamlet, plighted, blighted, love-benighted, falsehood sharper than a gimlet, lost affection, recollection, cut connection, tears in torrents, true-love token, spoken, broken, sighing, dying, girl of Florence, and so on. The poetry is quite worthy of the picture, and a little sham sentiment is employed to illustrate a little sham art.

It would be curious to know who are the gods from whom these fair poetesses draw their inspiration (and, whatever be their Castaly, they have, as it were, but to turn the cock,

and out comes a ready dribble of poetry, which lasts for any given time), or who are the persons from whom the painters receive their orders. It cannot be supposed that Miss Landon, a woman of genius,—Miss Mitford, a lady of exquisite wit and taste—should, of their own accord, sit down to indite namby-pamby verses about silly, half-decent pictures ; or that Jenkins, Parris, Meadows, and Co., are not fatigued by this time with the paltry labour assigned to them. Mr. Parris has exhausted all possible varieties of ringlets, eyelashes, naked shoulders, and slim waists ; Mr. Meadows, as a humorous painter, possesses very great comic feeling and skill ; who sets them to this wretched work ?—to paint these eternal fancy portraits, of ladies in voluptuous attitudes and various stages of dishabille, to awaken the dormant sensibilities of misses in their teens, or tickle the worn-out palates of elderly rakes and *roués* ? What a noble occupation for a poet ! What a delicate task for an artist ! “ How sweet ! ” says miss, examining some voluptuous Inez, or some loving Haidee, and sighing for an opportunity to imitate her. “ How rich ! ” says the gloating old bachelor, who has his bedroom hung round with them, or the dandy young shopman, who can only afford to purchase two or three of the most undressed ; and the one dreams of opera-girls and French milliners, and the other, of the “ splendid women ” that he has seen in Mr. Yate’s last new piece at the Adelphi.

The publishers of these prints allow that the taste is execrable which renders such abominations popular, but the public will buy nothing else, and the public must be fed. The painter, perhaps, admits that he abuses his talent (that noble gift of God, which was given him for a better purpose than to cater for the appetites of faded *debauchés*) ; but he must live, and he has no other resource. Exactly the same excuse might be made by Mrs. Cole.

Let us look at the *Keepsake*,* which is in pink calico this year, having discarded its old skin of watered crimson silk. The size of the book is larger than formerly, and the names of the contributors (distinguished though they be) withdrawn from the public altogether ; the editor stating, in a

* “ The Keepsake for 1838.” Royal 8vo. London : Longman,

preface, that if the public like this plan, the mystery shall be sedulously guarded : if otherwise, in the next series the great names of the contributors to the *Keepsake* shall be published, as of old.

There are a dozen plates. A pretty lady, of course, by Chalon, for a frontispiece ; next comes an engraving, called, touchingly, "The First." This represents a Greek kissing a Turkish lady ; and, following it, is a third plate, with heart-breaking pathos, entitled "The Last." It is our old friend Conrad, with Medora dead in her bed ; but there are some other words tricked up to this old tune : "What ! is the *ladye* sleeping !" etc. We think we can recognise, in spite of the incog., the fair writer who calls Conrad's mistress a *ladye*. The next is a very good engraving, from a clever picture by Mr. Herbert. A fierce Persian significantly touches his sword ; a melancholy girl, in front, looks timidly and imploringly at the spectator. Who can have written the history which has been tagged to this print ? Is it Lord Nugent, or Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, or Lady Blessington, or my Lord Castlereagh, or Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs ? It is of the most profound and pathetic cast, and is called "My Turkish Visit." We quote from it, chiefly to show the manner in which these matters are arranged between writer and publisher ; the tale itself is a perfect curiosity.

A lady introduces the supposed authoress (for, though the *ego* is feminine in this tale, any one of the above-mentioned noblemen or noblewomen may have written it) to Namich Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador at Paris. The authoress longs to see a real Turk, his excellency, Namich, not being enough Mahometan for her. Namich wears a skull-cap and a frock-coat ; *her* Turk (dear enthusiast !) must have a turban, a yataghan, a pair of papooshes, a kelaat, a salamalick (for other Turkish terms, consult *Anastasius* and Miss Pardoe), and, perhaps, a harem to boot. The gallant Namich has the very thing in his eye ; and the very next day the authoress, in a sledge (sledges were in fashion in Paris that year), drives *several miles down the Versailles road, to the kiosk of a Turkish diamond merchant*. O happy Lady Skeggs ! what an adventure ! what an imagination above all ! Who but a

first-rate genius could have invented such an incident, and found a kiosk, and a Turk domiciled in it, on the road to Versailles ?

Her ladyship arrives at the kiosk, and thus describes its owner :

“Sooliman was a tall, powerful, but emaciated man, advanced in years, whose countenance bore the remains of much stern beauty ; but his large dark eyes had that glaring restlessness which we are apt to ascribe to insanity ; his black brows were contracted with severity, and his mouth bore a harsh expression amidst the flowing beard which surrounded it.

“His costume consisted of a long, full dress of violet-coloured cloth, under an open robe of dark green, the edges and hanging sleeves of the latter being bordered with rich sable ; a fawn-coloured Cashmere formed his girdle, in which was placed a straight dagger ; yellow-pointed slippers, formed his garments, and on his head he wore a high cap, or *kalpak*, without ornament.”

There he is, as fierce-looking a Mussulman as heart could wish for ; but a strange creature of a Turk, who in a kiosk at Versailles, with an abhorrence of all the innovations introduced by the grand seignior, and a determination to stick by old customs, has adopted a *Persian costume* ! Barikallah, Bismillah, Mahomet resoul Allahi, as our friend Fraser * says, he is an Ispahanee, a Shuranzee, a Kizzilbash, and no mistake ; but not a Turk. How does our lovely authoress explain the eccentricity ?

Proceeding, however, with the interesting story, her ladyship is introduced by the powerful but emaciated Turk to his daughter, who is found in an apartment, of which we delight to give the following tasty description :—

“Emerging from darkness, I was dazzled by the bright winter sunbeams pouring into one of the most brilliantly furnished rooms I had ever seen. On three sides it was fitted up with figured velvet sofas ; but the south side was entirely in glass, painted in gay garlands, forming part of a conservatory, which was filled with

* Not the eminent publisher, but the agreeable writer of that name. In spite of the author's assertion (who obtained his intimate knowledge of Persian in a forty-three years' residence at Ispahan), we fancy the figure to be neither Turk nor Persian. There is a Jew model about town, who waits upon artists, and is very like Mr. Herbert's Sooliman.—O. Y.

blossoming orange-trees and bright exotics, emitting a delicious fragrance. Three or four beautiful birds were expanding their plumage to the light, whilst a *movable* fountain of perfumed water threw up its wreaths of living diamonds at the entrance. There was no fireplace; yet, notwithstanding the chilly season, the artificial temperature resembled May; and in the centre of the room stood a golden brazier filled with burning scented woods. The velvet sofas were of *light green*, having golden flowers and tassels; a number of *pink* cushions piled near the window were worked in silver patterns; and one of *white satin*, edged with down, had *what I concluded was a Turkish name* embroidered in *seed pearls*."

This description alone is worth a guinea,—let alone twelve engravings, and a pink calico cover. Mr. Bulwer has done some pretty things in the upholstery line of writing; but, ye gods! what is *Pelham* to compare with our friend at the kiosk—dirt, at which the delicate mind sickens—dross, pinchbeck, compared to this pure gold. In this kiosk, on the Versailles road, nay, in one little chamber of it, we have, *imprimis*,

Four different kinds of scents, viz.:

1. Scented orange-trees;
2. Scented exotics;
3. Scented water in the movable fountain;
4. Scented fire in the golden brazier;

Three different kinds of sofas, viz., light-green velvet and gold; rose-pink and silver; white satin, edged with down, and embroidered with seed pearls.

If this is not imagination, where the deuce is it to be sought for? If this is not fine writing, genius is dead! But we must not keep the eager public from the rest of the description, which sweetly runs on thus:—

"The walls of white and gold were panelled, and inlaid in various arabesque devices; and, instead of the rough *plafond*, too common in French houses, the ceiling was richly carved and ornamented in *pale rose-colour and gold*.

"Having taken full time to remark all these wonders—for the negress had departed instantly—I approached a low table, on which were several books bound in velvet and gold; a writing-stand embossed with gems, with a *penholder imitating a feather, in pearls*. Beside the table, on a *beautiful reading-stand*, and covered with a

gauze and gold handkerchief, was a large volume, clasped with an amethyst, *which I concluded was the Koran*. While I was bending over it, I heard the door close at the other end of the room, and, on looking round, I felt that I beheld the princess of this fairy palace, Aminéh Hanoom, the daughter of Sooliman."

Talk of the silver-fork school of romance, gracious heavens! Give silver forks for the future to base grooms, or lowly dustmen. A silver fork, forsooth! it may serve to transfix a saveloy, or to perforate a roasted tator! but never let the term be used for the future to designate a series of novels which pretend to describe polite life. After this, all else is low and mean. Who before ever imagined a Mussulman writing with a Bramah *penholder*; who ever invented such jewels for an inkstand, or flung such a handkerchief over such a reading-stand?

The authoress (if *not* a she, it really is too bad) ingratiates herself with Miss Hanoom, and sleeps with her on the very same night. The beauties of the drawing-room are outdone by the splendour of the best chamber.

"*Goumah* (the nigger girl before mentioned) having entered to attend us for the night, I accompanied Aminéh to her own apartment. I had an impression that the Turkish apartments were arranged with a simplicity strongly contrasting with their day-rooms; so that I was quite unprepared for the new splendour awaiting me.

"In two recesses, draped with silk, were piles of mattresses, covered in satin, edged with silver fringe; numerous pillows of spotted gauze *over pink satin* (we breathe again—it cannot be a man), and eider-down counterpanes covered with velvet. On Aminéh's couch the latter was of *apricot-coloured velvet*, with *her initials* in small pearls in the centre; at the side of each couch was placed a purple velvet prayer-carpet. A beautiful *ruby-coloured* lamp gave its soft light around; and long after Aminéh slumbered I remained in a waking dream, scarcely daring to ask my delighted senses, can all these things be?" *

Sleep, happy Wilhelmina Amelia, we will follow thee no further.

But seriously, or, as Dr. Lardner says, *seriatim*, is this

* Our friend Mr. Yellowplush has made inquiries as to the authorship of this tale, and his report is that it is universally ascribed in the highest circles to Miss Howell-and-James.

style of literature to continue to flourish in England? Is every year to bring more nonsense like this, for foolish parents to give to their foolish children; for dull people to dawdle over till the dinner-bell rings; to add something to the trash on my lady's drawing-room table, or in Miss's book-case? *Quousque tandem?* How far, O Keepsake, wilt thou abuse our forbearance? How many more bad pictures are to be engraved, how many more dull stories to be written, how long will journalists puff and the gulled public purchase? It is curious to read the titles of the *Keepsake* prints, as they follow in order; after the three first which we have noticed come—

The Greek Maiden;

Zuleikha;

Angelica;

Theresa;

Walter and Ida (a clever picture, by Edward Corbould);

The Silver Lady;

and all (save the one which we have marked) bad—bad in artistical feeling, careless in drawing, poor and feeble in effect. There is not one of these beauties, with her great eyes, and slim waist, that looks as if it had been painted from a human figure. It is but a slovenly, rickety, wooden imitation of it, tricked out in some tawdry feathers and frippery, and no more like a real woman than the verses which accompany the plate are like real poetry.

There are one or two shops in London where German prints are exhibited in the windows; it is humiliating to pass them, and contrast the art of the two countries. Look at the Two Leonoras, for instance, and contrast them with some of the heroines of Mr. Parris, or the plump graces of Mr. Meadows. Take his picture called "The Pansies," for instance, in that delectable book the *Flowers of Loveliness*, and contrast it with the German print. In the latter, nothing escapes the artist's industry, or is too mean for him to slur over or forget. The figures are of actual real flesh and blood; their dresses, their ornaments, every tittle and corner of the whole picture, carefully copied from nature. Mr. Meadows is, perhaps, more poetic; he trusts to genius, and draws at

random; and yet, of the two pictures, which is the most poetical and ideal? those simple, life-like, tender Leonoras with sweet calm faces, and pure earnest eyes; or the fat indecency in "The Pansies,"* whose shoulders are exposed as shoulders never ought to be, and drawn as shoulders never were. Another fat creature, in equal dishabille, embraces Fatima, No. 1; a third, archly smiling, dances away, holding in her hand a flower—there is no bone or muscle in that coarse bare bosom, those unnatural naked arms, and fat dumpy fingers. The idea of the picture is coarse, mean, and sensual—the execution of it no better.

We have seized upon Mr. Meadows, for he is the cleverest man of the whole bunch of artists to whom this style of painting is confided, and can do far better things. Why not condescend to be decent, and careful, and natural? And why should Miss Corboux paint naked women, called water-lilies, and paint them ill? or Mr. Uwins design a group of females (the Hyacinths), who have limbs that females never had, and crouch in attitudes so preposterous and unnatural? Both these artists have shown how much more they can do: it is only the taste of the age which leads them to degrade the talent with which they are gifted, and the art which they profess.

It is tedious to continue a criticism upon a subject which offers so little room for remark or praise. It is the test of a good picture, after seeing it once, to remember it involuntarily, as it were, and to distinguish it from a host of the inferior brood. Yet, in looking through those dozen volumes of *Annals*, there is not one plate in the whole two hundred which can be recalled to memory the day after it has been seen. It is a shame that so much time and cleverness should be wasted upon things so unproductive. In *Friendship's Offering*† and the *Forget-Me-Not*‡ there are, with the

* "Flowers of Loveliness: Twelve groups of Female Figures representing Flowers." Designed by various artists, with poetical illustrations, by L. E. L. [*i.e.* Letitia Elizabeth Landon.] London: Ackerman. 1838.

† "Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath: a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1838." London. Smith & Co. 1838.

‡ "Forget-Me-Not: a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present for 1838." Edited by Frederick Shoberl. London: Ackerman. 1838.

exception of the frontispieces, but two pictures of moderate merit—an Italian view by Stanfield, and a picture of Venice by Werner: all the engraver's skill and labour goes for naught, when employed upon the paltry subjects which illustrate the volumes. In Roberts's "Annual" the prints are more successful; for the artist is skilful, and his drawings are far more easily copied in engraving than subjects of history or figures. The pictorial illustrations of the *Christian Keepsake** and Fisher's *Drawing-room Scrap-Book*† are, to speak with due reverence, humbug. Some of them have already figured in evangelical magazines, some in missionary memoirs, some in historical portrait galleries, some few are original; but the general character of the works is not original—the drawings have served, most likely, some profane purpose, before they were converted to pious use: and it is painful to read so frequently the name of religion *exploitée* in this instance to puff off old prints and enhance publishers' profits. Of a similar degree of humbug is the *Juvenile Scrap-Book*‡—it comes from the same firm to which we owe the *Christian Keepsake*. The prints with an affectation of novelty, and with new stories or poems to illustrate them, are poor and old. There is the old plate of Princess Victoria, published two years ago, and the old plate of Carlisle Castle, and Gainsborough's milk-girl, and Duppa's Magdalen (or Carlo Dolce's), newly scraped up by the engraver, and with a fine new title. The unwary public, who purchase Mr. Fisher's publications, will be astonished, if they knew but the secret, with the number of repetitions, and the ingenuity with which one plate is made to figure, now in the *Scrap-Book*, now in the *Views of Syria*,§ and now in the *Christian Keepsake*. Heaven knows how many more periodicals are issued from the same

* The "Christian Keepsake for 1838." Edited by the Rev. William Ellis. 8vo. London: Fisher. 1838.

† The "Drawing-room Scrap-Book." Dedicated to Queen Victoria. With poetical illustrations, by L. E. L. 4to. London: Fisher. 1838.

‡ Fisher's "Juvenile Scrap-Book." By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton. London: Fisher. 1838.

§ Fisher's "Oriental Keepsake, 1838." Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, etc., illustrated. In a series of views drawn from Nature, by W. H. Bartlett, William Purser, etc. With descriptions of the plates, by John Carne, Esq., author of "Letters from the East." Second Edition, 4to. London: Fisher.

establishment, and how many different titles are given to each individual print !

We have arrived almost at the end of the list. Mr. Hall's *Book of Gems** has far higher pretensions and merits than the rest of the collection. The paintings are new, and generally good, and the engravings are careful and brilliant—if they were but three times the size, both painters and engravers would have done themselves justice: the poetry is also very well selected; and the book may lie upon all drawing-room tables in the country, and not offend modesty or good taste. But what shall we say of *Gems of Beauty*† and Finden's *Tableaux*‡? There is not a good picture among all the numerous illustrations to these gaudy volumes. We have not meddled with the prose or verse which illustrates the illustrations. Miss Landon writes so many good things, that it would be a shame to criticise any thing indifferent from her pen—Miss Mitford has made the English reader pass so many pleasant hours, that we must pardon a few dull ones. The wonder is that either of the ladies can write so well, and affix to this endless succession of paltry prints, verses indifferent sometimes, but excellent so often. In the work called Fisher's *Scrap-Book*, for instance, Miss Landon has performed a miracle—it may be “a miracle instead of wit”; but it is a perfect wonder how any lady could have penned such a number of verses upon all sorts of subjects, and upon subjects, perhaps, on which, in former volumes of this *Scrap-Book*, she has poetised half-a-dozen times before. She will pardon us for asking, if she does justice to her great talent by employing it in this way? It is the gift of God to her—to watch, to cherish, and to improve: it was not given her to be made over to the highest

* The “Book of Gems: the Modern Poets and Artists of Great Britain.” Edited by S. C. Hall. 8vo. London: Whittaker. 1838.

† “Gems of Beauty: Displayed in a Series of Twelve highly-finished Engravings of the Passions.” From designs by E. T. Parris, Esq. With fanciful illustrations in verse, by the Countess of Blessington. 4to. London: Longman. 1838.

‡ Finden's “Tableau: a Series of Picturesque Scenes of National Character, Beauty, and Costume.” From paintings by various artists, after sketches by W. Perring. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford, author of “Our Village,” etc. London: Tilt. 1838.

bidder, or to be pawned for so many pounds per sheet. An inferior talent (like that of many of whom we have been speaking) must sell itself to live—a *genius* has higher duties; and Miss Landon degrades hers, by producing what is even indifferent.

Here, however, rather late in the month, appear the *Children of the Nobility**—a charming series of portraits by Chalon, Bostock, and Maclise. The beauty of the collection is that the pictures are really from nature; while your Leilas, Lillas, and such trash, are but the offspring of a very poor imagination. O lovely, melancholy Miss Copleys! O sweet, fantastic Lady Somersets! O charming Lady Mary Howard! you are brighter than all the Gems of Beauty melted down, and all the Flowers of Loveliness in a bunch. This book is a real treasure. Mr. Chalon, our Watteau, has contributed the greater part of the series. Both Mr. Maclise's drawings are admirable in truth and feeling; and the contributions of Mr. Bostock merit no less praise. These gentlemen, not the humblest among artists, will condescend to copy flesh and blood, and the consequence is that there is not a single bad drawing in the collection. Now, let us look at the *Book of Beauty*,† in which are many portraits likewise. The difference between the natural beauties and the artificial is quite ludicrous. Chalon's Ayesha, Meadows's Dolorida, and somebody else by Jenkins, are, of course, from imagination, and are, in consequence, the three worst plates of the book. Dolorida is neither more nor less than shameful—another of Mr. Meadows's fatties in a chemise. If it were but a good honest fat woman dressed in real calico, we should not cry out; but the chemise is unnatural, and so is the woman, who has not even the merit of beauty to recommend her. Let the reader look, too, at the difference between Chalon's Ayesha, and Chalon's Mrs. Lane Fox; the former is a caricature of a

* Portraits of the "Children of Nobility: a Series of highly-finished Engravings." Executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. From drawings by Alfred E. Chalon, Esq., R.A., and other eminent artists. With illustrations in verse by distinguished contributors. Edited by Mrs. Fairlie. First series, 4to. London: Longman. 1838.

† "Book of Beauty, 1838: with highly-finished Engravings." Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Royal 8vo. London: Longman. 1838.

woman, and the other—it is difficult to speak of the other—such a piece of voluptuous loveliness is dangerous to look at or describe. The binding of this book, by the way, is perfectly hideous—it looks like one of Lord Palmerston's cast-off waistcoats.

The *Authors of England* * are engraved in that admirable medallion style which has lately been invented by Mr. Collas. They are from reliefs by Weeks and Wyon, and are startling in effect and reality. This book can hardly be called an Annual, for it has a permanent interest, and is sure, we should think, of an extensive popularity. Artists alone should buy it as a study, for there is no better, in the science of light and shade and line drawing. It is marvellous what effects and imitations of nature are produced by this method, by which the engravings look as real as the medals from which they are taken.

* The "Authors of England: a Series of Medallion Portraits of Modern Literary Characters." Engraved from the works of British Artists by Achille Collas. With illustrative notices by Henry F. Chorley. 4to. London: Tilt. 1838.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, December 1837.)

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S PRIVATE
CORRESPONDENCE.*

THE dignity of history sadly diminishes as we grow better acquainted with the materials which compose it. In our orthodox history-books the characters move on as a gaudy play-house procession, a glittering pageant of kings and warriors, and stately ladies, majestically appearing and passing away. Only he who sits very near to the stage can discover of what stuff the spectacle is made. The kings are poor creatures, taken from the dregs of the company; the noble knights are dirty dwarfs in tin foil; the fair ladies are painted hags with cracked feathers and soiled trains. One wonders how gas and distance could ever have rendered them so bewitching.

The perusal of letters like these produces a very similar disenchantment; and the great historical figures dwindle down into the common proportions as we come to view them so closely. Kings, Ministers and Generals form the principal *dramatis personæ*; and if we may pursue the stage comparison a little further, eye never lighted upon a troop more contemptible. Mighty political changes had been worked in the country, others threatened it equally great. Great questions were agitated—whether the Protestant religion should be the dominant creed of the State, and the Elector of Hanover a King, or whether Papacy should be restored, and James III. placed on the throne—whether the Continental despotism aimed at by Louis should be established, or the war continued, to maintain the balance of power in Europe, or at

* “The Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne; with her Sketches and Opinions of her Contemporaries and the Select Correspondence of her Husband, John, Duke of Marlborough.” In two volumes. London: Colburn. 1838.

least, to assure the ascendancy of England,—on these points our letter-writers hardly deign to say a word.

The political question seems only to be used as an engine for the abuse of the opposite party. The main point is whether Harley shall be in, or Godolphin ; how Mrs. Masham, the chambermaid, can be checked or won over ; how the Duchess of Marlborough can regain her lost influence over the Queen, or whether the Duke is strong enough to do without it, can force his Captain-Generalcy for life, and compel the Queen to insure to his daughters the pensions and places of their mother.

The volumes are compiled from the materials which Archdeacon Coxe had heaped together before he wrote his voluminous panegyric upon the Duke of Marlborough ; and though some of the letters have already been printed in Coxe's work, they are far more interesting and lively in their present natural state than when dressed and garbled with the long explanations of that respectable historian. The first volume contains a number of letters from the Duke of Marlborough to his Duchess during the last five years of his command and victories in Flanders—namely, from 1706 to 1710. A long and interesting series of Maynwaring's letters to the latter, and some few from Hare, Halifax, Walpole, Sunderland, and Godolphin.

We have, moreover, at the commencement of the collection, one or two letters from Queen Anne, who had not altogether broken the ties which bound her to her old friend, and still addressed her with the silly and sentimental nickname which she had adopted in their early correspondence. The Duchess, who piqued herself (and with much justice) upon her freedom of speech, addressed the Queen as her affectionate Freeman, and that tender and maudlin sovereign was wont to sign herself in reply “her sweet Mrs. Freeman's poor faithful Morley.”

Her sweet Mrs. Freeman's advice and remonstrance, her wayward humours, her restless jealousy, her captious, quarrelsome, “honest” affection, were borne by poor dear Morley for long years with exemplary forbearance. The Queen was too lazy to seek for another favourite, the Duchess too fiery and

jealous to permit another to share her affection. Anne's letters to her before she ascended the throne, and for a short time afterwards, are like those of a sentimental schoolgirl to her teacher—Freeman in all things correcting and advising, Morley following with all possible respect and duty. And, sternly honest as she avowed herself to be, it must be confessed that our brave Duchess had managed to secure a moderate portion of the world's goods for herself and her kin. She herself and her children afterwards received marriage portions from the Princess; her poor dear Morley offered her *de ses propres deniers* £5,000 a year, which after incredible struggles faithful Freeman was induced actually to accept; and, to crown all, when the latter, by the death of King William, came into her full estate, Mrs. Freeman had the very best and largest and richest employments under her; the worthy Mr. Freeman likewise coming in for such a share of the honours and splendour as fell to the lot of no other subject of the Queen. It may be as well to see what was his previous conduct, in the reign of her father and her predecessor.

Disgusted with the conduct of King William, Marlborough and his great ally, Godolphin, determined to desert that monarch, as they had done King James before. Godolphin, in an agony of repentance, offered to give up his post, and move heaven and earth for a restoration of James. Marlborough, who, as is shown by the enthusiastic Archdeacon Coxe, had forgotten friendship, gratitude, and loyalty for the sake of religion* (*tantum religio potuit suadere*), all of a sudden forgot his attachment to the Thirty-nine Articles, and swore he would sacrifice everything, up to his wife and children, for King James. He promised to bring over his Flanders army, and induced the King's daughter and son-in-law, who had, like himself, deserted their father and benefactor, to write repentant epistles, and earnestly to pray for his return. What was the cause of the penitent Earl's confession?

* He writes to the Prince of Orange: "I thought it my duty to your Highness and the Princess Royal by this opportunity of Mr. Dykvelt, to give you assurances, under my own hand, that my places and the King's favour, I set at nought in comparison of being true to my religion."—Coxe, i. 34.

The Princess Anne, who was then tied to the apron strings of her dear Mrs. Freeman, had been refused her pension; the Whigs were favourites with the King, and Anne and her party detestable to him; and more, King Louis was uttering awful threats from Versailles, and preparing mighty armaments to replace the exiled monarch. The future conqueror of Blenheim was doing that which the victor of Waterloo did not—he was securing a retreat for himself. If William was worsted, he had his private correspondence with James, and his solemn oaths to desert,* or in any other way to sacrifice wife and family, should his imposed sovereign so command—if James were vanquished, he had but to deny his correspondence, to curse the Papist traitor who had forged his immaculate name, and to swear again by the blessed Thirty-nine Articles, as on a former occasion. Storming redoubts with Monmouth† or Eugene,‡ crushing Villeroi at Ramilies, or Villars at Malplaquet, Marlborough was a MAN,§ cool, modest, daring, intrepid—there is no English general (save one), who can compare with him. Cringing for place or retailing pitiful court scandal, in favour or out, flattering James or William, or deserting either, his great rival of latter days, Mrs. Masham (whom Maynwaring, in one of his clever mean letters, calls the “stinking chambermaid”), was his superior in intellect and his equal in honesty.

The power of satire hardly ever displayed itself in so mean and disgusting a form as in Swift’s character of the Duke and his lady. The father of lies himself could not have invented sneers more diabolical.

“I shall say nothing” (says the veracious Dean) “of his military accomplishments, which the opposite reports of his friends and enemies have rendered problematical; but if he be among those who delight in war, it is agreed to be not for the reasons common with other generals. Those maligners *who deny him personal valour* seem not to consider that this accusation is charged at a venture, since the person of a wise general is too seldom exposed to form any judgment in the matter; and that fear which is said to have

* Macpherson.

† Campaign with Turenne, 1672.

‡ Blenheim, 1704.

§ The reader remembers the Duke’s exclamation, on seeing, in his old age, his portrait as a youth—“That was once a man!”

sometimes disconcerted him before an action, might probably be more for his army than himself. He was bred in the height of what is called the Tory principle, and continued with a strong bias that way until the other party had bid for him more than his friends were disposed to give.

"We are not to take the height of his ambition from his soliciting to be made general for life. I am persuaded his chief motive was the pay and perquisites by continuing the war; and that he had *then* no intention of settling the crown in his family, his only son having been dead some years before. That liberality which nature has denied him with respect to money, he makes up by a great profusion of promises; but this perfection, so necessary in courts, is not very successful in camps, among soldiers, who are not refined enough to understand or to relish it.

"His wife, the Duchess, may justly challenge her place in this list. It is to her that the Duke is chiefly indebted for his greatness and his fall. For above twenty years she possessed without a rival the favours of the most indulgent mistress in the world, nor ever missed one single opportunity that fell in her way of improving it to her own advantage. She has preserved a tolerable court reputation with respect to love and gallantry; but three furies raged in her breast, the most mortal enemies of all softer passions, which were, sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage; by the last of these, often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable kind, she had long alienated her sovereign's mind before it appeared to the world. This lady is not without some degree of wit, and has in her time affected the character of it by the usual method of arguing against religion, and proving the doctrines of Christianity to be impossible and absurd. Imagine what such a spirit, irritated by the loss of power, favour and employment, is capable of acting or attempting, and I have then said enough."

We have given Swift's sentiments as more curious than authentic; for they show how bitterly party spirit was carried in this political war, and how the partisans of Harley were disposed to judge of the services and intrigues of Marlborough and his friends. The Duke and his party of course judge their enemies with no less severity. The Dean's strictures, however, are scandalously mean, and what adds to their baseness is the fact, manifested in many places of Swift's diaries, that he entertained the highest admiration of Marlborough. Swift does not, indeed, in this passage, swear

that Marlborough, the hero of fifty battles, was incompetent or a coward, but with marvellous ingenuity, he hints both. He shows him to be a trimmer in politics (and on this point the Dean ought certainly to have some knowledge from his own private experience), he pretends that he was conspiring for no less than the Crown, and declares that his sole wish to keep the command over the army was occasioned by his love for the salary received and the vast plunder to be won. With regard to the first charge, it is sheer folly and knavery to urge it. *Le bel Anglais*, who had received the thanks of Louis XIV., and had fought under Turenne, was not likely to forget the gallantry which he had shown in his early years. That he was not prodigal of his person in the numerous sanguinary battles which were fought under his command, we can readily believe. He was not the man, like cock-brained Peterborough, to covet danger for danger's sake, and esteeming courage at precisely its right value, never exposed himself except when necessity called upon him to do so. The same stupid accusation of shyness was laid against Napoleon, and in the early part of his career against the Duke of Wellington, and with the same feeling of malignant party spirit.

Another accusation against the Duke—"that he loved the war for the profits it brought him"—bears perhaps a better foundation, nor is Swift the only person who made it. The Tory party in their address to the Queen in 1711 say, "That they have much reason to expect that what was intended to shorten the war has proved the very cause of its long continuance, for those to whom the profits of it have accrued have been disposed not easily to forego them. And your Majesty will hence discern *why so many have delighted in a war which brought in so rich a harvest yearly from Great Britain.*"

In spite of all the bright achievements recorded in the reign of Anne, there is not, we think, a meaner page in our *past* history; the party who make this accusation against Marlborough, are not a whit more honest than he. We have a hero leading his soldiers to a thousand extraordinary victories, and squeezing a percentage out of their miserable

pay, and a profit from their scanty black bread. Walpole is detected taking bribes at the War Office, and Cardonnell is dismissed for similar knavery. Oxford is intriguing with Mrs. Masham, and Bolingbroke against Oxford, and the Queen with the Pretender. The Whigs delay the peace, and the Tories ruin it. But to remain in place, no crime is too great, and no meanness too small. And whether sneaking into preferment under the petticoats of Mrs. Masham, or degrading the country and betraying it (by that disgraceful peace, which lost to us all the benefits of the struggle commenced by the brave and prudent King William), Oxford seems to have but one single aim in view—himself namely. He will throw over the Queen, the Pretender, the Elector, he will cringe to Marlborough or betray anything, so that he may keep the white staff and be my Lord Treasurer still.

We might follow up the tale with the treason and humiliation of Bolingbroke, at once the accomplished profligate and the plausible and unprincipled statesman; but we are outstepping the limits of this history, which do not extend quite so far as the period of the Duke of Marlborough's disgrace, the catastrophe of Denain, the shameless peace of Utrecht, the death of Anne, and the battle of parties over her corpse.

The Duke's letters are written in the midst of his campaigns, and serve to show some of the most favourable points of his character. We may gather from some of his replies, that the Duchess, true to herself, was in the habit of addressing him in that querulous and violent strain which she used to her dear Mrs. Morley and all the world beside. The Duke answers with most admirable meekness: in the very midst of the heat of battle he is thinking of her and home, and sighing for quiet. We should fancy from the honest Duchess's character, that Woodstock or St. Albans was not exactly the place to find repose; but her husband's good-humour is imperturbable: he loves her as much after five-and-thirty years as when pretty Sarah Jennings was courted by the gay young Colonel Churchill.

The following is his letter from Ramilies,—one might fancy Sir Charles Grandison, in his best wig, writing it to Miss Byron:

The Duke of Marlborough to the Duchess of Marlborough.

RAMILIES : *Monday, May 24, 11 o'clock, 1706.*

"I did not tell my dearest soul the design I had of engaging the enemy if possible to a battle, fearing the concern she has for me might make her uneasy. But I can now give her the satisfaction of letting her know that on Sunday last we fought, and that God Almighty has been pleased to give us victory. I must leave the particulars to this bearer, Colonel Richards, for having been on horseback all Sunday, and after the battle marching all night, my head aches to that degree that it is very uneasy for me to write. Poor Bingfield, holding my stirrup for me, and helping me on horseback, was killed ; I am told that he leaves his wife and mother in a poor condition. I can't write to any of my children, so you will let them know I am well, and that I desire they will thank God for preserving me ; and pray give my duty to the Queen, and let her know the truth of my heart, that the greatest pleasure I have in this success is, that it may be a great service to her affairs, for I am sincerely sensible of all her goodness to me and mine. Pray believe me when I assure you that I love you more than I can express."

There is something very touching in the kind-hearted simplicity of the great conquerer, who thinks of "poor Bingfield's wife and mother," and his own wife and children, in the midst of all the hurry and triumph of a great victory. The following extract shows him in an equally amiable light ; it is evident that the brave old Duchess has been in one of her tantrums :—

"I have received yours of the 6th this morning. Could you be thoroughly sensible of the uneasiness I have had for the last six weeks, and still lie under, you would not have used so hard an expression to Mr. Freeman, by saying he was as cautious in his writing as if he writ to a spy. I do assure you that he would with pleasure always let you know his heart and soul ; and, besides that he has not time for the present business, he has said so much on several occasions on the obstinate perverseness of the Queen, that I wish Mrs. Freeman could see that the Queen is not capable of being changed by reason ; so that you shall be quiet till the time comes when she must change. As to what you say of the offer of King Charles to me, my thought is the same with yours. I had rather live a quiet life with your love and kindness, than with the most ambitious employment any Prince can give."

A quiet life —Heaven help him!—in the midst of some of the storms of Marlborough House, he must have sighed for the repose of Ramilies, and the quiet cannonading of Malplaquet. His letter upon that victory is very curious and interesting :

The Duke of Marlborough to the Duchess of Marlborough.

“I am obliged to you for the account you give me of the building of Blenheim in yours of the 21st, and the further account you intend me after the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury have seen what is done. You will see by my former letters, as well as by this, that I can take pleasure in nothing as long as you continue uneasy and think me unkind. I do assure you, upon my honour and salvation, that the only reason why I did not write was, that I am very sure it would have had no other effect than that of being shown to Mrs. Masham, by which she would have had an opportunity of turning it as she pleased, so that when I shall speak to the Queen of their harsh behaviour to you, they would have been prepared. I beg you to be assured that if ever I see the Queen, I shall speak to them just as you would have me, and that all the actions of my life shall make the Queen, as well as all the world, sensible that you are dearer to me than life, for I am fonder of happiness than I am of my own life, which I cannot enjoy unless you are kind. Having written thus far, I received intelligence that the French were on their march to attack us. We immediately got ourselves ready, and marched to a post some distance from our camp. We came in presence yesterday at between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, but as there were several . . . between us, we only cannonaded each other. They have last night intrenched their camp, by which they show plainly that they have changed their mind, and will not attack us, so that we must take our measures in seeing which way we can be most troublesome to them.

“This afternoon the brigade which made the siege of Tournay will join us, and then we shall have all the troops we can expect ; for those we have left for the blocking up of Mons, must continue where they are. I do not yet know whether I shall have an opportunity of sending this letter to-night ; if not, I shall add to it what may pass to-morrow. In the meantime, I can't hinder saying to you, that, though the fate of Europe, if these armies engage, may depend upon the good or bad success, yet your uneasiness gives me much greater trouble.

"I am so tired that I have but strength enough to tell you that we have had this day a very bloody battle ; the first part of the day we beat their foot ; and afterwards their horse. God Almighty be praised, it is now in our power to have what peace we please, and I may be pretty well assured of being in another battle ; but nothing in this world can make me happy if you are not kind."

The latter part of this letter shows the noblest qualities of the Duke. Nothing can be more modest, more tender, more manly. We see a hero before us in this man on the field of battle ; his brilliancy fades elsewhere and sinks into the very commonest light of common day.

The reader need not be told that this was Marlborough's last great victory. Two years afterwards he was dismissed from his command, and between his own faults and those of his successors, the fruits of his long victories were cast away. Louis' commissioners, humbled and powerless, were willing to accept almost any terms of peace ; but those proposed by the Duke were so outrageous (demanding that Louis should send an army to dethrone his own grandson in Spain), that the French ambassador refused at once to treat. The Duke's recall speedily followed, and the heart and spirit of the mighty British army went with him. Louis rallied ; with inconceivable folly, the Tories separated the British troops from their allies, and made a separate peace. It was a noble conclusion to this great war !

The advantage which Great Britain gained by all its glories, sacrifices, and triumphs, was a privilege *to supply the Spanish colonies with negroes !*

We propose on another day to look at the letters in these volumes which more concern the Duchess, her quarrels, her friends, and her intrigues.

(*The Times*, January 6, 1838.)

*MEMOIRS OF HOLT, THE IRISH REBEL.**

THIS book, though somewhat too long, possesses considerable interest, and gives some very curious pictures of human life and manners. Holt, although a general of the Irish rebels in 1798, does not pretend to give much information regarding the general history of that insurrection; but he has a number of personal adventures to relate, and paints in a very lively manner the dangers, defeats and victories of the people under his command. The son of a respectable Protestant farmer, Holt, born in 1756, married a wife at six-and-twenty, and was, according to his own story, a thriving and peaceable man, until the commencement of the revolutionary troubles in 1797.

He was at this time employed as a superintendent of roads, and had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the chief road inspector, by pressing rather unceremoniously for a sum of money which Holt had paid for the forwarding of the works, and which the worthy inspector, although he had received a sum to discharge this claim, was quite unwilling to pay. Holt describes how at last he procured the money, and how the overseer swore revenge upon him.

The troubles commenced; the country was placed under martial law, and the overseer appeared, among the most loyal subjects of the King. We read, with some doubt however, how this exemplary loyalist applied to a tenant for rent, and upon the tenant refusing, he shot him through the head; at the same time wittily remarking to the man's wife, "that he had saved her the trouble of stripping the corpse"; for this unlucky wretch, to welcome his landlord, had issued out of bed, and was slaughtered in his shirt.

* "Memoirs of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in 1798." Edited from the original manuscript in the possession of Sir William Betham . . . by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. In two volumes. London: Colburn. 1838.

Poor Holt was to be the next victim of this gentleman's loyal indignation ; accordingly one day his house was visited, and he was warned to fly ; he did so, and on the next morning a second domiciliary visit was paid to his cottage, and the poor fellow from his lurking place saw the sky red, and his cottage in flames, and knew that his children and wife were houseless, and himself a doomed man. What was he to do ? If he returned, his friend, the overseer, was ready to administer to him the justice which he had dealt out to the poor tenant, and Holt had nothing for it but to fly, and take the oath as an United Irishman.

The oath once taken, he speedily found an opportunity to distinguish himself among his companions, for strength, prudence, and courage, and became the leader of a small band of rebels. He then describes the adventures of himself and his troop—now so small as to be reduced to four-and-twenty men, now so considerable as to swell into an army. According to his own account (for, like other great men, Holt professes a great reverence for himself), he was the only man among the leaders who possessed heart or head. He organised the bands which had formerly been in an utter state of indiscipline ; he taught them that in their close engagements with the military they possessed a far better weapon than that in the hands of the regular soldier—the pike namely ; and he led his people against the King's troops always with great courage on his own part, once or twice with considerable success. His description of the “Battle of Ballyellis” is very lively and picturesque ; he lured on a body of the Royal Cavalry (a corps especially hated by the Irish, and called the Ancient Britons), and lining the road through which they were to pass with pike and musket men, barricaded one end of it with carts, and when the troops had entered this defile, despatched a body of stout fellows to attack them in the rear, so that the Ancient Britons were completely vanquished—nay, cut to pieces, all save one, whose horse, goaded by one of the rebel pikes, took the barricade, cleared it, and bore the rider away. “This I called,” says the conqueror with a *naïve* exultation, “the Battle of Ballyellis.” According to Holt, three hundred and seventy was the number of Ancient Britons slain on this day,

and we only wonder at the inaccuracy of other historians, who have rated the number of slaughtered at fifty-five.

“A black trumpeter,” says the Ballyellis Cæsar, recording with a grim humour the events of that victorious day, and a ferocity not unworthy of the overseer, “was most tenacious of life: he took more piking than five white men. Before he expired a fellow cut off his ears, for the sake of the gold rings, and put them in his pocket.”

“I saw a young boy from one of the dikes pass his pike into the side of a soldier, and could not extract it again; the soldier fell dead. The boy took from his pocket a purse with thirty-five guineas in it, some of the plunder he had made the day before. One of the boy’s comrades instantly seized the purse, and tried to take the money from him. He cried out to me, and I caused his well-earned prize to be restored: he presented me with it. I kept it for him, till I gave it to his father, one Gough, who lived near Clone, the residence of Charles Coates, Esq.”

We may learn admirably to understand the character of this war by details such as these, which are told by honest Holt, in the simplicity of his heart, as things of quite common occurrence. The next story is one, however, of a noble character, and will be perused with interest, as giving a very favourable view of Holt’s natural kindliness and generosity:

“I remained in the camp till the Sunday following, as I expected a visit from my brother, William Holt, a builder by trade, and ordered out twenty-four of my best cavalry to go to meet him. We set out very early, and crossed over Ballymanus, towards Redena-bridge, where we perceived eight soldiers and a sergeant, with some baggage, proceeding towards Aughrim. I said, ‘Boys! here is some game for us.’

“We bore down upon them, and on getting near them they soon found out who we were. I rode in front, and perceiving there were but nine of them, I ordered my men to halt, and reversed my fire-arms, to let the sergeant know I did not intend to fire on them. The small party of soldiers stood conscious of being overpowered by numbers, and as I approached the sergeant he presented me with his sword, which I refused to take. On turning round to the cars, I saw a well-looking woman and five children; they were much terrified. I asked the sergeant if it was his wife? He said, ‘Yes,

Sir !' I then went over to her and took her by the hand, saying 'Madam, do not fear, I will do no harm either to you or your husband.' She still wept bitterly, and the poor children cried out, 'Oh, Sir, do not kill daddy.' These poor innocents made me think of my own. I then ordered the soldiers to drive in the cars to Aughrim, and, turning to the sergeant's wife, I said, for I had learned her name by asking that of her husband, 'Mrs. Jones, did you ever hear of the man they call General Holt ?'

" 'Yes, Sir,' she replied, 'but surely you are not him? I am told he is a terrible man.'

" 'Madam,' said I, 'the Devil is not as black as he is painted. I certainly am that person you so much dread.'

"We then proceeded to the town, and halted at Michael Bolan's, where I ordered a gallon of ale to be given to the soldiers, and brought Sergeant Jones, his wife, and children, into the house, and had bread, butter, and cheese given to them, with ale and punch, and made them comfortable. The poor woman could not keep her eyes off me; she was incredulous, and could only believe that I showed so much mercy merely to be the more cruel at last.

"I told Sergeant Jones I should search his baggage, and if I found flints, powder, ball-cartridge, or fire-arms in it, I should be very angry. He assured me there was nothing of the kind, or he would have honestly told me, and if I found any I might shoot him immediately. I then asked him if his regiment was to meet eight of my men in the same situation, did he think they would have put them to death? Both the sergeant and his wife said they would certainly have done so. 'Then,' said I, 'I will set a good example, and give my compliments to General Jones, and tell him, I hope it will not be thrown away.' I then called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following order:—

" 'I command all and every United Irishman to let the bearer, William Jones, and company, pass from Aughrim to Rathdrum unmolested, and any person acting contrary to this requisition shall be punished in the severest manner. Given under my hand, at Mr. Bolan's, Aughrim, Sunday evening.

GENERAL JOSEPH HOLT.'

"I sent twelve of my own guard with them as far as Whally's Abbey, fearing, if they were attacked, they might be killed before they could produce my pass. They proceeded unmolested, and my men returned with my brother. He had but two miles to come to me from his own house. I placed my pickets, and sat down and drank punch with him till about 2 o'clock in the morning, when he set off

on his return home. We had much conversation respecting my affairs, and I instructed him as to my wishes and intentions.

“On his way back he was unfortunately intercepted by a supplemental corps called, in derision, the ‘Bondmen of Cronebane,’ a poor set of rascals, without valour, honour, or honesty, and a disgrace to His Majesty’s uniform; they seized and made him prisoner, dragged him to Rathdrum, and told him he would be hanged the next day, for going to see that villain, his brother.”

And Holt’s good-natured action here met with its reward, for he says :

“Had I glutted my revenge, and imbrued my hands in the innocent blood of Sergeant Jones and his eight comrades, my brother would have fallen a victim to his affection in visiting me, which, by the law of the period, was punishable with death. When that grateful and worthy man, Sergeant Jones, heard that a prisoner of the name of Holt had been lodged in the guard-house, he instantly went to see him, and finding that he was my brother, the kind-hearted and brave fellow, with tears of joy in his eyes, shook him by the hand, saying, ‘Fear not, Mr. Holt, your brother saved the lives of myself, my wife, my children, and my eight comrades yesterday, and treated us with every civility; I will do my best to save your life to-day, and prove my gratitude to that humane and much-scandalised and misrepresented man.’ He then left my brother, and went to General Jones (Quære, St. John?) and related to him how he had been taken and treated by me.

“The General, at first, would scarcely credit the sergeant’s statement, believing from the common report of my enemies, that I was a fierce and cruel monster, guilty of all the atrocities laid to my charge, and committed by some of those under my command. But the sergeant produced my pass, and called the men of his party to vouch for the truth of his story, whom the General examined separately, and finding them all to agree in every particular, he said it was a shame to give such a character as he had heard of me to a man of so much good feeling and humanity. Sergeant Jones then told the General there was a brother of mine in the guard-house, charged with being in company with me and the rebels the day before. Upon which, the General immediately ordered him to go to the officer of the guard, and desire him to bring the prisoner before him, which being done, my brother was questioned as follows :

“‘What is your name?’

“‘William Holt.’

“‘Are you brother to the robber chief?’

“‘I am.’

“‘Were you on a visit to him yesterday?’

“‘I was. I had not seen my brother for a long time, and receiving an intimation from him that I might see him at a certain place, I have transgressed so far as to go and see him. I wish sincerely he could safely leave the business he is now engaged in, which he never would have joined but from necessity, to save his life; which was unjustly threatened, and his house burnt. I have never joined in the rebellion, or interfered in any way; but I know, by going to my brother, my life is forfeited, and I cannot help it. God’s will be done.’

“The General looked at him for some time without speaking, overpowered by his generous feelings. At length he recovered himself, and said—‘No, Holt, your life is not, shall not be forfeited. It is much to be regretted that so fine a fellow as your brother should die the death which, I fear, eventually awaits him. He mercifully saved the lives of nine of His Majesty’s soldiers yesterday, and sent them in safety to this place. He gave them a pass for their security, and I will do the same to you. I believe your story of your brother’s misfortunes, and I hope some opportunity will occur by which his life may be saved.’

“I am inclined to think that this brave and generous officer did not let this affair remain unknown, as I have good reasons for knowing he interested himself for me with General Moore, and I am sure it served me much in the time of my adversity, which was approaching. My brother got his pass of safety, and did not abuse the kindness of the General.”

We have not space to follow Holt through his other dangers and escapes, they are very interesting, and the rough style in which they are told renders them doubly impressive. He has that degree of superstition which is remarkable in almost every one who leads his bandit life, and relates how on three occasions he was saved from the enemy by dreams. It is pleasing to read in his simple language the many instances of kindness and fidelity shown to him—of shelter and bread given to the flying rebel, whose betrayal would have made the fortune of his host.

At length, however, Holt’s band dwindled away at the close of ’98, and he found himself at the head of but a few men, tracked daily by the military, flying for life from place to place, and quite unable to make any permanent resistance

to the overwhelming forces of the King. He determined to disband his few remaining men, and to give himself up a prisoner. His wife had a relative, a servant in the Powerscourt family, and her good-natured mistress made interest that Holt's life at least should be spared if he yielded. He describes thus his farewell of his comrades; it is, we think, a very touching picture:—

“I would not surrender myself without first communicating to my men my intention of doing so; although that act involved me in no small danger as well as pain, but I considered myself bound to do so, and I proceeded towards them for that purpose. I found them at Brady's of Ballinalough, and I called them together; when they were assembled I said—

“‘Men and friends, any hope of our succeeding in our enterprise is now out of the question, as you all know: the report of the French coming to our assistance is all unfounded; our situation is one of extreme distress and peril; cold, hunger and misery in our present fate, and it is growing worse and worse every day; the approach of winter will expose you to still greater dangers, and bring you into the power of your enemies; you may individually escape by returning to your homes; but a price is set on my head: I cannot escape, hundreds are looking out for me to secure the blood-money. I have therefore determined to surrender to Lord Powerscourt, and give you my last, my best advice, which is to return to your homes and employments. When I have surrendered, the patrolling of these hills by the cavalry will cease, and the traveller may pass without notice or annoyance. I have only to add, that none of you need fear that I will give information injurious to any of you; that part of my oath is still binding on me. I now entreat the Omnipotent God to protect and guide you all to safety and quiet, which shall be the prayer of your unfortunate but faithful commander, when he will be probably wandering over the wilds of some foreign country. So, farewell for ever, my dear fellows, and may God bless you all!’

“I then shook hands with them all, one by one, while the tears stood in their eyes, and my own eyes were not dry. I felt very acutely that I could not see them all in safety before I left them.

“Before I finally left them, I again addressed them.

“‘Above all things, my dear fellows, the best, the truest, the honestest, and the most faithful of my followers, if you value your happiness in this world, or the hopes of happiness in the next, avoid Hacket and his thieving company, who will all be sooner or later brought to the gallows.’

“The poor fellows all kneeled down and offered up their prayers to God for my peace, happiness, and future welfare. I bade them a last farewell and left them. While I remained in sight, they put their hats on their fire-locks, waving them backwards and forwards to let me know that they still had their eyes upon me. Thus was I gratified by the only proof of affection those poor fellows were able to show me.

“I proceeded across the side of Ballybracka mountain, through Kippure, and ascended Douse mountain, and so on to the corner of Lord Powerscourt’s demesne wall, where I sat down, and looked about to see if any one observed me, and then I went to the house of an old friend, William Kelgan; he was at home and received me cordially, and here I met my wife. My worthy host brought me some refreshment, after partaking of which we set out together to Lord Powerscourt’s, where we arrived about 7 o’clock in the evening, on the 10th day of November.”

A droll description follows of a “sumptuous repast” at Lord Powerscourt’s, whence Holt was carried the next day to Dublin, and afterwards despatched to New South Wales. The second volume of the book contains his adventures in that colony; but Joseph Holt the convict is by no means so interesting a character as General Holt the rebel, and we must here bid him farewell.

(*The Times*, January 31, 1838.)

*THE POETICAL WORKS OF DR. SOUTHEY,
COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.**

SIX volumes of the ten which are to form the complete collection of Dr. Southey's "Poetical Works" have appeared already. We have been somewhat remiss in noticing their publication, but their popularity has been established long since, and the reader needs no laboured notice at the present day to be able to appreciate and admire them. "Madoc," "Thalaba," and "Joan of Arc," the much abused "Wat Tyler," the odes, and the admirable ballads (the most generally pleasing, perhaps, of all Dr. Southey's poetical compositions) from the contents of the volumes before us. "Roderick," "Kehama," and the remaining pieces will complete the series. The critic has but little to do in such a case but to point out the existence of the work, the beauty of the type and embellishments, and the cheapness of the cost; the public has long ago acknowledged its merit, and established its reputation. A short and very interesting preface gives us the history of these works, and of the poetical education of their author.

"At the age of sixty-three (says Mr. Southey) I have undertaken to edit and collect my poetical works, with the last corrections that I can expect to bestow on them. They have obtained a reputation equal to my wishes, and I have this ground for hoping it may not be deemed hereafter more than commensurate with their deserts, that it has been gained without ever accommodating myself to the taste and fashion of the times. Thus to collect and revise them is a duty which I owe to that part of the public by whom they have been auspiciously received, and to those who will take a lively concern in my good name when I shall have departed."

In this solemn way does Mr. Southey address himself to the world; he says "hail" and "farewell" at the same

* "The Poetical Works of Robert Southey." Collected by Himself. In 10 volumes. London: Longman. 1837-1838.

breath, and proclaiming (with perhaps a just self-satisfaction) the "*exegi monumentum*" he takes leave of his work, and sets it in order, ere he part from it to return no more.

"When I add (continues Mr. Southey) what has been the greatest of all my advantages—that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than man, constantly and unweariedly engaged in literary pursuits, communing with my own heart, and taking that course which upon mature consideration seemed best to myself, I have said everything necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, if any there be.

"It was in a mood resembling in no slight degree that in which a person, in sound health, both of body and mind, makes his will and sets his affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it, but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth, and the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance which by the usages of the world is permitted to us in poetry alone? Of all the smaller pieces there is scarcely one concerning which I cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was composed. I have perfect recollection where many, not of the scenes only, but of the images which I have described from nature, were observed and noted. And how would it be possible for me to forget the interest taken in these poems, especially the longer and more ambitious works, by those persons nearest and dearest to me then, who witnessed their growth and completion? Well may it be called a serious task thus to resuscitate the past! But serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and by the blessing of God looks on to its termination with sure and certain hope."

Were we disposed to examine or account for Mr. Southey's peculiarities as a poet, we could find no better means of explaining them than are here given by himself. A small and amiable coterie of partial friends, continued solitude, a long habit of self-contemplation, are what Mr. Southey calls the greatest of all his advantages, and what another person would declare to be amongst his greatest drawbacks. A timid man of genius cannot be other than a vain one, and the continued study of the *ego*, thus encouraged by temperament, situation, and unceasing praise of friends, cannot surely conduce to the

healthy development of the poetical character. Such a man may examine himself a vast deal too much ; in the pursuit of this study—and a very fascinating study it is—he forsakes others fully as noble, and quite as requisite to complete his education as a poet. Surely the period of solitude and contemplation should not commence too early, for repose, which is so wholesome after action, is only enervating without it, and a strong genius, just like a powerful body, shut out from the world and the fresh air, grows indolent and flaccid, without exercise, or, what is worse, morbid. Some particular quality of the mind or body (especially where there is an original tendency to disease) becomes unduly developed and inflamed. In a poet, we may venture to say that the disease (fatally aggravated by seclusion) is self-approbation. It is a vital part of his mental constitution, but it requires careful exercise, diet, medicine, else it inflames to such an extent as to choke up all the other functions, and colours everything with its own sickly hue. A poet in such a condition becomes like a bilious *millionaire* from India—his wealth and all the world are nothing to him—he can only muse and moan over his unhappy liver. We do not mean to hint that Mr. Southey is in any such condition (there may be, perhaps, in the passage we have quoted, beautiful and simple as it is, a very slight tinge of the complaint), but we would only say that he retired too early from the world, where he might have found a healthier and even a higher school of poetry than in his quiet study, by his lonely Cumberland lake. A man may be an exquisite painter like Gerard Dow, for instance, and give us a complete and delightful picture of an interior, let us suppose, with a single figure studying—it was Dow's general subject ; but a *great* artist has the whole world for his subject, and makes it his task to portray it.

But though, if a study and genius so various and profound are requisite for the construction of an epic poem, “Joan of Arc” or “Madoc” can hardly be the highest rank in their number. There is no English reader to whom the two poems are not familiar and welcome, who has not followed the course of Madoc over the sea, where—

“Fair blew the winds, and safely did the waves
 Bear that beloved charge. It were a tale
 Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,
 Making him long to be a mariner,
 That he might rove the main, if I should tell
 How pleasantly for many a sunny day
 Over the sunny sea, with wind at will,
 Prince Madoc sailed, and of the happy isles
 Which he had seen.”

Or of Joan in her battles and victories for France. Who has not read of Roderick, his fall, and his repentance? And his last combat, when he was

“Laying on the Moors with his good sword, and smote
 And overthrew, and scattered, and destroyed,
 And trampled down; and still at every blow
 Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
 ‘Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!
 Roderick and vengeance!’”

Or the “wild and wondrous” song of Thalaba; and Kehama’s fearful curse?

“From Sickness I charm thee,
 And Time shall not harm thee;
 But Earth, which is mine,
 Its fruits shall deny thee;
 And Water shall hear thee,
 And know thee, and fly thee;
 And the Winds shall not touch thee
 When they pass by thee,
 And the Dews shall not wet thee
 When they fall nigh thee:
 And thou shalt seek Death
 To relieve thee, in vain;
 Thou shalt live in thy pain,
 While Kehama shall reign,
 With a fire in thy heart,
 And a fire in thy brain;
 And Sleep shall obey me
 And visit thee never,
 And the Curse shall be on thee
 For ever and ever.”

If these are not great epic poems, at least they contain noble poetry, and the wreath, in Mr. Southey's own words, although

“ With many an unripe blossom garlanded,
And many a weed, is mingled with some flower
Which will not wither ”.

Of the ballads and lyrical pieces it is not necessary to speak in any such terms of qualified praise. They are among the very best of that species of composition in our language. The reader has no need to be reminded of “Blenheim” and the awful “King of the Crocodiles,” and knows the beautiful moral of the “Holly Tree” :

“ And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.’

There is another song in this (the second) volume, fully as beautiful as the above. We have spoken of some of the poet's characteristics, and identified him in some degree with his works. It were hard to pay any man a greater compliment than to identify him with the following stanzas. One may read far before one will meet with a passage containing a sublimer philosophy, or showing a piety more fervent and humble :—

“ My days among the Dead are past ;
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old ;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.
With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.
My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
 I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their passions seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.
My hopes are with the Dead, anon
 My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
 Through all Futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That shall not perish in the dust.”

Surely, no. The author of the “Life of Nelson” must live as long as our history and language endure. There is no man to whom the latter owes a greater obligation—no man who has done more for literature, by his genius, his labours, and his life.

(*The Times*, April 17, 1838.)

STRICTURES ON PICTURES.

A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQUIRE, TO MONSIEUR ANATOLE VICTOR ISIDOR HYACINTHE ACHILLE HERCULE DE BRICABRAC, PEINTRE D'HISTOIRE, RUE MOUFFETARD, À PARIS.

LORD'S HOTEL, NEW STREET, COVENT GARDEN:
Tuesday, 15th May.

I PROPOSE to be both learned and pleasant in my remarks upon the exhibitions here; for I know, my dear Bricabrac, that it is your intention to translate this letter into French, for the benefit of some of your countrymen, who are anxious about the progress of the fine arts—when I say some, I mean all, for, thanks to your Government patronage, your magnificent public galleries, and, above all, your delicious sky and sunshine, there is not a scavenger in your nation who has not a feeling for the beauty of Nature, which is, my dear Anatole, neither more nor less than Art.

You know nothing about art in this country—almost as little as we know of French art. One Gustave Planche, who makes visits to London, and writes accounts of pictures in your reviews, is, believe me, an impostor. I do not mean a private impostor, for I know not whether Planche is a real or assumed name, but simply a quack on matters of art. Depend on it, my dear young friend, that there is nobody like Titmarsh: you will learn more about the arts in England from this letter than from anything in or out of print.

Well, then, every year, at the commencement of this blessed month of May, wide open the doors of three picture galleries, in which figure all the works of genius which our brother artists have produced during the whole year. I wish

you could see my historical picture of "Heliogabalus in the Ruins of Carthage," or the full-length of Sir Samuel Hicks and his Lady,—sitting in a garden light, Lady H. reading the "Book of Beauty," Sir Samuel catching a butterfly which is settling on a flower-pot. This, however, is all egotism. I am not going to speak of *my* works, which are pretty well known in Paris already, as I flatter myself, but of other artists—some of them men of merit—as well as myself.

Let us commence, then, with the commencement—the Royal Academy. That is held in one wing of a little building like a gin-shop, which is near Saint Martin's Church. In the other wing is our National Gallery. As for the building, you must not take *that* as a specimen of our skill in the fine arts; come down the Seven Dials, and I will show you many modern structures of which the architect deserves far higher credit.

But, bad as the place is—a pigmy abortion, in lieu of a noble monument to the greatest school of painting in the greatest country of the modern world (you may be angry, but I'm right in *both* cases)—bad as the outside is, the interior, it must be confessed, is marvellously pretty, and convenient for the reception and exhibition of the pictures it will hold. Since the old pictures have got their new gallery, and their new scouring, one hardly knows them. O Ferdinand, Ferdinand, that *is* a treat, that National Gallery, and no mistake! I shall write to you fourteen or fifteen long letters about it some day or other. The apartment devoted to the Academy exhibition is equally commodious: a small room for miniatures and aquarelles, another for architectural drawings, and three saloons for pictures—all very small, but well lighted and neat; no interminable passage, like your five hundred yards at the Louvre, with a slippery floor, and tiresome straggling cross-lights. Let us buy a catalogue, and walk straight into the gallery, however;—we have been a long time talking, *de omnibus rebus*, at the door.

Look, my dear Isidor, at the first names in the catalogue, and thank your stars for being in such good company. Bless us and save us, what a power of knights is here!

Sir William Beechey.
 Sir Martin Shee.
 Sir David Wilkie.
 Sir Augustus Callcott.
 Sir W. J. Newton.
 Sir Geoffrey Wyattville.
 Sir Francis Chantrey.
 Sir Richard Westmacott.
 Sir Michael Angelo Titmarsh—

not yet, that is ; but I shall be, in course, when our little liege lady—Heaven bless her!—has seen my portrait of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks.

If all these gentlemen in the list of Academicians and Associates are to have titles of some sort or other, I should propose :—

1. Baron BRIGGS. (At the very least, he is out and out the best portrait-painter of the set.)

2. DANIEL, PRINCE MACLISE. (His Royal Highness's pictures place him very near to the throne indeed.)

3. Edwin, Earl of Landseer.

4. The Lord Charles Landseer.

5. The Duke of Etty.

6. Archbishop Eastlake.

7. His Majesty KING MULREADY.

King Mulready, I repeat, in double capitals ; for, if this man has not the crowning picture of the exhibition, I am no better than a Dutchman. His picture represents the “Seven Ages,” as described by a poet whom you have heard of—one Shakspeare, a Warwickshire man : and there they are, all together ; the portly justice and the quarrelsome soldier ; the lover leaning apart, and whispering sweet things in his pretty mistress's ear ; the baby hanging on her gentle mother's bosom ; the schoolboy, rosy and lazy ; the old man crabbed and stingy ; and the old old man of all, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans ears, sans everything—but why describe them ? You will find the thing better done in Shakspeare, or possibly translated by some of your Frenchmen. I can't say much about the drawing of this picture, for here and there are some queer-looking limbs ; but—oh, Anatole!—the intention is

god-like. Not one of those figures but has a grace and a soul of his own: no conventional copies of the stony antique; no distorted caricatures, like those of your "classiques," David, Girodet, and Co. (the impostors!)—but such expressions as a great poet would draw, who thinks profoundly and truly, and never forgets (he could not if he would) grace and beauty withal. The colour and manner of this noble picture are neither of the Venetian school, nor the Florentine, nor the English, but of the Mulready school. Ah! my dear Floridor! I wish that you and I, ere we die, may have erected such a beautiful monument to hallow and perpetuate our names. Our children—my boy, Sebastian Piombo Titmarsh, will see



TITMARSH PLACING THE LAUREL-WREATH ON THE BROWS
OF MULREADY.

this picture in his old age, hanging by the side of the Raffaelles in our National Gallery. I sometimes fancy, in the presence of such works of genius as this, that my picture of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks is but a magnificent error after all, and that it will die away, and be forgotten.

To this, then, of the whole gallery, I accord the palm, and cannot refrain from making a little sketch, illustrative of my feelings.

I have done everything, you see, very accurately, except Mr. Mulready's face; for, to say truth, I never saw that gentleman, and have no idea of his personal appearance.

Near to "All the world's a stage" is a charming picture, by Archbishop Eastlake; so denominated by me, because the

rank is very respectable, and because there is a certain purity and religious feeling in all Mr. Eastlake does, which eminently entitles him to the honours of the prelacy. In this picture, Gaston de Foix (he whom Titian painted, his mistress buckling on his armour) is parting from his mistress. A fair peaceful garden is round about them; and here his lady sits and clings to him, as though she would cling for ever. But, look! yonder stands the page and the horse pawing; and, beyond the wall which bounds the quiet garden and flowers, you see the spears and pennons of knights, the banners of King Louis and De Foix, “the thunderbolt of Italy.” Long shining rows of steel-clad men are marching stately by; and with them must ride Count Gaston—to conquer and die at Ravenna. You can read his history, my dear friend, in Lacretelle, or Brantôme; only, perhaps, not so well expressed as it has just been by me.

Yonder is Sir David Wilkie’s grand picture, “Queen Victoria holding her First Council.” A marvellous painting, in which one admires the exquisite richness of the colour, the breadth of light and shadow, the graceful dignity and beauty of the principal figure, and the extraordinary skill with which all the figures have been grouped, so as to produce a grand and simple effect. What can one say more, but admire the artist who has made, out of such unpoetical materials as a table of red cloth, and fifty unoccupied middle-aged gentlemen, a beautiful and interesting picture? Sir David has a charming portrait, too, of Mrs. Maberly, in dark crimson velvet, and delicate white hat and feathers: a marvel of colour, though somewhat askew in the drawing.

The Earl of Landseer’s best picture, to my thinking, is that which represents Her Majesty’s favourite dogs and parrot. He has, in painting, an absolute mastery over

Κύνεσσιν
Οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι—

that is, he can paint all manner of birds and beasts as nobody else can. To tell you a secret, I do not think he understands how to paint the great beast, man, quite so well; or, at least, to do what is the highest quality of an artist, to place *a soul*

under the ribs as he draws them. They are, if you like, the most dexterous pictures that ever were painted, but not *great* pictures. I would much rather look at yonder rough Leslie than at all the wonderful painting of parrots or greyhounds, though done to a hair or a feather.

Leslie is the only man in this country who translates Shakspeare into form and colour. Old Shallow and Sir Hugh, Slender and his man Simple, pretty Anne Page and the Merry Wives of Windsor, are here joking with the fat knight; who, with a monstrous gravity and profound brazen humour, is narrating some tale of his feats with the wild Prince and Poins. Master Brooke is offering a tankard to Master Slender, who will not drink, forsooth.

This picture is executed with the utmost simplicity, and almost rudeness; but is charming, from its great truth of effect and expression. Wilkie's pictures (in his latter style) seem to begin where Leslie's end; the former's men and women look as if *the bodies had been taken out of them*, and only the surface left. Lovely as the Queen's figure is, for instance, it looks like a spirit, and not a woman; one may almost see through her into the waistcoat of Lord Lansdowne, and so on through the rest of the transparent heroes and statesmen of the company.

Opposite the Queen is another charming performance of Sir David—a bride dressing, amidst a rout of bridesmaids and relations. Some are crying, some are smiling, some are pinning her gown; a back door is open, and a golden sun shines into a room which contains a venerable-looking bed and tester, probably that in which the dear girl is to—but *parlons d'autres choses*. The colour of this picture is delicious, and the effect faultless: Sir David does everything for a picture nowadays but the *drawing*. Who knows? Perhaps it is as well left out.

Look yonder, down to the ground, and admire a most beautiful fantastic Ariel.

“On the bat's back do I fly,
After sunset merrily.”

Merry Ariel lies at his ease, and whips with gorgeous peacock's feather his courser, flapping lazy through the golden

evening sky. This exquisite little picture is the work of Mr. Severn, an artist who has educated his taste and his hand in the early Roman school. He has not the dash and dexterity of the latter which belong to some of our painters, but he possesses that solemn earnestness and simplicity of mind and purpose which make a religion of art, and seem to be accorded only to a few in our profession. I have heard a pious pupil of Mr. Ingres (the head of your academy at Rome) aver stoutly, that, in matters of art, Titian was Antichrist, and Rubens, Martin Luther. They came with their brilliant colours, and dashing worldly notions, upsetting that beautiful system of faith in which art had lived hitherto. Portraits of saints and martyrs, with pure eyes turned heavenward; and (as all true sanctity will) making those pure who came within their reach, now gave way to wicked likenesses of men of blood, or dangerous, devilish, sensual portraits of tempting women. Before Titian, a picture was the labour of years. Why did this reformer ever come among us, and show how it might be done in a day? He drove the good angels away from painters' easels, and called down a host of voluptuous spirits instead, who ever since have held the mastery there.

Only a few artists of our country (none in yours, where the so-called Catholic school is a mere theatrical folly), and some among the Germans, have kept to the true faith, and eschewed the temptations of Titian and his like. Mr. Eastlake is one of these. Who does not recollect his portrait of Miss Bury? Not a simple woman—the lovely daughter of the authoress of “Love,” “Flirtation,” and other remarkable works—but a glorified saint. Who does not remember his Saint Sebastian; his body bare, his eyes cast melancholy down; his limbs, as yet untouched by the arrows of his persecutors, tied to the fatal tree? Those two pictures of Mr. Eastlake would merit to hang in a gallery where there were only Raffaelles besides. Mr. Severn is another of the school. I don't know what hidden and indefinable charm there is in his simple pictures; but I never can look at them without a certain emotion of awe—without that thrill of the heart with which one hears country children sing the Old Hundredth, for

instance. The singers are rude, perhaps, and the voices shrill; but the melody is still pure and godlike. Some such majestic and pious harmony is there in these pictures of Mr. Severn. Mr. Mulready's mind has lately gained this same kind of inspiration. I know no one else who possesses it, except, perhaps, myself. Without flattery, I may say, that my picture of "Heliogabalus at Carthage" is *not* in the popular taste, and has about it some faint odour of celestial incense.

Do not, my dear Anatole, consider me too great an ass for persisting upon this point, and exemplifying Mr. Severn's picture of the "Crusaders catching a First View of Jerusalem" as an instance. Godfrey and Tancred, Raymond and Ademar, Beamond and Rinaldo, with Peter and the Christian host, behold at length the day dawning.

"E quando il sol gli aridi campi fiede
 Con raggi assai ferventi, e in alto sorge;
 Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede,
 Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge,
 Ecco da mille voci unitamente
 Gerusalemme salutar si sente!"

Well, Godfrey and Tancred, Peter, and the rest, look like little wooden dolls; and as for the horses belonging to the crusading cavalry, I have seen better in gingerbread. But, what then? There is a higher ingredient in beauty than mere form; a skilful hand is only the second artistical quality, worthless, my Anatole, without the first, which is a *great heart*. This picture is beautiful, in spite of its defects, as many women are. Mrs. Titmarsh is beautiful, though she weighs nineteen stone.

Being on the subject of religious pictures, what shall I say of Mr. Ward's? Anything so mysteriously hideous was never seen before now; they are worse than all the horrors in your Spanish Gallery at Paris. As Eastlake's are of the Catholic, these may be called of the Muggletonian, school of art; monstrous, livid, and dreadful, as the dreams of a man in the scarlet fever. I would much sooner buy a bottled baby with two heads as a pleasing ornament for my cabinet; and should be afraid to sit alone in a room with "ignorance, envy, and

jealousy filling the throat, and widening the mouth of calumny endeavouring to bear down truth ! ”

Mr. Maclise's picture of “ Christmas ” you will find excellently described in the May number of a periodical of much celebrity among us, called *Fraser's Magazine*. Since the circulation of that miscellany is almost as extensive in Paris as in London, it is needless in this letter to go over beaten ground, and speak at length of the plot of this remarkable picture. There are five hundred merry figures painted on this canvas, gobbling, singing, kissing, carousing. A line of jolly serving men troop down the hall stairs, and bear the boar's head in procession up to the dais, where sits the good old English gentleman, and his guests and family ; a set of mummers and vassals are crowded round a table gorging beef and wassail ; a bevy of blooming girls and young men are huddled in a circle, and play at hunt the slipper. Of course, there are plenty of stories told at the huge hall fire, and kissing under the glistening mistletoe-bough. But I wish you could see the wonderful accuracy with which all these figures are drawn, and the extraordinary skill with which the artist has managed to throw into a hundred different faces a hundred different characters and individualities of joy. Every one of these little people is smiling, but each has his own particular smile. As for the colouring of the picture, it is, between ourselves, atrocious ; but a man cannot have all the merits at once. Mr. Maclise has for his share humour such as few painters ever possessed, and a power of drawing such as never was possessed by *any other* ; no, not by one, from Albert Dürer downwards. His scene from the “ Vicar of Wakefield ” is equally charming. Moses's shining grinning face ; the little man in red who stands on tiptoe, and painfully scrawls his copy ; and the youngest of the family of the Primroses, who learns his letters on his father's knee, are perfect in design and expression. What might not this man do, if he would read and meditate a little, and profit by the works of men whose taste and education were superior to his own.

Mr. Charles Landseer has two *tableaux de genre*, which possess very great merit. His characters are a little too timid, perhaps, as Mr. Maclise's are too bold ; but the figures are

beautifully drawn, the colouring and effect excellent, and the accessories painted with great faithfulness and skill. "The Parting Benison" is, perhaps, the more interesting picture of the two.

And now we arrive at Mr. Etty, whose rich luscious pencil has covered a hundred glowing canvases, which every painter must love. I don't know whether the Duke has this year produced anything which one might have expected from a man of his rank and consequence. He is, like great men, lazy, or indifferent, perhaps, about public approbation; and also, like great men, somewhat too luxurious and fond of pleasure. For instance, here is a picture of a sleepy nymph, most richly painted; but tipsy-looking, coarse, and so naked as to be unfit for appearance among respectable people at an exhibition. You will understand what I mean. There are some figures without a rag to cover them, which look modest and decent for all that; and others, which may be clothed to the chin, and yet are not fit for modest eyes to gaze on. *Verbum sat*—this naughty "Somnolency" ought to go to sleep in her night-gown.

But here is a far nobler painting,—the Prodigal kneeling down lonely in the stormy evening, and praying to Heaven for pardon. It is a grand and touching picture; and looks as large as if the three-foot canvas had been twenty. His wan wretched figure and clasped hands are lighted up by the sunset; the clouds are livid and heavy; and the wind is howling over the solitary common, and numbing the chill limbs of the poor wanderer. A goat and a boar are looking at him with horrid obscene eyes. They are the demons of Lust and Gluttony, which have brought him to this sad pass. And there seems no hope, no succour, no ear for the prayer of this wretched, way-worn, miserable man who kneels there alone, shuddering. Only above, in the gusty blue sky, you see a glistening, peaceful, silver star, which points to home and hope, as clearly as if the little star were a signpost, and home at the very next turn of the road.

Away, then, O conscience-stricken prodigal! and you shall find a good father, who loves you; and an elder brother who hates you—but never mind that; and a dear,

kind, stout old mother, who liked you twice as well as the elder, for all his goodness and psalm-singing, and has a tear and a prayer for you night and morning; and a pair of gentle sisters, maybe; and a poor young thing down in the village, who has never forgotten your walks in the quiet nut-woods, and the birds' nests you brought her, and the big boy you thrashed, because he broke the eggs: he is squire now, the big boy, and would marry her, but she will not have him—not she!—her thoughts are with her dark-eyed, bold-browed, devil-may-care playmate, who swore she should be his little wife—and then went to college—and then came back sick and changed—and then got into debt—and then—— But never mind, man! down to her at once. She will pretend to be cold at first, and then shiver and turn red and deadly pale; and then she tumbles into your arms, with a gush of sweet tears, and a pair of rainbows in her soft eyes, welcoming the sunshine back to her bosom again! To her, man!—never fear, miss! Hug him, and kiss him, as though you would draw the heart from his lips.

When she has done, the poor thing falls stone-pale and sobbing on young Prodigal's shoulder; and he carries her, quite gently, to that old bench where he carved her name fourteen years ago, and steals his arm round her waist, and kisses her hand, and soothes her. Then comes out the poor widow, her mother, who is pale and tearful too, and tries to look cold and unconcerned. She kisses her daughter, and leads her trembling into the house. “You will come to us to-morrow, Tom?” says she, as she takes his hand at the gate.

To-morrow! To be sure he will; and this very night, too, after supper with the old people. (Young Squire Prodigal never sups; and has found out that he must ride into town, to arrange about a missionary meeting with the Reverend Doctor Slackjaw.) To be sure, Tom Prodigal will go: the moon will be up, and who knows but Lucy may be looking at it about twelve o'clock. At one, back trots the young squire, and he sees two people whispering at a window; and he gives something very like a curse, as he digs into the ribs of his mare, and canters, clattering, down the silent road.

Yes—but, in the meantime, there is the old housekeeper, with “Lord bless us !” and “Heaven save us !” and “Who’d have thought ever again to see his dear face ? And master to forget it all, who swore so dreadful that he would never see him !—as for missis, she always loved him.” There, I say, is the old housekeeper, logging the fire, airing the sheets, and flapping the feather beds—for Master Tom’s room has never been used this many a day ; and the young ladies have got some flowers for his chimney-piece, and put back his mother’s portrait, which they have had in their room ever since he went away and forgot it, woe is me ! And old John, the butler, coachman, footman, valet, factotum, consults with master about supper.

“What can we have ?” says master ; “all the shops are shut, and there’s nothing in the house.”

John. “No, no more there isn’t ; only Guernsey’s calf. Butcher kill’d’n yasterday, as your honour knowth.”

Master. “Come, John, a calf’s enough. Tell the cook to send us up that.”

And he gives a hoarse haw ! haw ! at his wit ; and Mrs. Prodigal smiles too, and says, “Ah, Tom Prodigal, you were always a merry fellow !”

Well, John Footman carries down the message to cook, who is a country wench, and takes people at their word ; and what do you think she sends up ?

Top Dish.

Fillet of veal, and bacon on the side-table.

Bottom Dish.

Roast ribs of veal.

In the Middle.

Calves’-head soup (à la tortue).

Veal broth.

Between.

Boiled knuckle of veal, and parsley sauce.

Stewed veal, with brown sauce and forced-meat balls.

Entremets.

Veal olives (for sauce, see stewed veal).
 Veal cutlets (panées, sauce piquante).
 Ditto (en papillote).
 Scotch collops.
 Fricandeau of veal (piqué au lard à la chicorée).
 Minced veal.
 Blanquet of veal.

Second Course.

Curry of calves'-head.
 Sweetbreads.
 Calves'-foot jelly.

See, my dear Anatole, what a world of thought can be conjured up out of a few inches of painted canvas.

And now we come to the great and crowning picture of the exhibition, my own historical piece, namely, "Heliogabalus in the Ruins of Carthage." In this grand and finished perform——

* * * * * *

* * Mr. Titmarsh's letter stops, unfortunately, here. We found it, at midnight, the 15th–16th May, in a gutter of Saint Martin's Lane, whence a young gentleman had been just removed by the police. It is to be presumed that intoxication could be his only cause for choosing such a sleeping-place, at such an hour; and it had probably commenced as he was writing the above fragment. We made inquiries at Lord's Coffee House, of Mr. Moth (who, from being the active and experienced head-waiter, is now the obliging landlord of that establishment), and were told that a gentleman unknown had dined there at three, and had been ceaselessly occupied in writing and drinking until a quarter to twelve, when he abruptly left the house. Mr. Moth regretted to add, that the stranger had neglected to pay for thirteen glasses of gin-and-water, half-a-pint of porter, a bottle of soda-water, and a plate of ham-sandwiches, which he had consumed in the course of the day.

We have paid Mr. Moth (whose very moderate charges, and excellent stock of wines and spirits, cannot be too highly commended), and shall gladly hand over to Mr. Titmarsh the remaining sum which is his due. Has he any more of his rhapsody?—O. Y.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1838.)

THE ANNUALS.

A FOREIGNER, if he is anxious to know what is the state of art in England, will naturally enough turn to the print-books which appear annually at this season, and certain hundreds of specimens of the works of our artists, and, of course, of the taste of the public. The foreigner will have a pretty account to give of us to his countrymen when he has duly examined the *Annals*, read all the poems and stories which they contain, and studied all the delicately engraved prints which ornament them. We have the best artists, the best engravers, and can furnish the cheapest engravings. We can (thanks to the wondrous perfection of steel engraving) issue out thousands of beautiful pictures where only tens could be printed before ; it is as easy to multiply Reynoldses or Wilkies as to take off a thousand impressions from the worst drawings of the worst daubers, and the consequence is, that with all these facilities the public has acquired such a taste for art as is far worse than regular barbarism, and with twice the opportunities shows twice the ignorance of any other people of Europe. There seems to be a general conspiracy between printers, publishers, and the people to banish nature altogether from pictures, and to substitute and to admire a favourite monster of their own. It is called Beauty, and came in along with steel engravings some six years ago. It first made its appearance in *Byron Beauties*, then came the *Shakespeare Beauties*, then the *Scott Beauties*, then *Books of Beauty*, *Wreaths of Beauty*, *Gems of Beauty*, *Flowers of Beauty*, *Beauty of all colours*, black and white, dressed and undressed. At first some of our best painters condescended to contribute to these albums, and painted flesh and blood beauties ; these, however, very speedily ceased to be admired by the public. Their beauties nowadays are not women at all. They have not bodies and limbs like women, their eyes are too large,

their waists are far too small, the beauty of the Annuals is the modern English *improvement* upon a woman. Nature does not know how to make them, that is clear. Artists won't copy from nature's women, or the public won't buy the copies, which is the same thing; for bread is more sacred even than art, and the poor artist here is led, and does not lead, astray.

We cannot pretend to give an account of all the annuals; but perhaps in illustration of the above remarks may speak of some half-dozen we have seen. The *Book of Royalty* must, of course, take precedence; it is a folio, bound in gorgeous red morocco, with a blue garter in the midst of the cover, whereon the title is inscribed. It is certainly the gayest of the annuals outside and in. The prints are upon a new plan, and not, we think, an unhappy one. The *Book of Royalty* has discarded the old line engravings, and substituted the new fashion of tinted lithography, which has been of late carried to such perfection by Mr. Hullmandel. By printing the plates upon what we believe painters call a middle-tint, and leaving the lights white, the labour of the colourist is almost spared, and a very slight wash of colour gives to the picture a finished look. The works of Messrs. Perring and Brown (who have between them this year done a full half of the illustrations in the annuals) appear in the *Book of Royalty* to peculiar advantage. The drawings of these gentlemen seem for the most part too slight to be submitted to the careful copying of a steel engraver, and one is disposed to pardon many inaccuracies in a sketch that would offend the eye in a finished picture. A plate, for instance, entitled, "James I. and his Daughter" (who is dressed, by the way, in the exact costume of the time of Henry VI.), looks almost as well as an original sketch by a painter, is prettily composed, and bright and pleasing in colour. If King James's legs are a little out of drawing, and His Majesty's right arm not such an arm as a man, much less a king, usually possesses, the fault is more easily pardoned in a sketch, for in such dashing and hasty performances the very best of painters will occasionally draw ill. A dozen or more of these brightly coloured designs adorn

the volume, and pretty little stories and ballads by Mrs. Hall illustrate the illustrations. The frontispiece represents Queen Elizabeth coming from her coronation at Westminster Abbey; and the next plate is a sad libel upon her present Majesty Queen Victoria, who is represented walking down stairs, surrounded by her maids of honour. *Apropos* of this picture, Mrs. Hall sings—

“God save the Queen! all Britain through
One burst of joy repeats the prayer;
And all are loyal, firm, and true:
Subjects are lovers everywhere!

Our tributes are the hearts we bring.
The debt of loyal love we pay.
God save the Queen! we gaily sing!
God bless the Queen! in fervour pray.

We think of days our sires have seen,
The brightest page of Britain's story
Records the power, the wealth, and glory
When Britain's sovereign was a Queen!
God save the Queen!”

However heartily we may come to the same conclusion with Mrs. Hall, we must doubt some of her premises: for in this happy country, where according to our enthusiastic songstress, “*all* are loyal, firm, and true,” and “subjects lovers everywhere,” it must be confessed that *some* have a very singular way of showing their loyalty and their love. After Mrs. Hall on the *Book of Royalty* comes, as in duty bound, Miss Sheridan with the *Diadem*. This we have already noticed in terms of commendation. Next in rank is Miss Mitford, who introduces to the public *Finden's Tableaux*. The work has no inconsiderable literary pretensions, and we would, had we space, copy a very clever ballad by Miss Barrett, which opens the collection. As in the *Book of Royalty*, so in the *Tableaux*, Messrs. Perring and Brown have performed the illustrations between them; nor do they differ much in character from the hundreds which for some years past have shone in all print-shops. Beautiful young ladies, in every possible costume and attitude, appear in every

one of the pictures. In the "Romaunt of the Page" a young woman, disguised like one of those male domestics, stands behind a tree, watching knights fighting mistily in the background. The "Bucanier" represents another young lady, whose portrait is signed by Mr. Brown. We suspect the figure has been taken from one of the designs of the French artist, Tony Johannot; as in the head of the young lady, called the "Baron's daughter," from the work of another French artist, M. Deveriaë; as is a third figure (the "Girl of Ariccia," in the collection called "Beauty's Costume"), and signed "Dyce," from a well-known picture which appeared in the last French exhibition by a clever painter, Winterhalter. The "Minstrel of Provence" is very curiously like a head by an English painter, Mr. F. Stone, and one might, by carrying the inquiry further, detect still further plagiarisms, were they worth the pains of detection.

In truth, a painter may be well excused for sparing himself the trouble of making fresh compositions, or accurate and elaborate designs, when his labour will not serve him in such good stead as his carelessness—when the public *will* have works of only a certain standard, and discourages all attempts at a higher style of art. The artist must live before all things, and we dare wager that had the gentlemen who, as we have said, have executed the greatest number of the plates of this year's annuals, produced, as they could do, works of twice the merit and labour, they would have found no market for their wares.

It is pretty clear, too, that the painters may indulge in copying foreign artists without fear of detection or censure; for the prints of ancient annuals, numbered with the dead (so complete is the forgetfulness of the public, and so fleeting the reputation of these works of art), appear years afterwards, resuscitated, in works with a different binding and title, and have, with many, all the air of novelty: for instance, in a book published two years since, called *Heath's Drawing-room Portfolio*, there appeared a certain number of plates, with poems by Lady Blessington, composed in their honour. These plates have passed out of the hands of Mr. Heath and her ladyship into those of Mr. Fisher and Miss Landon, who have

transferred them from the old *Drawing-room Portfolio* to the new *Drawing-room Scrap Book*. The titles are, in many cases, altered, the plates touched up a little, and it is curious to read the different interpretations which each lady gives to the plates before her. Thus about a picture of Selim and Zuleika Lady Blessington writes—

“Ye bright creations of a master-mind,
Such as to mortals rarely hath been given,
By fancy led and wit and taste refined,
A spirit wandered down to earth from Heaven.
Zuleika ! Selim ! children of a clime
Bright as the intellect which gave ye birth,
Dowered with a love, deep, earnest, and sublime,

Too warm perchance for Heaven—too high for earth.
Ah ! who dare touch what Byron hath portrayed
With the rare hues of genius’ magic spell ?
Repeat the tale of that fond gentle maid,
And her brave lover, sung by him so well.
The theme is sacred from a feebler lay
Which he hath sung—alas ! too early called away.”

So far Lady Blessington, and one would have thought that her ladyship in the above sonnet had quite settled the point that Zuleika and Selim, children of a clime bright as the intellect which gave them birth (by which it is clear that they were not only children of the clime but of the intellect too),—one would have thought, that as Byron had already written sufficiently of the above pair, their theme would have been sacred from a humbler lay. Miss Landon, on the contrary, has shown that a couple of pages of very smooth incomprehensible verses may be indited concerning them. Selim addresses Zuleika in the following strain :—

“I dare not look upon that face,
My bark is in the bay ;
Too much already its soft grace
Has won from me delay.
A few short hours and I must gaze
On those sad eyes no more,
A dream will seem the pleasant days
Passed on that lonely shore.

I love thee not, my heart has cast
 Its inmost love away ;
 The many memories of the past
 Leave little for delay.
 Thou art to me a thing apart
 From passion, hope, or fear ;
 Yet 'tis a pleasure to my heart
 To know thou art so dear.

Thy pensive influence only brought
 The dreams of early years ;
 What childhood felt—what childhood thought—
 Its tenderness, its tears !
 Farewell ! the wind sets from the shore,
 The white foam lights the sea
 If Heaven one blessing have in store,
 That blessing light on thee !

We leave the reader to settle the respective merits of the above two quotations, not caring for our own part to submit them to an invidious criticism. We must not look at the points or paces of Pegasus when the poor nag is bestridden by some ponderous publisher, and ridden almost to death's door. One thing is clear, that if it be desired to make the worst painters, the worst poets, and to create the worst taste in the public, no better plan can be found than the present system. The poor painters cannot be good, even if they would. To be obliged to draw such trash as for the most part appears in the annuals, the endless Zuleikas and Isidoras of the Book of Beauty, is enough to spoil a young painter beyond redemption, to pervert his taste, to cramp his hand, which is employed in the petty and useless finish of these sketches elaborately unnatural, and to withdraw his eye from the contemplation of nature (of which art is but the mirror) to the study of such monstrosities. It seems to us that a painter who remains long at this work must ruin his eye, his hand, and his taste ; that a poet, give him ever so much genius, can do little more than imitate the trash which he is called upon to illustrate with his verses ; and that the public (never, in England, a very great connoisseur of the fine arts) has been still further misled by the prodigality with which these bad

models, and feeble, impotent, caricatures of nature have been displayed abroad, and by the boundless dulness and imbecility which they have been taught to mistake for wit.

Beauty's Costume, with original descriptions, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq., has the advantage of containing 12 plates of figures, among which, the first by Miss Corboux (a very pretty figure of a Venetian lady) looks to be the only one which is drawn from nature. The rest are drawn with the mind, as it were, and not with the eye, and are, in consequence, merely conventional women, with those long eyelashes and tapering boneless fingers, which women luckily do not possess, and which came doubtless into vogue amongst the artists in their study of the *Petit Courier des Dames*, or the plates of fashions in the *Ladies' Magazines*. Mr. Ritchie confines his original description to a few simple lines of prose, explanatory of the subject of the plate: a much more pleasant and quiet method of explanation than is followed by some of his contemporaries. But as for the Chinese ladies, the Hindoo ladies, the Swiss ladies, the execution of them is as feeble as the invention is maudlin and sickly. The women are not women, and the costumes are not costumes; why will our young painters continue to draw from imagination, and not from reality, of which their elders and their betters know the value?

The *Keepsake*, as it has the highest pretensions, has also the highest merit.*

One of Mr. Herbert's paintings, intended to illustrate Lord Byron, but here called the "Unearthly Visitant," is beautiful in grace and feeling, very superior to the general productions of the English school. A little girl by Mr. Dyce is likewise charming, and the plates having been considerably increased in size give greater scope at once to the engraver and artist, who especially was cramped for room before. Let us not forget to applaud the India-rubber binding, by aid of which the book opens, and each leaf is displayed in the most satis-

* In the *Keepsake*, however, Mr. Heath is endeavouring to kill two birds with one stone. Most of them are illustrations from Byron's works, and will doubtless appear some day in their real characters. At present the plan adopted seems to be to send the plate to a hack writer, who makes a tale to suit it.

factory manner ; if any inducement can tempt the reader to peruse the contents of the *Keepsake*, the writers will surely have to thank Mr. Handcock's patent. As the *Keepsake* is remarkable for its pictorial contributions, the *Amaranth*, we think, may very fairly claim the first rank as a literary work. It is as much above par in this point as the other annuals are below, and we heartily trust will meet the public approbation. It contains a more than ordinary quantity of pleasant prose—Mr. Poole's paper on Margate is perhaps the pleasantest of all the collection, and admirable for its point and fine humour ; but we can more conveniently transfer verse to our columns, and are sure the reader will be pleased with the following poem by James Montgomery : it is a pretty *pendant* to Southey's famous "Holly Tree" :—

"THE MYRTLE.

Dark green, and gemmed with flowers of snow,
With close uncrowded branches spread,
Nor proudly high, nor meanly low,
A graceful myrtle raised its head.

Its mantle of unwithering leaf
Seemed in my contemplative mood
Like silent joy, a patient grief,
The symbol of pure quietude.

Still life, methought, is thine, fair tree :
Then plucked a sprig, and while I mused,
With idle hands unconsciously,
The delicate small foliage bruised.

Odours, by my rude touch set free,
Escaped from out their secret cells ;
'Quick life is thine,' I cried, 'fair tree
In thee a soul of fragrance dwells.

'What outrage, wrongs, nor death destroy,
These wake its sweetness from repose ;
Ah ! could I thus Heaven's gifts employ—
Worth seen, worth hidden, thus disclose !

‘ In health, with unpretending grace,
 In wealth, with meekness and with fear,
 Through every season wear one face,
 And be in truth what I appear.

‘ Then should affliction’s chastening rod
 Bruise my frail frame, or break my heart ;
 Life, a sweet sacrifice to God,
 Outbreathed in incense would depart.

‘ The Captain of Salvation thus,
 When as a lamb to slaughter led,
 Was, by the Father’s will, for us
 Himself through suffering perfected ! ’”

The next, by an anonymous writer, although careless in some parts, and in other passages most difficult of comprehension, contains some very fine lines. It is founded on the story of *Herodotus*, that in an attack of the Athenians upon Æginetæ the former were cut off with the exception of one man, who went home to tell the tale. He was met in the street of the city by a group of Athenian women, each of whom inquiring where he had left her husband, wounded him with the clasp of her robe until he died.

“THE RECREANT.

With the hills of their fathers around them,
 The heaven of their country above,
 They went in the strength of their manhood,
 They went in the light of our love.
 In the pride of their power they departed
 Down by the path of the sea ;
 Dark eyes of the desolate-hearted
 Were watching for them and for thee !

Who comes from the banquet of blood,
 Where the guests are as still as a stone ?
 Who dares to return by the road
 Where the steps of his joy are alone ?
 They were bound by the oath of the free,
 They were true as the steel that they bare,
 They were true to themselves and to thee !
 Behold, thou hast left them—and where ?

Oh, well has their triumph been told
 In the tune of its terrible crowning.
 Poor recreant ! kingly, though cold,
 Was the sleep that thou durst not lie down in !
 The swords of the restless are rusted
 In the rest that thou shrunkest to share.
 False Helot ! to whom hast thou trusted
 The pride of the peaceful—and where ?

For thee, who wast not of the number
 That sunk in the red battle shade,
 Thy name shall be cursed in the slumber
 Of the life that thy baseness betrayed.
 The strength of the tremorless tread
 Of our bravest our love can resign,
 But tears as of blood shall be shed
 For the dastard returning of thine.

But what ! when thy soul hath not hearken d
 To the charge of our love or our fear,
 Shall the soft eyes of Hellas be darken'd
 By the thought of thy birth or thy bier ?
 The strength of thy shame shall requite thee ;
 The souls of the lost shall not see
 Mother nor maid of the mighty
 Shed tear for a dastard like thee ! ”

There are some noble lines in a poem entitled “The Sabbath at Sea.”

“Three pale thin clouds did stand upon
 The meeting line of sun and sky,
 With aspect high and mystic.
 I think they did foresee the sun,
 And rested on their prophecy
 In quietude majestic.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight !
 I oft had seen the daytime break
 From wave to hill returning.
 But here no earth profaned the light ;
 Heaven, ocean, *did alone partake*
The sacrament of morning.

.

The thought of love did make me low,
And when I thought how 'neath the beech
The wayside pond doth mirror ;
Small children on that day would go
In pretty pairs, with whisper'd speech,
As the church-bells rang nearer.

And though *my* Sabbath silent came
Without the stoled minister
Or chanting congregation,
The *teaching spirit was the same*
Who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation ! ”

The plates are for the most part very poor ; Mr. Brown has a clever portrait, which shows how much better it is to follow the doctrine we have been endeavouring to lay down, and draw from nature and not from the imagination.

(*The Times*, November 2, 1838.)

*TYLER'S LIFE OF HENRY V.**

HAVING followed Mr. Tyler through his account of Richard II. and Henry IV., we come at last to his darling, Henry V., of whose life, often as it has been told, perhaps the reader will not object to have a short narrative. For some part of our account of it we have drawn upon Mr. Tyler; the rest has been put together almost in the words of the old English Chroniclers, whose works have been rescued from forgetfulness by the zeal and taste of Sir Henry Ellis and Sir Harris Nicolas, and from the French contemporary writers, Monstrelet, Juvenal des Ursius, and the nameless monk of St. Denis, who have left no such delightful narratives of the times in which they lived. No romance can be more amusing than the histories of these latter, or the quaint old chronicle of Henry's chaplain (a part of which has been translated by Sir Harris Nicolas), and which describes so beautifully and so accurately the actions and triumphs of the King.

On the 21st day of March in the year 1412 Henry V. began his reign over the realm of England, and on the 9th April following, being Palm Sunday, he was crowned at Westminster, in the midst of extraordinary storms of rain and hail.

This man (writes Fabian), who had before his father's death applied himself to all manner of vice and insolency, and drew unto him rioters and ill-disposed persons, after he was admitted to the rule of the land became suddenly a new man, and dismissing, not, however, without means of subsistence, his old comrades, led henceforth a godly and sober life. In the hour that he was crowned and anointed this

* "Henry of Monmouth: or, Memoirs of the Life and Character of Henry the Fifth as Prince of Wales and King of England." By J. Endell Tyler, B.D. In Two Volumes. London: Bentley. 1838.

happy reformation began.* His first act after his coronation, and when the solemnity of the feast of Easter was passed, was to send to Langley for the body of his poor murdered kinsman and late King Richard. He had him brought with reverence to Westminster, and there, in the south side of St. Edward's Shrine, by the side of Queen Anne, his first wife, honourably buried. He bade a solemn dirge to be sung once in a week over King Richard's grave, and that four tapers should burn before it day and night so long as the world endureth; and he ordered that 11s. 8d. should be given each week to the poor, hoping thus by his good deeds and prayers to atone for the crimes of his father, and gain repose for the soul of the unhappy King Richard. Then, turning his attention to the proper government of his country, King Henry caused Sir John Oldcastle to be put in the Tower, a dangerous heretic, whom numbers of people followed: Sir John, however, broke prison, multitudes of his people appeared in arms beyond St. Giles's, in Holborn, between Westminster and the highway towards Tyburn.† The King went out and met this army, whom he dispersed after slaying and imprisoning many. Of those who had been carried to the Tower (on the 8th January, 1414), the King ordered 12 the next day to be taken thence to Newgate, and there, along with 25 others (37 heretics in all), they were hanged, drawn, and burnt. And while thus King Henry, for holy Church's sake, was hanging and burning of English unbelievers, a great council was holden at Constance (where the British lords and bishops attended and received much honour), and where those two wicked

* Hardyng, who, although a follower of the Percies, was afterwards an attendant upon Henry, in whom he declares his "help and making should have been," uses almost these words in the preface to his *Chronicle of Henry V.'s Reign*. The other words are closely followed from Fabyan: there is no proof, perhaps, of Henry's vice and insolency before he ascended the throne, but it is pretty clear that he "drew unto him rioters and ill-disposed persons."

† *London Chronicle*.—Another curious illustration of the times occurs in the same chapter:—"John Nyauncer, a squire, and his men sclowen Master John Tybbay, clerk, as he passed through Lad-lane. Nyauncer and his men took sanctuary in St. John's, Aldgate, and on condition of forswearing 'the Kyng's lond,' were allowed to pass through the city of London to Calais, which they did in their schertes and breeches, eche man a crosse in his hand."

and notorious heretics John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, were burned likewise.

The English were most turbulent and warlike in those days, and the law of right was not very strong. It is said, that old King Henry on his death-bed recommended the young King to carry his nobles and people to fight on foreign ground, for it was better that they should be killing and plundering Frenchmen than fighting against the King and one another. Did not old King Henry's life show his words to be true? In the first place, he himself had been ever in the midst of wars and conspiracies against King Richard, whom he dethroned, and in whose stead he reigned; and then the plots and conspiracies were directed against him.

A weary life he led indeed in the midst of his royalty; and one who lived in those times, Hardyng (a Piercy's man who afterwards followed Sir John Umfraville), sings thus concerning the usurping King:—

“O very God! what torment had this king
To remember in brief and short intent!
Some in his shirt put oftentimes venoming,
And some in meat and drink great poysonment.
Some in his hose by great imaginement,
Some in bed-straw, irons sharp-ground and whet,
Envenomed him to slay, had he but on them set.” *

Some practised witchcraft against him, and some fought him in open field. Well might he counsel his son to give those turbulent people an opportunity to let blood elsewhere, otherwise they would infallibly attack him. The King acted upon his father's maxim, and as his great-grandfather, King Edward III. (who, to be sure, had a nearer heir living, to wit the Earl of March), had made a claim to the kingdom of France, and well nigh conquered it to in the brave battles of Crecy and Poitiers, King Henry now asked this kingdom for himself, and wrote letters to the King and Dauphin of France, saying, “Friend, give me that you own me” †—restore me my just birthright of France; but the French

* Hardyng, chap. ccx.

† See the letter in “Monstrelet.” Fabyan says the French King had “no leyser to entende such idelnes.”

sent back with scorn the English herald, and bade him say, that an answer to King Henry's letter should be sent at a convenient season. Henry had offered likewise to marry the King's daughter of France, and an embassy from the French came to London to endeavour to make arrangements.* But the parties could not agree about the money which the Princess was to have for her dowry; so that at last the King grew angry, and called together his Parliament (Thomas Chaucer, the son of him who wrote the rare poem about the Canterbury Pilgrims, was the chairman of the Commons), and having procured some money from them, received some from his loyal towns and subjects, and pawned his own plate and jewels to get more.† King Henry assembled 1,500 ships

* The details of this embassy, as described by Juvenal des Ursius (ed. 1653, p. 289), are very curious. The priests were the diplomatists of those days, and their despatches were half sermons. Henry's claims to the French throne, the most absurd and unjust that can possibly be, are supported by numberless texts of and allusions to Scripture. Sir Harris Nicolas speaks of Henry's hypocrisy and impiety. Mr. Tyler is wroth at such charges against his darling hero: the charge of impiety we think falls to the ground. Henry trusted to his ecclesiastical advisers, who got up his case for him, and is no more guilty than a man would be in the present day whose advocate supported his cause by unjust legal subtleties. Ellis quotes a passage of Hardyng omitted in the chronicle, in which the poet describes the education of young noblemen:—

“ And as lords' sons be set at four years age
At school to learn the doctrine of lettrure
After, at six, to have them in language,
And sit at meat seemly in all nurture;
At ten and twelve to revel is their cure,
To dance and sing and speak of gentleness;
At fourteen they shall to field, I'm sure,
To meet the deer and gain of hardiness.”

At sixteen they are—

“ To learn to worry and to wage,
To joust, and ride, and castles to assail,
And every day his armure to assay,
And set his watch for peril nocturnayle.”

Their literary education being thus completed at the mature age of six, it is evident that they could not have learned to use, or even to understand, the priggish allusions to Roman lore, the continual allusions to the early Bible history, and the endless logical quibbles and complications which were the weapons of the ecclesiastics. The three letters quoted by Nicolas, and some of those of Mr. Tyler's first volume, as from Henry to his father, are evidently priests' work.

† Sir Harris Nicolas, in his “Battle of Agincourt,” gives a curious and complete list of the articles pledged, p. xlix. In the “Acts of the Privy Council,”

for his men, and, taking leave of his lieges in London, marched royally for Southampton, thence to take shipping for France. The French ambassadors were with him until he left London, but they could come to no terms; and the French Dauphin, despising his youth, sent him, it is said, a ton of tennis balls, and bade him go play, and not to talk of fighting with the famous King and chivalry of France. This only angered the King more; he swore his guns should play tennis about the towns of the Frenchmen—and indeed he kept his word. But even now, with a fair prospect of fighting enough, the English nobles would not be quiet; and a conspiracy was hatched between Lord Scrope, Sir Thomas Gray, and Richard of Langley, Earl of Cambridge, brother to the Duke of York, who were for setting up King Richard again (some said he was yet alive in Scotland), or, in case he were dead, the Earl of March; and they proposed to kill King Henry; but this conspiracy was discovered. Gray was beheaded forthwith, Cambridge and Scrope were tried by their peers, and met with the same fate. The King, however, pardoned the Earl of March, who was, or declared himself, ignorant of the plot; who afterwards fought, a brave soldier, by the King's side at Agincourt. At last, all things being ready, on the 11th of August, in the year 1415, on the day after St. Lawrence's day, King Henry with his army embarked for France.

They say that swans were seen swimming among the ships as the fleet passed; and with this good omen they arrived at Clef de Caus, in Normandy, on the 14th of August, about three miles from Harfleur; and the next morning, on Wednesday, being the vigil of the assumption of the Virgin, the sun shining and the morning beautiful, at 6 in the morning, the King landed nearest Harfleur. As soon as he set foot on shore the King fell on his knees and devoutly prayed unto God: afterwards he knighted divers gentlemen, and then arranged the

published by the Record Commission (vol. ii. p. 166), are the accounts of certain merchants of Milan, Lucca, and Venice, who are told that it is their duty in foreign countries, for the grace accorded to them of trading therein, to lend money to the sovereign when in need. As a further "persuader" the foreign merchants were sent to the Tower, and it will not surprise the reader to learn that the money was at last forthcoming.

order of his army, posting himself on the hill. About Saturday all his preparations were complete. The next day the Lord de Gaucourt, a Frenchman, reinforced the town garrison with 300 lances ; but this advantage was small to the townspeople, compared to the loss which befel them that same night, when Thomas of Clarence, the King's brother, seized a number of waggons despatched by the French King to the town, and containing a store of guns, powder and muniments of war.

The town was summoned to surrender, but refused ; and now the King began to press it so hardly and batter it with his tennis balls, that at last the townspeople promised, if by a certain day no succour came to them, they would yield themselves to the English. We here interrupt the narrative, to quote Mr. Tyler's account of some incidents which occurred during the siege :—

“ In addition, however, to the wonted privations and hardships of a protracted siege, the English host was visited by a violent disease, which spread rapidly through every grade of the army, unsparingly thinning its ranks, and carrying off its officers, and threatening annihilation to the whole body.

“ Whilst this calamity was raging at its height, and making dreadful havoc amongst the soldiery, an incident is recorded to have taken place, to which the mind gladly turns from the din and turmoil of the siege, and the devastations of that fatal scourge ; and though the scene is itself the chamber of death, we cannot but feel a melancholy satisfaction in contemplating it for a while. An ecclesiastic who was present in the camp, and in attendance on his royal master, records the anecdote in the most casual manner, without a word of admiration or remark to call our attention to it, as though he were relating a circumstance of no unusual occurrence, and such merely as those who knew his master might hear of without surprise ; whilst few pages of history bear to any monarch more beautiful and affecting evidence of habitual kindness of heart, pure sympathy with a suffering fellow-creature, and devoted fulfilment of the dearest offices of friendship. Whilst Richard Courtenay, Bishop of Norwich, one of the victims of the dysentery, was lingering in the agonies of death, we find Henry in the midst of his besieging army, at the height of a very severe struggle, war and disease raging on every side—not in a council of his officers, planning the operations of to-morrow, nor on his couch, giving his body and mind repose from the fatigues and excitement of his opening campaign—but we

see him on his knees at the death-bed of a dying minister of religion, joining in the offices of the Church so long as the waning spirit could partake of its consolations; and then, not commissioning others, however faithful representatives they may have been, to act in his stead, but by his own hand soothing the sufferings of the dying prelate, and striving to make the struggle of his latter moments less bitter. Had Henry visited the tent of the good bishop when he first knew of his malady, and charged any of his numerous retinue to pay especial attention to his wants and comforts, it would have been regarded, at such an hour of pressing emergence, as an act worthy of a Christian King. But Henry, who in no department of his public duties ever willingly deputed to others what he could personally attend to himself, carried the same principle into the exercise of the charities of private life; and has here left a pattern of Christian sympathy and lowliness of mind, of genuine philanthropy, and the sincere affection of true friendship, worthy of prince and peasant alike to imitate. Bishop Courtenay is said to have been among Henry's chosen friends, recommended to him by the singular qualities of his head and heart. He was a person (we are told) endowed with intellectual and moral excellences of a very high character; and Henry knew how to appreciate the value, and cultivate the friendship of such a man. Having enjoyed the satisfaction and benefit of his society in life, now he was on the point of quitting this world for ever, Henry never withdrew from his bed; but, watching him with tender anxiety till the ministers of religion had solemnized the last rite according to the prevailing practice of the church in those days, even then, 'in his own person,' he continued to supply the wants of sinking mortality, 'with his own hands wiping the chilled feet' of his dying friend. The manuscript proceeds to say, that when life was extinct, with pious regard for his memory, Henry caused his body to be conveyed to England, and to be honourably buried among the Royal corpses in Westminster.

"A very curious turn (writes Mr. Tyler) has been given inadvertently to this circumstance by the translation of the ecclesiastic's sentence, and the comment upon it now found in the appendix to the *Battle of Agincourt*.

"*Rege præsente, pedes ejus tergente post extremam unctionem propriis manibus*,—words which can only be translated so as to represent the King 'after extreme unction, wiping the feet' of the Bishop. The editor of that work, by a careless blunder of an amanuensis, or some unaccountable accident, is made to render by the strange sentence, 'covering his feet with extreme unction;' and he is then led, as a comment upon that text, to observe, that

‘the Bishop received from Henry’s own hand the last office of religion.’ Extreme unction, the last of the seven sacraments of the See of Rome, was administered doubtless by an attendant priest.”

Our worthy divine is bitter both against Sir H. Nicolas and the old chronicler ; he condemns the former for the monstrous mistake of reading the word *tegente* for *tergente* (*tergente* it certainly is in the MSS.), and for construing the sentence “covering the feet with extreme unction.” Mr. Tyler may be fully convinced of the merits of Henry ; but they should not make him blind to those of other people. Sir H. Nicolas does not say “with” extreme unction. His words are, and the simple sentence of the old author is, in our opinion, far more touching than all the remarks of Mr. Tyler—

“The gracious and merciful God, willing to try the patience of our King, touched him in the death of one of his most loving and dear subjects—namely, the Lord Richard Courtenay, Bishop of Norwich, who, of noble family, of tall stature, of excellent wit, and not less distinguished for the great eloquence and learning than for other of the more noble endowments of nature, was considered to be a constant favourite in the Royal councils above all. He fell sick on Tuesday, the 10th of September, and on the following Sunday, in the presence of the King, who covered his feet AFTER extreme unction, and closed his eyes with his own hands, and midst the bitterness and tears of many released his ‘spirit from its prison.’

“Three days after this prelate’s death, on Wednesday, September 18th, an agreement to surrender on the following Sunday was entered into, the inhabitants of the town pledging themselves by a most solemn oath to abide by the terms of the agreement. The ceremony on this occasion must have had a very imposing effect. The King’s chaplain, Benedict, Bishop of Bangor, in his pontifical dress, carried the consecrated host to the walls of the town, preceded by 32 chaplains, each in full canonicals, and attended by as many esquires, one of whom bore a lighted taper before each priest. As soon as the parties were sworn on the elements, the townsmen were assured that they need fear no acts of wrong or violence, for the King wished rather to preserve than to destroy his own territory.

“On Sunday, September 22nd, the town was surrendered with much solemn state into Henry’s hands. At the appointed hour Henry, being dressed in the robes of royalty, ascended a throne erected under a silk pavilion on the top of the hill opposite to the

town. All his peers and great men were assembled around him. 'Our King' (says a writer who was probably an eye-witness) 'sat in his estate as royal as did ever any king; and, as it is said, there never was a Christian King so royal, neither so lordly, sat in his seat as did he.' From this seat to the town a passage was formed by the English soldiers, through which the late governor, Sir Lionel Braguemont, the Lord de Gaucourt, and others, with the host borne before them, attended by those who had sworn to observe the treaty, and by 34 of the chief inhabitants, passed to Henry's presence, 'who forgave them their injustice in keeping his own town from him; and having hospitably entertained them, dismissed them courteously.' Thus fell into Henry's hand one of the most important towns of Normandy, after a siege of about 36 days, during which the zeal and valour of the assailants and the besieged were equally displayed."

Thus, then, our brave King was victorious at Harfleur: and it was a great shame to the French nobles and nation that they, who had a large power of men assembled, made no steps to succour the valiant de Gaucourt and his comrades. "Songs and Satires," says one who wrote in those days,* "were made upon the loss of a town and port so famous, and on the capture of so many brave men, who had been thus villainously abandoned."

Yet, though the King had triumphed over the Frenchmen, the fever and dysentery were making more dreadful ravages among his own people than ever the sword did; and being willing to spare life, and to confide the justice of his cause to God, he sent Guyenne, his herald, to the Dauphin (for King Charles, his adversary, of France, "lay ill with his accustomed malady of madness"), and proposed that they two should decide by single combat which had the right; and the King said he would wait eight days in his town of Harfleur to abide the Dauphin's coming.

The eight passed and no answer came, and the King, with his army wofully diminished by death and desertion (for of the 30,000 who went out† there remained not above 1,000 lances and 5,000 bowmen), still set out with a good heart for Calais. And while the armies of the French king were pillaging the towns and villages in their path, it was said even by

* The Monk of St. Denis, see *Laboureur* (vol. 2, 1004).

† Lingard.

the French* of Henry's little army, "that they treated better than the French themselves those who received them willingly into their houses, faithfully keeping the laws of war and obeying the orders of their prince."

At Eu and at Arques they had skirmishes with the French. Henry reached Abbeville on the 13th of October, and next day passed within a league of Amiens. On Thursday he passed near Corbie, and on Friday found a passage across the Somme, which the whole army crossed. Great was their joy, for now they hoped to reach Calais without a battle, which these poor men, diseased, shelterless, weary, and without food, were little able to risk against the host, 100,000 men, princes, nobles, and knights, the best in France, who were assembled to attack King Henry: but on the following day two heralds from the French came to the King of England and bade him prepare for battle. Our brave King did not change countenance at the news (news, as he thought, of certain death to him), but he said, "It is the will of God," and he gave the heralds 100 golden crowns of largesse, and told them that he should march straight for Calais, and that the French might come and stop him if they could. They kept their word. On the 24th of October, when King Henry and his army crossed the river Ternoise (called the River of Swords), and had arrived near the village of Maisoncelle, it was told the King that the French, in vast numbers, were before him.

"The English felt assured that they would be immediately attacked; and, as soon as they were drawn up in the order of battle, they prepared for death. The greatest want then felt in the camp was the lack of priests, every one being anxiously desirous of making confession and obtaining absolution. Henry's presence of mind, and noble soul, and pious trust, and intrepid spirit, showed themselves on this occasion in words which ought never to be forgotten. Sir Walter Hungerford, having expressed his sorrow that they had not 10,000 of those gallant archers who would be most desirous of aiding their King in his hour of need, the King rebuked him, saying 'He spoke idly, for, as his hope was in God, in whom he trusted for victory, he would not, if he could, increase his forces even by a single

* Monk of St. Denis (*Laboureur* 11, 1009), "To say truth," says the monk, "it became them better to trust in God than it did us, because their conduct was so much better."

person ; for, if it was the pleasure of the Almighty, few as were his followers, they were sufficient to chastise the confidence of the enemy, who relied on their numbers ! ’

“ About sunset the French took up their quarters in the orchards and villages of Agincourt and Puissanville. Henry anxiously seeking lodgings for his exhausted soldiers, at length found in the village of Maisoncelle a better supply for their wants than they had met with since they left Harfleur ; and a small hut afforded the King himself protection from the weather. Before the English quitted their position to go to Maisoncelle, Henry permitted all his prisoners to depart, upon condition that, if he gained the approaching battle, they should return and surrender themselves ; but if he were defeated, they should be released from their engagements. This night, through nearly the whole of which the rain fell heavily, was passed by the two hostile armies, about one mile distant from each other, very differently, but not inconsistently with their relative circumstances. Both suffered severely from the weather as well as from fatigue ; but whilst the French, anticipating an easy and sure victory, played at dice for their prisoners as their stake, the English, having prepared their weapons for the conflict, betook themselves to prayer, and the observance of the other ordinances of their religion.

“ At daybreak on Friday, October 25, the French drew up in order of battle, in three lines, on the plain of Agincourt, through which was the route to Calais. Of their numbers the accounts both of English and French writers vary exceedingly, and it is impossible to fix upon any amount with confidence ; probably, however, at the very lowest calculation, they were more than 50,000 men.

“ Henry was up at break of day, and immediately attended mass. He then, mounted on a small gray horse, bearing on his coat the arms of France and England, and wearing a magnificent crown on his head, drew up his men in order of battle in an open field. His main body, consisting of men-at-arms, he commanded himself ; the vanguard was committed, as a right wing, to the Duke of York, at his own request ; and the rear-guard was posted, as a left wing, under the command of Lord Camois. The archers were placed between the wings in the form of a wedge, with their poles fixed before them as a protection against the cavalry. Henry then rode along the lines, and addressed them in a speech full of spirit, well fitted to inspire in his men enthusiastic ardour and devotedness. ‘ Sir,’ was the reply, ‘ we pray God to give you a good life, and victory over your enemies.’ At this juncture (we are told by one historian) an attempt was made at negotiation, but it failed, Henry, in the midst

of all his present perils, insisting virtually on the same terms which he had offered when in safety within the realm of England.

“ The King assigned to the gallant veteran Sir Thomas Erpingham, a friend of Henry, no less venerable for his age than distinguished for his bravery and military skill, the honourable duty of arraying his host. He first calmly marshalled the troops, placing the archers foremost, and the men-at-arms behind them; and then, riding in front of the line, exhorted his brother-warriors in the name of their prince to fight valiantly. A third time did this aged and fearless knight ride before the ranks which were stationed to receive the first shock of the enemy, and if possible turn back the apparently resistless and overwhelming tide of battle; and then, having deliberately executed his commission to the full, he threw up into the air the truncheon which he held in his hand, shouting, ‘ Now strike ! ’ and, immediately dismounting, joined the King and his attendants, who were all on foot. When the soldiers saw the staff in the air, and heard the cry of the veteran, they raised such a tremendous shout as startled the enemy, and filled them with amazement.

“ It was now approaching mid-day; when Henry, perceiving that the enemy would not commence the attack, but were waiting either for reinforcements, or in the hope of compelling him by want of provisions to surrender, issued the command, ‘ Banners advance ! ’ His soldiers fell down instantly upon the ground prostrate, and implored the Almighty to succour them, each, as it is said, putting a morsel of earth into his mouth in remembrance of their mortality. They then rose, and advanced firmly towards the enemy, shouting, and with the sound of trumpets. The Constable of France commanded his advanced guard to meet them, who instantly obeyed, with the war-cry ‘ Montjoye ! ’ The battle commenced by a shower of arrows from the English, which did great execution. The French cavalry were immediately thrown into confusion, chiefly in consequence of the horses rushing on the pointed stakes which were fixed before the English archers, and, maddened with pain, turning upon their own ranks. The battle was then tremendously obstinate: at one time, the shock of the French body caused the English to give way; but it was only to rush again upon their enemies with a renewed and still more impetuous and desperate attack. Their charge, like a torrent of mighty waters, was resistless; and the archers, having exhausted their quivers, and betaking themselves to their swords and bills and hatchets, the slaughter amongst the ranks of the French was dreadful. The Duke of Alençon endeavoured in vain to rally his men, now giving way, and being worsted on every side;

and, returning himself to the struggle, he fell in single combat with King Henry himself. Whilst the conflict was raging, Anthony, Duke of Brabant, came up with such of his forces as could keep pace with him in his rapid haste towards the field of battle, and instantly mingled in the thickest of the fight; he fell too; gallantly, but unsuccessfully, striving to stem the flood."

And now took place an event about which many chroniclers have written at length, and have spoken with a vast display of unnecessary compassion. A movement was made in the rear of the English, where the baggage and prisoners were (they were themselves twice as numerous as the conquerors), whereupon the King, fearing justly that the prisoners would rise, gave orders to slay them all. It was not cruelty on Henry's part, but necessity, and indeed a heavy loss to him, for many of the captives so slain would have paid large ransoms for their safety.

Ten thousand Frenchmen were slain on that famous day, and of those the greater part were noblemen: 1,500 of the latter were taken prisoners; of these the highest in rank, the Duke of Orleans, lay for many years in the Tower of London, and those who are curious may even now see his portrait, and read the songs he wrote in his imprisonment.* With his prisoners and his army the King then marched to Calais, "and to England then, where never came from France more happy men." On Saturday, the 23rd of October, the King arrived in London, having tarried a week on the road at Dover, Canterbury, and Eltham. The citizens of London went out as far as Blackheath to greet him, the mayor and aldermen in scarlet, the rest in scarlet and parti-coloured hoods, 20,000 of them, all on horseback, and each craft with fine devices of its own. Among them rode the King, modestly with a small retinue, to London. When they came to the tower on London-bridge, there stood a huge giant, his axe in his right hand, the city keys in his left; by his side stood the giantess, his wife; around them banners were floating, and trumpets and horns blowing. This device was raised by

* Every antiquary knows the beautiful MSS. in the British Museum which contains the Prince's poems, with a number of curious illuminations, in one of which he, the Tower, old London Bridge, and old London are represented.

“ the city to the King’s righteousness.” And at the drawbridge were two towers, and by them a lion and an antelope standing. Above them was St. George, our lady’s knight, having a scroll on which was written, *Soli Deo honor et gloria*, and above him were innumerable boys dressed in white, with wings and locks like angels, who sung Benedictus. The famous tower of Cornhill was decked with crimson cloth, in which were shields of St. George, and St. Edward, St. Edmund, and England, and round the tower stood a company of prophets of venerable hoariness, dressed in golden coats and mantles, who let loose a number of little birds as the King passed. At the conduit in Cheap, which was adorned also with scutcheons and a device representing a castle, stood the twelve apostles, and with them the twelve kings, martyrs and confessors of England; they, like the prophets, received the King with a hymn, and as he passed the conduit ran wine. At Cheap-Cross was another castle, most beautiful to see, “and the lattices and windows on both sides were filled with the more noble ladies and women of the realm, and with honourable men so dressed in garments of gold, fine linen, and crimson, that a nobler spectacle was never before seen in the city of London. The King himself, amidst these public expressions of praise and bravery of the citizens, passed on clad in a purple robe, not with lofty looks, pompous horses, or a great multitude, but with a grave aspect, a reverend demeanour, and a few of his most faithful domestics attendant upon him; the dukes, earls, and marshal, his captives, following him with a guard of soldiers. Even from the taciturnity of the King, and his humble deportment, might it be gathered that he was rendering thanks to God alone, and not to men.” *

* Abridged from Sir H. Nicolas’s translation, and from Lydgate’s ballad,

(*The Times*, November 12, 1838.)

FRASER'S WINTER JOURNEY TO PERSIA.*

THIS work is dedicated to Lord Glenelg, "whose enlightened policy," writes Mr. Fraser, "suggested the objects and contributed to the performance of his journey." We shall not quarrel with his Lordship's enlightened policy in this instance; it has produced, at any rate, a very pleasant book of travels amongst people of whom, for a wonder, the English have very little knowledge, and whom, perhaps, in no very distant day, it may be important to know. The *political* knowledge, however, gained by Mr. Fraser, he has reserved with orthodox diplomatic sagacity for the wakeful consideration of Lord Glenelg in Downing Street; all that we are at liberty to learn is this—that on a rainy day in December, 1833, the author of these travels, after spending two hours sealing and directing papers, and packing them in white sheepskin bags (warming himself by a coal-fire for the last time), got into a post-chaise, at 1 o'clock at night, *at the very door of the Colonial Office*. "I threw my bags," says he, "into one corner of the chaise, and myself into the other. 'All right?' briskly demanded the postilion; 'All right, go on,' responded the porter, in a tone of more importance; and in another minute we were tearing over Westminster Bridge at the rate of 12 miles an hour, through a perfect tempest." It is clear there was something of tremendous consequence "in the wind."

Not a word more, however, about the contents of the sheepskin, or the plans of Lord Glenelg, do we hear after this. Mr. Fraser rattled along the remarkable route from London to Dover; he "whipped into the foreign mail-

* "A Winter's Journey (Tatar) from Constantinople to Teheran; with Travels through various parts of Persia, etc." By James Baillie Fraser, Esq., Author of "A Tour in the Himalaya Mountains," etc. In Two Volumes. London: Bentley, 1838.

packet," after breakfasting at Wright's *caravanserie* at Dover. After a passage of two hours and a half, rough, stormy, and sick, the undaunted voyager reached Calais, where M. Quillac procured him a britschka, "and the second hour of noon saw him rolling down the road to Brussels.' What *was* the matter?

The first part of his journey is, however, excellently and briefly described in the following way:—

"Letter I.—Leave London—road to Dover—reflections—the passage—Calais—rickety carriage—air-pillows—Liege—Prussian civility—the Rhine—Frankfort—Wurtzburgh—gleam of sunshine—Ratisbon—aspect of Upper Bavaria, and of its peasantry, and roads, contrasted with those of Prussia—first peep of Austria—custom-house—the Danube—Moëlk—reach Vienna.

"Letter II.—Hungarian villages—hogs—cattle—Raab—cholera—change of postilions—Hungarian roads and 'turn-outs'—an accident—an overturn—game-laws, and *chasses*—arrival at Buda and Pest—breakdown second—Christmas morn—change of costume—villages and houses—the Steppes—overturn third—Hungarian auberge and Gipsies—Terezianople—Nysotts—Peterwardin—comparative sketch of European posting—Semlin."

Three breakdowns (or breaks-down) in two chapters! What could have been in Lord Glenelg's head, when he obliged a gentleman, in the depth of winter, to leave his comfortable arm-chair at the club, for such a cold, miserable, break-neck journey? May we die if we know; but from Semlin Mr. Fraser hurried on to Constantinople, galloping like mad; and dressed up like a Tatar, or a Turk, with a *jooba*, or vest with long skirts, pistols, and yataghan in his girdle, a "despatch-box embroidered with gold, a rich jacket, called a *kiurk*," a fez on his head, a Damascus cimetar by his side, and on his legs, instead of his national inexpressibles (perhaps if our author be a Highlander we should withdraw the word "national"), "a pair of enormous Tatar *shulwars*." If a certain gentleman in Downing Street had been awakened out of his sleep by the abrupt entrance of such a courier as this, there is no saying what changes might have taken place in the Cabinet. As soon, however, as we have become a little used to Mr. Fraser in his outlandish costume, we find in him

a most pleasant *compagnon de voyage*; active, gay, determined, skilful both with the pen and the pencil, visiting ground which he knew before, and an adept in the Persian language, he is as good a traveller as could be found, and has given us a most amusing and lively record of his tour. Who is not acquainted with the famous Hajji Baba; and that chivalrous and scarcely less famous hero of Mr. Fraser's own creating, the stout Kuzzilbash, Ismael? Mr. Morier and himself have given us, in their travels and romances, so curious and picturesque an account of the Persians, that we are glad to hear more of this merry nation of boasters and swindlers, whose qualities, like Falstaff's, are always amusing, though they may not perhaps be very high. On our author's journey from Constantinople to Erzeroum we have not here space to comment; it was a very hard and dismal ride through snows and solitudes and most unheard-of difficulties, which tried his *Tatarship* to the full. The next pause of his journey was at Tabreez, through Armenia and the Koord country, and from Tabreez he rode to Tehran. We had occasion to comment some weeks back in this journal upon the complaints of a traveller, who made a part of Mr. Fraser's journey (the first part only), and who wrote in such pathetic terms of the bad manners, bad dinners, and bad beds, which had so much obstructed his enjoyment during the tour. Let the traveller "in the three great empires" read the following summary of Mr. Fraser's journey to Tehran, and he will fancy his voyage in the dirty Danube steam-boats and his dismal wanderings in Moldavia and Bessarabia, paths of pleasantness compared to those which Mr. Fraser had to tread in his journey from Constantinople to Tehran. From that place he writes:—

"Thus, thanks be to Almighty God, has terminated prosperously the first part of my proposed journey, and with it a Tatar trip of 2,600 miles, which for fatigue and anxiety, and sufferings from cold and exposure, I will venture to match against anything of the sort that has been done. Of the first 750 miles from Semlin to Constantinople I have spoken already. The next 700 miles, from Constantinople to Amasia, were performed within six days, in bitter weather, and in spite of mud, and rain, and snow; but for the last seven weeks, that is, embracing our march from Boli to Cásveen, it may be said we never saw the colour of the earth. During the whole of this

period, we have been wading night and day through interminable wastes of deep snow, exposed to all the violence of storms and drift, and wind, with the thermometer frequently from 15° to 20° below zero. Our clothes, and face, and beards, were clotted into stiff masses of ice; our boots, hard as iron, frozen to the stirrup, and our limbs tortured with pain, or chilled into insensibility by intense cold. We were mounted on wretched carrion, which it was our daily and hourly task to whip and beat to the end of their stage, to dig out of snow-wreaths into which they had sunk, or drag with their loads from the bottom of ravines down which they had rolled. Far from having the means of shifting when comfort or cleanliness required it, we continued riding for weeks without a change, though wet through once a day at least with the melting ice that hung upon our clothes, or the snow that fell on them; and rest, when we halted from necessity, was banished, not oftener by the swarms of vermin and foul air which infested our squalid quarters, than by the cold, which, in spite of our furs, would strike from our thawing clothes or the frozen floor to our very marrow.

“But worse even than corporeal sufferings was the anxiety of mind inseparable from the responsibility that rested on me, and the moral effort required not only to judge what should be done under circumstances of great embarrassment, but to force myself, day after day, and night after night, and oblige others to face the physical sufferings and consequences which that decision might involve. To know that the lives of many men and animals, as well as your own, rest upon your judgment and discretion, is a consideration that may well make a man pause before he acts; and the impulses of mere humanity and self-preservation must be greatly heightened in these operations by the recollection that with you must perish all you may have done and must terminate your efforts to do more—for to little end have been all your exertions if, by one false step on your part, the fruits of them are to lie buried with yourself under a wreath of snow.

“In essaying to describe all this to you, I know that I am attempting an impossibility, and may have only succeeded in fatiguing without amusing or instructing you; for how can you form a notion of situations which have never suggested themselves to your imagination, as the Persians say ‘even in a dream’? and perhaps, after all, you may best come to estimate our sufferings from the declaration which I make in all good faith and sincerity, so far as I can answer for myself, that I know no consideration upon earth, short of absolute and imperative duty, which would induce me to undertake such another journey at such a season—season I repeat emphatically, because to season alone we owe all our hardships. The same trip

might be made in autumn and early winter, or even in summer, in spite of the heat, without serious inconvenience, and, if time were taken for moderate rest, with comfort and pleasure.

“You may suppose that all this has not been gone through without some loss of corporeal substance, but you would scarcely believe the amount of reduction it has perpetrated upon my tabernacle of clay: little indeed remains of the moderately stout ‘gentleman’ whom I represented when we parted. I should serve now better for the study of a human skeleton to a student of anatomy. But in health, thank Heaven! I never was better; I am strong in mind and body, and up to any exploit; and so dear ——, with humble and hearty thanks to the Almighty for preservation in so many dangers, I close this long epistle: my next will probably give you some account of our doings at Tehran.”

From these “doings at Tehran” we should have been glad to extract some graver pieces of information than those which Mr. Fraser gives us; but his political conclusions are all kept for the private ear of the noble Lord who despatched him on his mission, and we are forced to content ourselves with the mere *tableaux* of society and details of the Court gossip at Tehran.

One of Mr. Fraser’s first visits was to the ex-English Ambassador, Meerza Abul Hussun Khan, whom Mr. Morier has introduced to us all so pleasantly in “Hajji Baba.” The old gentleman was mightily pleased at the liberties taken with him. “It was,” he said, “very bad, sir, very bad; no true, sir; no honest, ’pon my honour, sir;” and he interlarded his strange English, writes Mr. Fraser, with some more correct, though not more complimentary remarks in Persian. “It was the time of the Persian new year, and when all the world pays complimentary visits.”

“We called on old Meerza Abul Hussun Khan to wish him ‘a happy Eede’ but we found him laid up, suffering sadly from mischievous boils in the fattest parts of his fat carcass; he was full of pain and scandal, which last, of a political nature, he loves as well as ever an old maiden at home does a bit of secret, family, or personal history: you know we can have none here in which the ladies are concerned, and there would be but poor amusement for your home scandal-mongers; but it does not languish for want of the beverage which is said to be so great a promoter of it in England, for we chat

here over a capital dish of tea, too sweet for home palates, perfect syrup, and generally without milk, but excellent in flavour.

“The old gentleman is truly a sad abusive person; he has no measure in talking of those he dislikes, and many a bitter sarcasm he vented to-day, and many an absurd anecdote did he tell in his strange mixture of Persian and English. Among other things, however, he mentioned a rather spirited *on dit* of the old King. The Prince Governor of Fars, Hassan Allee Meerza, who, like many of his Royal brothers, is very remiss in revenue matters, has suffered so long a time to elapse without even the smallest apology for a remittance, that the Schah has at length lost all patience, and threatens to go himself to Sheerauz and collect the money. A day or two ago, it is said, he broke out with perfect fury, and ordered the following message to be forthwith sent to the Prince:—‘Either you are *yaghee* (in a state of rebellion), or you are not; if the latter, send all arrears without delay—if the former, say so honestly, and come and meet the Schah with your army. The Schah will be on the road to Fars after the *mohurrum*.—*Bismillah!* Come to Khooskizurd, and fight it out there!’”

Another great personage at court is thus introduced, and the reader will admire his feats of war and wine:—

“*March 23.*—A cold frosty wind—water frozen out of doors. While the Envoy was receiving a visit from the Malek-ul-Shäer, or poet-laureate, son and successor of old Futch Allee Khan, from whom I had formerly received great kindness, we were informed that a certain nobleman, a cousin of the King’s, Hassan Allee Khan Kajar, a brother of Aga Mahomed Khan, is a very fine dashing fellow. It was he who, by a spirited charge on the heights Aberân during the last war with Russia, was chiefly instrumental of causing a battalion of Russian regulars to lay down their arms; but he has one great fault; he is not only a *khoosh goozerân*, or *bon vivant*, but a downright drunkard. Hours and days does he pass in drinking; and, as the garden of the residency is one of the pleasantest spots within the walls of Tehran, this jolly Khan frequently honours it with his presence, and spends the live-long day under the shade of the cypresses, glass in hand. On this occasion, after paying his respects to the Envoy, he retired to his favourite retreat, with a store of good liquor which he had provided; and, piercing cold though it was, commenced his orgies. Even so late as near 8 o’clock at night, when we were all sitting after dinner over our sober glass of wine, we heard he was still there. We had just then taken a sip of delicious rum-shrub as a liqueur, and somebody observed, ‘How Hassan Allee Khan would smack his lips

at this !' 'Let us send it to him,' said the Envoy. 'By all means : say we have just been tasting it, and having approved of it, we send it to the Khan, in hopes he may take a glass.' In a very short while the Khan returned for answer, 'that the Elchees' wine was excellent, and that in lieu thereof he sent a bottle of his own, with his respects, and hoping that it would prove to the taste of the gentlemen.' It turned out to be very tolerable Tehran wine, of a bright light Madeira colour, and a flavour which, if improved by a few years' keeping, would have been excellent.

"Next day, March 24th, we went to visit this determined toper, who received us in one of the prettiest rooms I have seen in Persia. It is what is called a *zere-zemeen*, or vaulted cellar, underground, somewhat in the form of a cross, the walls of which are fitted up beautifully with mosaic work, in lackered tiles, for about three feet from the floor, and the rest with plaster, cut into *tákchehs*, or sundry little niches and recesses, all neatly ornamented. In each *tákcheh* there was a *bouquet* of waxen flowers, imitating lilies, jonquils, guelder and tube-roses, &c., and a quantity of oranges and lemons, ornamented with gilding, were ranged round the surbase of the apartment. There was but one window at the top of the cross, and under this there were pots and frames of flowers and green things, and fruits were placed all round it. The fire-place was opposite, at the bottom, and on either side of it we sat ! The roof was a pure white shining plaster, ornamented with a carved pattern, and the corners were cut curiously into a multitude of little arches, propping each other, after a form common in the country, but difficult to describe. The whole thing had a most pleasing effect, and I am told that it is the coolest room in Tehran in summer, and the warmest in winter. The Khan does not let the beauties or comforts of this pleasant apartment be lost for lack of use, for I am informed that he occasionally has the most capital *recherché* dinners here, followed by symposia, at which there is no lack of his favourite amber-coloured liquor ; and I have heard of his giving a feast of this sort to his English friends, with the whole floor of the room spread three or four inches deep with rose leaves ! There is a poetical flight of a Persian Khan for you ! They say, poor man, that a soft substratum to recline upon is quite necessary, as before the feast is over he is generally fast asleep upon the floor unable to move a limb."

A number of strange and lively pictures of manners and men follow each other in amusing succession. One day Mr. Fraser was modelling in wax an article which he wished to have made in silver. His old Persian master stood

watching him with the profoundest attention, without, however, saying a word. At last, on being told for what the model was intended, "See now," said he with a most triumphant smile, "what a good thing is patience: ten times I was on the point of asking, but I restrained myself, saying inwardly time will show, and behold now you have told me yourself." This puts me in mind of a story of Huzrut-e-Daood (David) and Locman (the Persian Æsop). Locman was a particular friend of Daood's, and came in one day while he was employed in making a suit of armour. David, you know, was one of the best armourers that ever existed. Well, Locman saw him twisting and turning the metal, and fashioning rings and links, and joining them together, and much he longed to know what all this was for. At length Huzrut-e-Daood finished his work, and having put on the coat of mail, said to Locman, "Do you see this armour? Is it not an excellent thing? How well it defends a man in the day of battle." "Ay," said Locman; "but do you see how excellent a thing is patience? Here have I been for days watching what you were about, and never asked what it might be for; and lo! now you have told me yourself."

The legend is certainly curious, though the moral is puzzling: we cannot understand why the learned Locman should have exercised such unnecessary patience. We are introduced by Mr. Fraser to the late Schah, and all the dignitaries, amusements, and manners of his court. Those who are curious about the cookery of this polite people should read Mr. Fraser's description of a grand entertainment given by the Queen to the English diplomatic corps:—

"The dinner was a much better concern; it was a most plentiful and excellent display of the best native dishes, capitally cooked, and followed by a dessert of sweetmeats also *à la mode de Perse*; to wash down which we had excellent Madeira, very good wine of Ispahan, and a sort of champagne, which I believe was Donsky wine, a very pleasant beverage, in which we toasted the health of the *Schah-in-schah*, to the great amusement—I hope, too, to the satisfaction—of the Khans, who dined by themselves at their ease at the other table, not making use, as we did, of the vulgar appliances of knives and forks.

“ I need scarcely attempt to describe to you the various excellent dishes we discussed—of the *naringe* pillaw, and the *kajaree* pillaw, and the *aushe* pillaw, and the *subzee* pillaw, or the *mootanjân*, or the *fizenjân*, or the various *moosommahs* or stews ; the fowls and partridges stewed to rags in sweet and sour sauces ; the multitude of *cookkoos* or omelettes, and the sweetmeats and pickles to relish them ; for, though your mouth might water, I should despair of conveying to you an idea of their conjoint or individual excellences ; but I daresay you will comprehend the luxury of the great bowls of sherbet, orange, lemon, cinnamon, or rose-water, with lumps of ice floating in them, and of the very nice shapes of cream and ice-water which terminated our refection, in a hot night of May, rendered more stifling by the heat and glare of a thousand lamps. The evening’s amusements terminated with a most brilliant and varied display of fireworks, representing, as they said, cypress trees and chinars, and many other shapes, in most profuse and dazzling abundance ; but, as no description can convey an idea of these things, I can spare you the tediousness of one, and will only say that when we returned, all, as I believe, were very well satisfied with our evening’s amusement, which certainly was most kindly meant and liberally provided for.

“ Curiosity and love of physic (writes Mr. Fraser), are two ever-ruling passions in the Persian breast, male and female.

“ Accordingly, whenever a medical man arrives he is sure to be pestered out of his life by people coming to stare at him, and get medicine out of him, if they can make out a pretext ; and, however stout they may seem, few there are who cannot invent some imaginary ache or ail of their own, or some of their family, to entitle them to a dose ; you would swear that there were no such thing as health here, or that the possessors of it detested it. The gentleman who has arrived in medical charge of the British detachment has had his share of this annoying practice, and being at length extremely incommoded by the number of persons who flocked on those pretences to his dwelling, he resolved to give a check to such impertinence on the first fitting opportunity. One day, on returning home, he found, more to his surprise than his satisfaction, two men, strangers, quietly praying on the carpet of his apartment. They proved to be two Persians, one of them himself a doctor, who had come to look at the new ‘ *Hakeem Eerengee*,’ but who, finding him from home, had resolved to await his arrival. In the meantime, being overtaken by the hour of prayer, they had coolly taken out their *mohurs*, or praying-pats of clay, and popping them down on the doctor’s carpet, had commenced this most mechanical duty of lip-deep devotion.

"The doctor, pretty considerably exasperated at this freedom, demanded somewhat sternly what they wanted. The men, taken unawares, and frightened at the doctor's obvious displeasure, stammered out that they were sick persons desiring his assistance. 'Very well! what are your complaints?' The one, who at some former time had had some ailment, delivered a narrative of symptoms, to which the doctor listened with grim gravity.—'And you,' said he, turning to the other somewhat fiercely, 'what have you to say.'

"This one, who was the *medico*, frightened out of his wits, began a statement of the case of a patient of his own, on which, as he said, he wished to consult with his *Ferengée* brother; but all this he enunciated in so stammering and confused a manner, that the doctor, who did not understand a word, was confirmed in his suspicions of their being impostors. He therefore sent for his hospital assistant, a smart little Armenian. 'These fellows,' said he, 'are humbugging, I am sure of it; but at all events a good dose of the black draught will do them no harm: give them one apiece; and mind—see that they take it—do you hear?' '*Be chushm!*—by my eyes!' said the little man, and off he went, followed by the two unwilling patients, pale, trembling, and longing to make a bolt; but they were too well watched for that; into the fatal apartment they were forced to enter.

"A few minutes passed in awful preparation, during which the small apothecary was busily employed with his drugs. '*Bismillah!*' said he at last, presenting the unlovely potion. 'Excuse me, not the least occasion,' stammered the patient. 'No excuse—drink you must,' says the pestle-man firmly, and the liquor was bolted. 'And now for you, friend,' says he to the doctor, meting out to him a handsome allowance. 'I beg to represent that I am not the patient,' timidly, but earnestly, utters the man of skill. 'Pshah!—no patient! then why came you here?—that's all nonsense. No representations; my orders are precise—take it you must and shall!' And the unlucky sage, frightened from further remonstrance, made a rueful grimace, and swallowed his potion. 'Now,' says the apothecary, who was resolved to complete the affair in a business-like manner, 'now you must pay me for my physic—come—five *sahebherâns* apiece—down with the dust.' Here the remonstrances became more earnest and strong, and history saith not which party prevailed in this appendix to the previous contest; but that the dose was effectual there is no room to doubt, for the poor physician, who was an acquaintance of one of the members of the mission, came to call on him almost immediately afterwards, and soon got upon the

subject that was uppermost in his mind, if not in his stomach. 'He is a strange person, that new hakeem of yours,' said he, with an expression of terror still lingering in his features; 'very skilful, no doubt, but a little hasty or so, don't you think? I have a capital story to tell you about him, but,' clapping his hands suddenly upon his abdomen, as if caught by a twinge of pain, 'I haven't time to tell it now, I must be off—may God protect you!' and off he scoured as if he feared he might already be too late."

With which delectable anecdote and catastrophe we must close our extracts from this amusing book. We are sorry that Mr. Fraser's powers as an artist have not been put in requisition to illustrate the anecdotes which he tells so pleasantly. His hardships in his Tatar ride, his observations in his sojourn in the Persian cities, and among the great men, and the particulars of his travels among the Turcoman tribes are all most interesting, and we cordially recommend his work to the reader.

(*The Times*, November 16, 1838.)

*A SECOND LECTURE ON THE FINE ARTS, BY
MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQUIRE.*

THE EXHIBITIONS.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, HAMPSTEAD.

MY DEAR BRICABRAC,—You, of course, remember the letter on the subject of our exhibitions which I addressed to you this time last year. As you are now lying at the Hôtel Dieu, wounded during the late unsuccessful *émeute* (which I think, my dear friend, is the seventeenth you have been engaged in), and as the letter which I wrote last year was received with unbounded applause by the people here, and caused a sale of three or four editions of this Magazine, I cannot surely, my dear Bricabrac, do better than send you another sheet or two, which may console you under your present bereavement, and at the same time amuse the British public, who now know their friend Titmarsh as well as you in France know that little scamp Thiers.

Well, then, from “Jack Straw’s Castle,” an hotel on Hampstead’s breezy heath, which Keats, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, F. W. N. Bayley, and others of our choicest spirits, have often patronised, and a heath of which every pool, bramble, furze-bush-with-clothes-hanging-on-it-to-dry, steep, stock, stone, tree, lodging-house, and distant gloomy background of London city, or bright green stretch of sunshiny Hertfordshire meadows, has been depicted by our noble English landscape-painter, Constable, in his own Constabulary way—at “Jack Straw’s Castle,” I say, where I at this present moment am located (not that it matters in the least, but the world is

always interested to know where men of genius are accustomed to disport themselves), I cannot do better than look over the heap of picture-gallery catalogues which I brought with me from London, and communicate to you, my friend in Paris, my remarks thereon.

A man with five shillings to spare may at this present moment half kill himself with pleasure in London town, and in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, by going from one picture gallery to another, and examining the beauties and absurdities which are to be found in each. There is first the National Gallery (entrance, nothing), in one wing of the little gin-shop of a building so styled near Saint Martin's Church; in another wing is the exhibition of the Royal Academy (entrance, one shilling; catalogue, one ditto). After having seen this, you come to the Water-Colour Exhibition in Pall Mall East; then to the gallery in Suffolk Street; and, finally, to the New Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall,—a pretty room, which formerly used to be a gambling-house, where many a bout of seven's-the-main, and iced champagne, has been had by the dissipated in former days. All these collections (all the modern ones, that is) deserve to be noticed, and contain a deal of good, bad, and indifferent wares, as is the way with all other institutions in this wicked world.

Commençons donc avec le commencement—with the exhibition of the Royal Academy, which consists, as everybody knows, of thirty-eight knight and esquire Academicians, and nineteen simple and ungenteel Associates, who have not so much as a shabby Mister before their names. I recollect last year facetiously ranging these gentlemen in rank according to what I conceived to be their merits,—King Mulready, Prince Maclise, Lord Landseer, Archbishop Eastlake (according to the best of my memory, for “Jack Straw,” strange to say, does not take in *Fraser's Magazine*), and so on. At present, a great number of new-comers, not Associates even, ought to be elevated to these aristocratic dignities; and, perhaps, the order ought to be somewhat changed. There are many more good pictures (here and elsewhere) than there were last year. A great stride has been taken in matters of art, my dear friend. The young painters are stepping forward. Let the

old fogies look to it ; let the old Academic Olympians beware, for there are fellows among the rising race who bid fair to oust them from sovereignty. They have not yet arrived at the throne, to be sure, but they are near it. The lads are not so good as the best of the Academicians ; but many of the Academicians are infinitely worse than the lads, and are old, stupid, and cannot improve, as the younger and more active painters will.

If you are particularly anxious to know what is the best picture in the room, not the biggest (Sir David Wilkie's is the biggest, and exactly contrary to the best), I must request you to turn your attention to a noble river-piece by J. W. M. Turner, Esquire, R.A., "The Fighting 'Téméraire'"—as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any Academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old "Téméraire" is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume ? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it ; while behind it (a cold grey moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. I think, my dear Bricabrac (although, to be sure, your nation would be somewhat offended by such a collection of trophies), that we ought not, in common gratitude, to sacrifice entirely these noble old champions of ours, but that we should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons, which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were done in them. The bones of the "Agamemnon" and the "Captain," the "Vanguard," the "Culloden," and the "Victory" ought to be sacred relics, for Englishmen to worship almost. Think of them when alive, and braving the battle and the breeze, they carried Nelson and his heroes victorious by the Cape of Saint Vincent, in the dark waters of Aboukir, and through the fatal conflict of

Trafalgar. All these things, my dear Bricabrac, are, you will say, absurd, and not to the purpose. Be it so; but Bowbellites as we are, we Cockneys feel our hearts leap up when we recall them to memory; and every clerk in Threadneedle Street feels the strength of a Nelson, when he thinks of the mighty actions performed by him.

It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so poetically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria," in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of "God save the King" was introduced. The very instant it began, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his "Fighting 'Téméraire';" which I am sure, when the art of translating colours into music or poetry shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

I must tell you, however, that Mr. Turner's performances are for the most part quite incomprehensible to me; and that his other pictures, which he is pleased to call "Cicero at his Villa," "Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus," "Pluto carrying off Proserpina," or what you will, are not a whit more natural, or less mad, than they used to be in former years, since he has forsaken nature, or attempted (like your French barbers) to embellish it. *On n'embellit pas la nature*, my dear Bricabrac; one may make pert caricatures of it, or mad exaggerations like Mr. Turner in his fancy pieces. O ye gods! why will he not stick to copying her majestical countenance, instead of daubing it with some absurd antics and fard of his own? Fancy pea-green skies, crimson-lake trees, and orange and purple grass—fancy cataracts, rainbows,

suns, moons, and thunderbolts—shake them well up, with a quantity of gamboge, and you will have an idea of a fancy picture by Turner. It is worth a shilling alone to go and see “Pluto and Proserpina.” Such a landscape! such figures! such a little red-hot coal-scuttle of a chariot! As Nat Lee sings—

“Methought I saw a hieroglyphic bat
Skim o’er the surface of a slipshod hat;
While, to increase the tumult of the skies,
A damned potato o’er the whirlwind flies.”

If you can understand these lines, you can understand one of Turner’s landscapes; and I recommend them to him, as a pretty subject for a piece for next year.

Etty has a picture on the same subject as Turner’s “Pluto carrying off Proserpina;” and if one may complain that in the latter the figures are not indicated, one cannot at least lay this fault to Mr. Etty’s door. His figures *are* drawn, and a deuced deal *too much* drawn. A great large curtain of fig-leaves should be hung over every one of this artist’s pictures, and the world should pass on, content to know that there are some glorious colours painted beneath. His colour, indeed, is sublime: I doubt if Titian ever knew how to paint flesh better—but his taste! Not David nor Girodet ever offended propriety so—scarcely ever Peter Paul himself, by whose side, as a colourist and a magnificent heroic painter, Mr. Etty is sometimes worthy to stand. I wish he would take Ariosto in hand, and give us a series of designs from him. His hand would be the very one for those deep luscious landscapes, and fiery scenes of love and battle. Besides “Proserpine,” Mr. Etty has two more pictures, “Endymion,” with a dirty, affected, beautiful, slatternly Diana, and a portrait of the “Lady Mayoress of York,” which is a curiosity in its way. The line of her Ladyship’s eyes and mouth (it is a front face) are made to meet at a point in a marabou feather which she wears in her turban, and close to her cheekbone; while the expression of the whole countenance is so fierce, that you would imagine it a Lady Macbeth, and not a lady mayoress. The picture has, nevertheless, some very fine painting about it—as which of Mr. Etty’s pieces has not?

The artists say there is very fine painting, too, in Sir David Wilkie's great "Sir David Baird;" for my part, I think very little. You see a great quantity of brown paint; in this is a great flashing of torches, feathers, and bayonets. You see in the foreground, huddled up in a rich heap of corpses and drapery, Tippoo Sahib; and swaggering over him on a step, waving a sword for no earthly purpose, and wearing a red jacket and buckskins, the figure of Sir David Baird. The picture is poor, feeble, theatrical; and I would just as soon have Mr. Hart's great canvas of "Lady Jane Grey" (which is worth exactly twopence-halfpenny) as Sir David's poor picture of "Seringapatam." Some of Sir David's portraits are worse even than his historical compositions—they seem to be painted with snuff and tallow-grease: the faces are merely indicated, and without individuality; the forms only half-drawn, and almost always wrong. What has come to the hand that painted "The Blind Fiddler" and "The Chelsea Pensioners"? Who would have thought that such a portrait as that of "Master Robert Donne," or the composition entitled "The Grandfather," could ever have come from the author of "The Rent Day" and "The Reading of the Will"? If it be but a contrast to this feeble, flimsy, transparent figure of Master Donne, the spectator cannot do better than cast his eyes upwards, and look at Mr. Linnell's excellent portrait of "Mr. Robert Peel." It is real substantial nature, carefully and honestly painted, and without any flashy tricks of art. It may seem ungracious in "us youth" thus to fall foul of our betters; but if Sir David has taught us to like good pictures, by painting them formerly, we cannot help criticising if he paints bad ones now: and bad they most surely are.

From the censure, however, must be excepted the picture of "Grace before Meat," which, a little misty and feeble, perhaps, in drawing and substance, in colour, feeling, composition, and expression is exquisite. The eye loves to repose upon this picture, and the heart to brood over it afterwards. When, as I said before, lines and colours come to be translated into sounds, this picture, I have no doubt, will turn out to be a sweet and touching hymn-tune, with rude notes of cheerful voices, and peal of soft melodious organ, such as one hears

stealing over the meadows on sunshiny Sabbath-days, while waves under cloudless blue the peaceful golden corn. Some such feeling of exquisite pleasure and content is to be had, too, from Mr. Eastlake's picture of "Our Lord and the Little Children." You never saw such tender white faces, and solemn eyes, and sweet forms of mothers round their little ones bending gracefully. These pictures come straight to the heart, and then all criticism and calculation vanish at once,—for the artist has attained his great end, which is, to strike far deeper than the sight; and we have no business to quarrel about defects in form and colour, which are but little parts of the great painter's skill.

Look, for instance, at another piece of Mr. Eastlake's, called, somewhat affectedly, "*La Svegliarina*." The defects of the painter, which one does not condescend to notice when he is filled with a great idea, become visible instantly when he is only occupied with a small one; and you see that the hand is too scrupulous and finikin, the drawing weak, the flesh chalky, and unreal. The very same objections exist to the other picture, but the subject and the genius overcome them.

Passing from Mr. Eastlake's pictures to those of a greater genius, though in a different line,—look at Mr. Leslie's little pieces. Can anything be more simple—almost rude—than their manner, and more complete in their effect upon the spectator? The very soul of comedy is in them; there is no coarseness, no exaggeration; but they gladden the eye, and the merriment which they excite cannot possibly be more pure, gentlemanlike, or delightful. Mr. Maclise has humour, too, and vast powers of expressing it; but whisky is not more different from rich burgundy than his fun from Mr. Leslie's. To our thinking, Leslie's little head of "Sancho" is worth the whole picture from "*Gil Blas*," which hangs by it. In point of workmanship, this is, perhaps, the best picture that Mr. Maclise ever painted; the colour is far better than that usually employed by him, and the representation of objects carried to such an extent as we do believe was never reached before. There is a poached egg, which one could swallow; a trout, that beats all the trout that was ever seen; a copper pan, scoured so clean that you might see your face in it; a green

blind, through which the sun comes ; and a wall, with the sun shining on it, that De Hooghe could not surpass. This young man has the greatest power of hand that was ever had, perhaps, by any painter in any time or country. What does he want ? Polish, I think ; thought, and cultivation. His great picture of “ King Richard and Robin Hood ” is a wonder of dexterity of hand ; but coarse, I think, and inefficient in humour. His models repeat themselves too continually. Allen-a-Dale, the harper, is the very counterpart of Gil Blas ; and Robin Hood is only Apollo with whiskers : the same grin, the same display of grinders,—the same coarse luscious mouth, belongs to both. In the large picture, everybody grins, and shows his whole *râtelier* ; and you look at them and say, “ These people seem all very jolly.” Leslie’s characters do not laugh themselves, but they make *you* laugh ; and this is where the experienced American artist beats the dashing young Irish one. We shall say nothing of the colour of Mr. Maclise’s large picture ; some part appears to us to be excellent, and the whole piece, as far as execution goes, is worthy of his amazing talents and high reputation. Mr. Maclise has but one portrait ; it is, perhaps, the best in the exhibition : sober in colour, wonderful for truth, effect, and power of drawing.

In speaking of portraits, there is never much to say ; and they are fewer, and for the most part more indifferent, than usual. Mr. Pickersgill has a good one, a gentleman in a green chair ; and one or two outrageously bad. Mr. Phillips’s “ Doctor Sheppard ” is a finely painted head and picture ; his Lady Dunraven, and her son, as poor, ill drawn, and ill coloured a performance as can possibly be. Mr. Wood has a pretty head ; Mr. Stone a good portrait of a very noble-looking lady, the Hon. Mrs. Blackwood ; Mr. Bewick a good one ; and there are, of course, many others whose names might be mentioned with praise or censure, but whom we will, if you please, pass over altogether.

The great advance of the year is in the small historical compositions, of which there are many that deserve honourable mention. Redgrave’s “ Return of Olivia to the Vicar ” has some very pretty painting and feeling in it ; “ Quentin Matsys,” by the same artist, is tolerably good. D. Cowper’s

“Othello relating his Adventures,” really beautiful; as is Cope’s “Belgian Family.” All these are painted with grace, feeling, and delicacy; as is E. M. Ward’s “Cimabue and Giotto” (there is in Tiepolo’s etchings the self-same composition, by the way); and Herbert’s elegant picture of the “Brides of Venice.” Mr. Severn’s composition from the “Ancient Mariner” is a noble performance; and the figure of the angel with raised arm awful and beautiful too. It does good to see such figures in pictures as those and the above, invented and drawn,—for they belong, as we take it, to the best school of art, of which one is glad to see the daily spread among our young painters.

Mr. Charles Landseer’s “Pillage of a Jew’s House” is a very well and carefully painted picture, containing a great many figures and good points; but we are not going to praise it: it wants vigour, to our taste, and what you call *actualité*. The people stretch their arms and turn their eyes the proper way, but as if they were in a tableau and paid for standing there; one longs to see them all in motion and naturally employed.

I feel, I confess, a kind of delight in finding out Mr. Edwin Landseer in a bad picture; for the man paints so wonderfully well, that one is angry that he does not paint better, which he might with half his talent, and without half his facility. “Van Amburgh and the Lions” is a bad picture, and no mistake; dexterous, of course, but flat and washy: the drawing even of the animals is careless; that of the man bad, though the head is very like, and very smartly painted. Then there are other dog-and-man portraits; “Miss Peel with Fido,” for instance. Fido is wonderful, and so are the sponges, and hair-brushes, and looking-glass, prepared for the dog’s bath; and the drawing of the child’s face, as far as the lines and expression go, is very good; but the face is covered with flesh-coloured paint, and not flesh, and the child looks like a wonderful doll, or imitation child, and not a real young lady, daughter of a gentleman who was prime minister last week (by-the-bye, my dear Bricabrac, did you ever read of such a pretty Whig game as that, and such a nice *coup d’état*?) There, again, is the beautiful little Princess of Cambridge, with a

dog, and a piece of biscuit: the dog and the biscuit are just perfection; but the princess is no such thing,—only a beautiful apology for a princess, like that which Princess Penelope *didn't* send the other day to the Lord Mayor of London.

We have to thank you (and not our Academy, which has hung the picture in a most scurvy way) for Mr. Scheffer's "Prêche Protestant." This fine composition has been thrust down on the ground, and trampled under foot, as it were, by a great number of worthless Academics; but it merits one of the very best places in the gallery; and I mention it to hint an idea to your worship, which only could come from a great mind like that of Titmarsh,—to have, namely, some day a great European congress of paintings, which might be exhibited at one place,—Paris, say, as the most central; or, better still, travel about, under the care of trusty superintendents, as they might, without fear of injury. I think such a circuit would do much to make the brethren known to one another, and we should hear quickly of much manly emulation, and stout training for the contest. If you will mention this to Louis Philippe the next time you see that *roi citoyen* (mention it soon,—for, egad! the next *émeute* may be successful; and who knows when it will happen?)—if you will mention this at the Tuileries, *we* will take care of Saint James's; for I suppose that you know, in spite of the Whigs, her most sacred Majesty reads every word of *Fraser's Magazine*, and will be as sure to see this on the first of next month, as Lord Melbourne will be to dine with her on that day.

But let us return to our muttons. I think there are few more of the oil pictures about which it is necessary to speak; and besides them, there are a host of miniatures, difficult to expatiate upon, but pleasing to behold. There are Chalon's ogling beauties, half-a-dozen of them; and the skill with which their silks and satins are dashed in by the painter is a marvel to the beholder. There are Ross's heads, that to be seen must be seen through a microscope. There is Saunders, who runs the best of the miniature men very hard; and Thorburn, with Newton, Robertson, Rochard, and a host of others: and, finally, there is the sculpture-room, containing many pieces of clay and marble, and, to my notions, but two

good things, a sleeping child (ridiculously called the Lady Susan Somebody), by Westmacott; and the bust of Miss Stuart, by Macdonald: never was anything on earth more exquisitely lovely.

These things seen, take your stick from the porter at the hall door, cut it, and go to fresh picture galleries; but ere you go, just by way of contrast, and to soothe your mind, after the glare and bustle of the modern collection, take half-an-hour's repose in the National Gallery; where, before the "Bacchus and Ariadne," you may see what the magic of colour is; before "Christ and Lazarus" what is majestic, solemn grace and awful beauty; and before the new "Saint Catherine" what is the real divinity of art. Oh, Eastlake and Turner!—Oh, Maclise and Mulready! you are all very nice men; but what are you to the men of old?

* * * * *

Issuing then from the National Gallery—you may step over to Farrance's by the way, if you like, and sip an ice, or bolt a couple of dozen forced-meat balls in a basin of mock-turtle soup—issuing, I say, from the National Gallery, and after refreshing yourself or not, as your purse or appetite permits, you arrive speedily at the Water-Colour Exhibition, and cannot do better than enter. I know nothing more cheerful or sparkling than the first *coup d'œil* of this little gallery. In the first place, you never can enter it without finding four or five pretty women, that's a fact; pretty women with pretty pink bonnets peeping at pretty pictures, and with sweet whispers vowing that Mrs. Seyffarth is a dear delicious painter, and that her style is "so soft;" and that Miss Sharpe paints every bit as well as her sister; and that Mr. Jean Paul Frederick Richter draws the loveliest things, to be sure, that ever were seen. Well, very likely the ladies are right, and it would be unpolite to argue the matter; but I wish Mrs. Seyffarth's gentlemen and ladies were not so dreadfully handsome, with such white pillars of necks, such long eyes and lashes, and such dabs of carmine at the mouth and nostrils. I wish Miss Sharpe would not paint Scripture subjects, and Mr. Richter great goggle-eyed, red-cheeked, simpering wenches,

whose ogling has become odious from its repetition. However, the ladies like it, and, of course, must have their way.

If you want to see *real* nature, now, real expression, real startling home poetry, look at every one of Hunt's heads. Hogarth never painted anything better than these figures, taken singly. That man rushing away frightened from the beer-barrel is a noble head of terror; that Miss Jemima Crow, whose whole body is a grin, regards you with an ogle that all the race of Richters could never hope to imitate. Look at yonder card-players; they have a penny pack of the devil's books, and one has just laid down the king of trumps! I defy you to look at him without laughing, or to examine the wondrous puzzled face of his adversary without longing to hug the greasy rogue. Come hither, Mr. Maclise, and see what genuine comedy is; you who can paint better than all the Hunts and Leslie's, and yet not near so well. If I were the Duke of Devonshire, I would have a couple of Hunts in every room in all my houses; if I had the blue-devils (and even their graces are, I suppose, occasionally so troubled), I would but cast my eyes upon these grand good-humoured pictures, and defy care. Who does not recollect "Before and After the Mutton Pie," the two pictures of that wondrous boy? Where Mr. Hunt finds his models, I cannot tell; they are the very flower of the British youth; each of them is as good as "Sancho;" blessed is he that has his portfolio full of them.

There is no need to mention to you the charming landscapes of Cox, Copley Fielding, De Wint, Gastineau, and the rest. A new painter, somewhat in the style of Harding, is Mr. Callow; and better, I think, than his master or original, whose colours are too gaudy to my taste, and effects too glaringly theatrical.

Mr. Cattermole has, among others, two very fine drawings; a large one, the most finished and the best coloured of any which have been exhibited by this fine artist; and a smaller one, "The Portrait," which is charming. The portrait is that of Jane Seymour or Anne Boleyn; and Henry VIII. is the person examining it, with the Cardinal at his side, the painter before him, and one or two attendants. The picture

seems to me a perfect masterpiece, very simply coloured and composed, but delicious in effect and tone, and telling the story to a wonder. It is much more gratifying, I think, to let a painter tell his own story in this way, than to bind him down to a scene of "Ivanhoe" or "Uncle Toby;" or worse still, to an illustration of some wretched story in some wretched fribble Annual. Woe to the painter who falls into the hands of Mr. Charles Heath (I speak, of course, not of Mr. Heath personally, but in a Pickwickian sense—of Mr. Heath the Annual-monger); he ruins the young artist, sucks his brains out, emasculates his genius so as to make it fit company for the purchasers of Annuals. Take, for instance, that unfortunate young man, Mr. Corbould, who gave great promise two years since, painted a pretty picture last year, and now—he has been in the hands of the Annual-mongers, and has left well-nigh all his vigour behind him. Numerous Zuleikas and Lalla Rookhs, which are hanging about the walls of the Academy and the New Water-Colour Gallery, give lamentable proofs of this: such handsome Turks and leering sultanas; such Moors, with straight noses and pretty curled beards! Away, Mr. Corbould! away while it is yet time, out of the hands of these sickly heartless Annual sirens! and ten years hence, when you have painted a good, vigorous, healthy picture, bestow the tear of gratitude upon Titmarsh, who tore you from the lap of your crimson-silk-and-gilt-edged Armida.

Mr. Cattermole has a couple, we will not say of imitators, but of friends, who admire his works very much; these are, Mr. Nash and Mr. Lake Price; the former paints furniture and old houses, the latter old houses and furniture, and both very pretty. No harm can be said of these miniature scene-painters; on the contrary, Mr. Price's "Gallery at Hardwicke" is really remarkably dexterous; and the chairs, tables, curtains, and pictures are nicked off with extraordinary neatness and sharpness—and then? why then, no more is to be said. Cobalt, sepia, and a sable pencil will do a deal of work, to be sure; and very pretty it is, too, when done: and as for finding fault with it, that nobody will and can; but an artist wants something more than sepia, cobalt, and sable pencils, and the knowledge how to use them. What do you think, my

dear Bricabrac, of a little *genius*?—*that's* the picture-painter, depend on it.

Being on the subject of water-colours, we may as well step into the New Water-Colour Exhibition: not so good as the old, but very good. You will see here a large drawing by Mr. Corbould of a tournament, which will show at once how clever that young artist is, and how weak and *maniéré*. You will see some charming unaffected English landscapes by Mr. Sims; and a capital Spanish Girl by Hicks, of which the flesh-painting cannot be too much approved. It is done without the heavy white, with which water-colour artists are now wont to belabour their pictures; and is, therefore, frankly and clearly painted, as all transparent water-colour drawing must be. The same praise of clearness, boldness, and depth of tone must be given to Mr. Absolon, who uses no white, and only just so much stippling as is necessary; his picture has the force of oil, and we should be glad to see his manner more followed.

Mr. Haghe's "Town Hall of Courtray" has attracted, and deservedly, a great deal of notice. It is a very fine and masterly architectural drawing, rich and sombre in effect, the figures introduced being very nearly as good as the rest of the picture. Mr. Haghe, we suppose, will be called to the upper house of water-colour painters, who might well be anxious to receive into their ranks many persons belonging to the new society. We hope, however, the latter will be faithful to themselves; there is plenty of room for two galleries, and the public must, ere long, learn to appreciate the merits of the new one. Having spoken a word in favour of Mr. Johnston's pleasing and quaintly-coloured South American sketches, we have but to bend our steps to Suffolk Street, and draw this discourse to a close.

Here is a very fine picture, indeed, by Mr. Hurlstone, "Olympia attacked by Bourbon's Soldiers in Saint Peter's and flying to the Cross." Seen from the further room, this picture is grand in effect and colour, and the rush of the armed men towards the girl finely and vigorously expressed. The head of Olympia has been called too calm by the critics;

it seems to me most beautiful, and the action of the figure springing forward and flinging its arms round the cross nobly conceived and executed. There is a good deal of fine Titianic painting in the soldiers' figures (oh, that Mr. Hurlstone would throw away his lampblack!), and the background of the church is fine, vast, and gloomy. This is the best historical picture to be seen anywhere this year; perhaps the worst is the one which stands at the other end of the room, and which strikes upon the eye as if it were an immense water-colour sketch of a feeble picture by President West. Speaking of historical paintings, I forgot to mention a large and fine picture by Mr. Dyce, the "Separation of Edwy and Elgiva;" somewhat crude and odd in colour, with a good deal of exaggeration in the countenances of the figures, but having grandeur in it, and unmistakable genius; there is a figure of an old woman seated, which would pass muster very well in a group of Sebastian Piombo.

A capitally painted head by Mr. Stone, called the "Sword-bearer," almost as fresh, bright, and vigorous as a Vandyke, is the portrait, we believe, of a brother artist, the clever actor Mr. M'lan. The latter's picture of "Sir Tristram in the Cave" deserves especial remark and praise; and is really as fine a dramatic composition as one will often see. The figures of the knight and the lady asleep in the foreground are novel, striking, and beautifully easy. The advance of the old King, who comes upon the lovers; the look of the hideous dwarf, who finds them out; and behind, the line of spears that are seen glancing over the rocks, and indicating the march of the unseen troops, are all very well conceived and arranged. The piece deserves engraving; it is wild, poetic, and original. To how many pictures, nowadays, can one apply the two last terms?

There are some more new pictures, in the midst of a great quantity of trash, that deserve notice. Mr. D. Cowper is always good; Mr. Stewart's "Grandfather" contains two excellent likenesses, and is a pleasing little picture. Mr. Hurlstone's "Italian Boy," and "Girl with a Dog," are excellent; and, in this pleasant mood, for fear of falling into an angry fit on coming to look further into the gallery, it will

be as well to conclude. Wishing many remembrances to Mrs. Bricabrac, and better luck to you in the next *émeute*, I beg here to bid you farewell and entreat you to accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration.

M. A. T.

*Au CITOYEN BRUTUS NAPOLÉON BRICABRAC, Réfugié d'Avril,
Blessé de Mai, Condamné de Juin, Décoré de Juillet,
&c. &c. Hôtel Dieu, à Paris.*

(Fraser's Magazine, June 1839.)

*A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY BY MICHAEL ANGELO
TITMARSH.*

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER TO MR. YORKE.

MY DEAR YORKE,—Do you remember the orders which you gave me at the close of our dinner last week at the Clarendon?—that dinner which you always provide upon my arrival in town from my country-seat; knowing full well that Titmarsh before he works must dine, and when he dines, must dine well? Do you, I say, remember the remarks which you addressed to me? Probably not; for that third bottle of Clos-Vougeot had evidently done your business, and you were too tipsy, even to pay the bill.

Well, let bills be bills, and what care we? There is Mr. James Fraser, our employer, master, publisher, purse-bearer, and friend, who has such a pleasure in paying that it is a pity to baulk him; and I never saw a man look more happy than he when he lugged out four five-pound notes to pay for that dinner of ours. What a scene it was! You asleep with your head in a dish of melted raspberry-ice; Mr. Fraser calm, beneficent, majestic, counting out the thirteens to the waiters; the Doctor and Mr. John Abraham Heraud singing “*Suoni la tromba intrepida*,” each clutching the other’s hand, and waving a punch-ladle or a dessert-knife in the unemployed paw, and the rest of us joining in chorus when they came to “*gridando liberta*.”—But I am wandering from the point: the address which you delivered to me on drinking my health was in substance this:—

“Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the splendid feast of

which you have partaken, and the celebrated company of individuals whom you see around you, will show you in what estimation myself and Mr. Fraser hold your talents,—not that the latter point is of any consequence, as I am the sole editor of the Magazine. Sir, you have been called to the metropolis from a very distant part of the country, your coach-hire and personal expenses have been defrayed, you have been provided with a suit of clothes that *ought* to become you, for they have been for at least six months the wonder of the town while exhibited on my own person; and you may well fancy that all these charges have not been incurred on our parts, without an expectation of some corresponding return from you. You are a devilish bad painter, sir; but never mind, Hazlitt was another, and old Peter Pindar was a miserable dauber; Mr. Alexander Pope, who wrote several pretty poems, was always busy with brush and palette, and made sad work of them. You, then, in common with these before-named illustrations, as my friend, Lady Morgan, calls them [Sir Charles returned thanks], are a wretched artist; but a tolerable critic—nay, a good critic—nay, let me say to your face, the best critic, the clearest, the soundest, the gayest, the most eloquent, the most pathetic, and, above all, the most honest critic in matters of art that is to be found in Her Majesty's dominions. And, therefore, Mr. Titmarsh, for we must give the deuce his due, you have been brought from your cottage near John O'Groat's or Land's End,—I forget which,—therefore you have been summoned to London at the present season.

“Sir, there are at this moment no less than five public exhibitions of pictures in the metropolis; and it will be your duty carefully to examine every one of them during your residence here, and bring us a full and accurate report upon all the pieces exhibited which are remarkable for goodness, badness, or mediocrity.”

I here got up; and, laying my hand on my satin waistcoat, looked up to heaven, and said, “Sir, I——”

“Sit down, sir, and keep your eternal wagging jaws quiet! Waiter! whenever that person attempts to speak, have the goodness to fill his mouth with olives or a damson cheese.—To proceed. Sir, and you, gentlemen, and you, O intelligent

public of Great Britain ! (for I know that every word I say is in some way carried to you) you must all be aware, I say, how wickedly,—how foully, basely, meanly—how, in a word, with-every-deteriorating-adverb that ends in *ly*—in *ly*, gentlemen [here Mr. Yorke looked round, and myself and Mr. Fraser, rather alarmed lest we should have let slip a pun, began to raise a low faint laugh]—you have all of you seen how the world has been imposed upon by persons calling themselves critics, who, in daily, weekly, monthly prints, protrude their nonsense upon the town. What are these men ? Are they educated to be painters ?—No ! Have they a taste for painting ?—No ! I know of newspapers in this town, gentlemen, which send their reporters indifferently to a police-office or a picture gallery, and expect them to describe Correggio or a fire in Fleet Street with equal fidelity. And, alas ! it must be confessed that our matter-of-fact public of England is itself but a dull appreciator of the arts, and is too easily persuaded by the dull critics who lay down their stupid laws.

“But we cannot expect, Mr. Titmarsh, to do any good to our beloved public by telling them merely that their instructors are impostors. Abuse is no argument, foul words admit of no pretence (you may have remarked that I never use them myself, but always employ the arts of gentlemanly persuasion), and we must endeavour to create a reform amongst the nations by simply preaching a purer and higher doctrine. Go you among the picture galleries, as you have done in former years, and prattle on at your best rate ; don’t philosophise, or define, or talk big, for I will cut out every line of such stuff, but speak in a simple natural way,—without fear, and without favour.

“Mark that latter word ‘favour’ well ; for you are a great deal too tender in your nature, and too profuse of compliments. Favour, sir, is the curse of the critical trade ; and you will observe how a spirit of *camaraderie* and partisanship prevails in matters of art especially. The picture-critics, as I have remarked, are eminently dull—dull and loud ; perfectly ignorant upon all subjects connected with art, never able to guess at the name of an artist without a catalogue and a number, quite unknowing whether a picture be well or ill

drawn, well or ill painted: they must prate, nevertheless, about light and shade, warm and cool colour, keeping, chiar-oscuro, and such other terms, from the Painters' Cant Dictionary, as they hear bandied about among the brethren of the brush.

"You will observe that such a critic has ordinarily his one or two idols that he worships; the one or two painters, namely, into whose studios he has free access, and from whose opinions he forms his own. There is Dash, for instance, of the Star newspaper; now and anon you hear him discourse of the fine arts, and you may take your affidavit that he has just issued from Blank's *atelier*: all Blank's opinions he utters—utters and garbles, of course; all his likings are founded on Blank's dicta, and all his dislikings: 'tis probable that Blank has a rival, one Asterisk, living over the way. In Dash's eye Asterisk is the lowest of creatures. At every fresh exhibition you read how 'Mr. Blank has transcended his already transcendent reputation;' 'Myriads are thronging round his glorious canvases;' 'Billions have been trampled to death while rushing to examine his grand portrait of Lady Smigmag;' 'His picture of Sir Claude Calipash is a gorgeous representation of aldermanic dignity and high chivalric grace!' As for Asterisk, you are told, 'Mr. Asterisk has two or three pictures—pretty, but weak, repetitions of his old faces and subjects in his old namby-pamby style. The Committee, we hear, rejected most of his pictures: the Committee are very compassionate. How *dared* they reject Mr. Blank's stupendous historical picture of So-and-so?'"

[Here, my dear sir, I am sorry to say that there was a general snore heard from the guests round the table, which rather disturbed the flow of your rhetoric. You swallowed down two or three pints of burgundy, however, and continued.]

"But I must conclude. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, you know your duty. You are an honest man [loud cheers, the people had awakened during the pause]. You must go forth determined to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; as far as you, a fallible creature [cries of 'No, no!'] know it. If you see a good picture, were it the work of your bitterest enemy—and you have hundreds—praise it."

"I will," gasped I.

"Hold your tongue, sir, and don't be interrupting me with your perpetual orations! If you see a bad picture, were it the work of your dearest associate, your brother, the friend of your bosom, your benefactor—cut, slash, slaughter him without mercy. Strip off humbug, sir, though it cover your best boon-companion. Praise merit, though it belong to your fiercest foe, your rival in the affections of your mistress, the man from whom you have borrowed money, or taken a beating in private!"

"Mr. Yorke," said I, clenching my fists and starting up, "this passes endurance, were you not intoxicated;" but two waiters here seized and held me down, luckily for you.

"Peace, Titmarsh" (said you); "'twas but raillery. Be honest, my friend, is all that I would say; and if you write a decent article on the exhibitions, Mr. Fraser will pay you handsomely for your trouble; and, in order that you may have every facility for visiting the picture galleries, I myself will give you a small sum in hand. Here are ten shillings. Five exhibitions, five shillings; catalogues, four. You will have twelve pence for yourself, to take refreshments in the intervals."

I held out my hand, for my anger had quite disappeared.

"Mr. Fraser," said you, "give the fellow half-a-sovereign; and, for Heaven's sake, teach him to be silent when a gentleman is speaking!"

What passed subsequently need not be stated here, but the above account of your speech is a pretty correct one; and, in pursuance of your orders, I busied myself with the exhibitions on the following day. The result of my labours will be found in the accompanying report. I have the honour, sir, of laying it at your feet, and of subscribing myself,

With the profoundest respect and devotion,

Sir,

Your very faithful and obedient Servant,

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

Moreland's Coffee House, Dean Street, Soho.

ΠΑΨΩΔΙΑ ἢ ΓΡΑΜΜΑ Α'.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HAD the author of the following paragraphs the pen of a Sir Walter Scott or a Lady Morgan, he would write something excessively brilliant and witty about the first day of the exhibition, and of the company which crowd the rooms upon that occasion. On Friday the Queen comes (Heaven bless Her Majesty!) attended by her courtiers and train; and deigns, with Royal eyes, to examine the works of her Royal Academicians. Her, as we are given to understand, the President receives, bowing profoundly, awe-stricken; his gold chain dangles from his presidential bosom, and sweet smiles of respectful courtesy light up his venerable face. Walking by Her Majesty's side, he explains to her the wonders of the show. "That, may it please your Majesty, is a picture representing yourself, painted by the good knight, Sir David Wilkie: deign to remark how the robes seem as if they were cut out of British oak, and the figure is as wooden as the figure-head of one of your Majesty's men-of-war. Opposite is your Majesty's Royal consort, by Mr. Patten. We have the honour to possess two more pairs of Pattens in this Academy—ha, ha! Round about you will see some of my own poor works of art. Yonder is Mr. Landseer's portrait of your Majesty's own cockatoo, with a brace of Hayavadats. Please your Royal Highness to look at the bit of biscuit; no baker could have done it more natural. Fair Maid of Honour, look at that lump of sugar; couldn't one take an affidavit, now, that it cost elevenpence a pound? Isn't it sweet? I know only one thing sweeter, and that's your Ladyship's lovely face!"

In such lively conversation might we fancy a bland president discoursing. The Queen should make august replies; the lovely smiling Maids of Honour should utter remarks becoming their innocence and station (turning away very red from that corner of the apartment where hang certain Venuses and Andromedas, painted by William Etty, Esquire); the gallant prince, a lordly, handsome gentleman, with a slight foreign accent, should curl the dark moustache that adorns

his comely lip, and say, "Potztausend! but dat bigture of First Loaf by Herr von Mulready ist wunderschön!" and courtly chamberlains, prim goldsticks, and sly polonaises of the Court should take their due share in the gay scene, and deliver their portions of the dialogue of the little drama.

All this, I say, might be done in a very sprightly neat way, were poor Titmarsh an Ainsworth or a Lady Morgan; and the scene might be ended smartly with the knighting of one of the Academicians by Her Majesty on the spot. As thus:—"The Royal party had stood for three-and-twenty minutes in mute admiration before that tremendous picture by Mr. Maclise, representing the banquet in the hall of Dun-sinane. 'Gory shadow of Banquo,' said Lady Almeria to Lady Wilhelmina, 'how hideous thou art!' 'Hideous! hideous yourself, marry!' replied the arch and lovely Wilhelmina. 'By my halidome!' whispered the seneschal to the venerable prime minister, Lord Melbourne—"by cock and pie, Sir Count, but it seems me that yon Scottish kerne, Macbeth, hath a shrewd look of terror!" 'And a marvellous unkempt beard,' answered the Earl; 'and a huge mouth gaping wide for very terror, and a hand palsied with fear.' 'Hoot awa, mon!' cried an old Scots general, 'but the chield Macbeth (I'm descanded from him leeneally in the saxty-ninth generation) knew hoo to wield a guid claymore!' 'His hand looks as if it had dropped a hot potato!' whispered a roguish page, and the little knave's remark caused a titter to run through the courtly circle, and brought a smile upon the cheek of the President of the Academy; who, sooth to say, had been twiddling his chain of office between his finger and thumb, somewhat jealous of the praise bestowed upon his young rival.

"'My Lord of Wellington,' said Her Majesty, 'lend me your sword.' The veteran, smiling, drew forth that trenchant sabre,—that spotless blade of battle that had flashed victorious on the plains of far Assaye, in the breach of storm-girt Badajoz, in the mighty and supreme combat of Waterloo! A tear stood in the hero's eye as he fell on his gartered knee; and holding the blade between his finger and thumb, he presented the hilt to his liege lady. 'Take it, madam,' said he; 'sheathe it in this old breast, if you will, for my heart and

sword are my sovereign's. Take it, madam, and be not angry if there is blood upon the steel—'tis the blood of the enemies of my country!' The Queen took it; and, as the young and delicate creature waved that tremendous war-sword, a gentleman near her remarked, that surely never lighted on the earth a more delightful vision. 'Where is Mr. Maclise?' said Her Majesty. The blushing painter stepped forward. 'Kneel! kneel!' whispered fifty voices; and frightened, he did as they ordered him. 'Sure she's not going to cut my head off?' he cried to the good knights, Sir Augustus Callcott and Sir Isaac Newton, who were standing. 'Your name, sir?' said the Ladye of England. 'Sure you know it's Maclise!' cried the son of Erin. 'Your Christian name?' shrieked Sir Martin Shee, in agony. 'Christian name, is it? Oh, then it's Daniel Malcolm, your Majesty, and much at your service!' She waved the sword majestically over his head, and said, 'Rise up, Sir Malcolm Maclise!'

* * * * *

"The ceremony was concluded, the brilliant *cortège* moved away, the Royal barouches received the illustrious party, the heralds cried, 'Largesse, Largesse!' and flung silver pennies among the shouting crowds in Trafalgar Square; and when the last man-at-arms that accompanied the Royal train had disappeared, the loud *vivas* of the crowd were heard no more, the shrill song of the silver clarions had died away, his brother painters congratulated the newly-dubbed chevalier, and retired to partake of a slight collation of bread and cheese and porter in the keeper's apartments."

Were we, I say, inclined to be romantic, did we dare to be imaginative, such a scene might be depicted with considerable effect; but, as it is, we must not allow poor fancy to get the better of reason, and declare that to write anything of the sort would be perfectly uncalled for and absurd. Let it simply be stated that, on the Friday, Her Majesty comes and goes. On the Saturday the Academicians have a private view for the great personages; the lords of the empire and their ladies, the editors of the newspapers and their friends; and, after they have seen as much as possible, about seven o'clock the Academicians give a grand feed to their friends and patrons.

In the arrangement of this banquet, let us say roundly that Messieurs de l'Académie are vastly too aristocratic. Why were *we* not asked? The dinner is said to be done by Gunter; and, though the soup and fish are notoriously cold and uncomfortable, we are by no means squeamish, and would pass over this gross piece of neglect. We long, too, to hear a bishop say grace, and to sit cheek by jowl with a duke or two. Besides, we could make some return; a good joke is worth a plateful of turtle; a smart brisk pun is quite as valuable as a bottle of champagne; a neat anecdote deserves a slice of venison, with plenty of fat and currant jelly, and so on. On such principles of barter we might be disposed to treat. But a plague on this ribaldry and beating about the bush! let us leave the plates, and come at once to the pictures.

* * * * *

Once or twice before, in the columns of this Magazine, we have imparted to the public our notions about Greek art, and its manifold deadly errors. The contemplation of such specimens of it as we possess hath always, to tell the truth, left us in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity. It carries corporeal beauty to a pitch of painful perfection, and deifies the body and bones truly: but, by dint of sheer beauty, it leaves humanity altogether inhuman—quite heartless and passionless. Look at Apollo the divine: there is no blood in his marble veins, no warmth in his bosom, no fire or speculation in his dull awful eyes. Laocoon writhes and twists in an anguish that never can, in the breast of any spectator, create the smallest degree of pity. Diana,

“La chasseresse
Blanche, au sein virginal,
Qui presse
Quelque cerf matinal,” *

may run from this till Doomsday; and we feel no desire to join the cold passionless huntress in her ghostly chase. Such monsters of beauty are quite out of the reach of human sympathy: they were purposely (by the poor benighted heathens who followed this error, and strove to make their error as

* Alfred de Musset.

grand as possible) placed beyond it. They seemed to think that human joy and sorrow, passion and love, were mean and contemptible in themselves. Their gods were to be calm, and share in no such feelings. How much grander is the character of the Christian school, which teaches that love is the most beautiful of all things, and the first and highest element of beauty in art!

I don't know, madam, whether I make myself clearly understood in saying so much; but if you will have the kindness to look at a certain little picture by Mr. Eastlake in this gallery, you will see to what the observation applies, and that out of a homely subject, and a few simple figures not at all wonderful for excessive beauty or grandeur, the artist can make something infinitely more beautiful than Medicean Venuses, and sublimer than Pythian Apollos. Happy are you, Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, R.A.! I think you have in your breast some of that sacred fire that lighted the bosom of Raphael Sanctius, Esquire, of Urbino, he being a young man,—a holy kind of Sabbath repose—a calm that comes not of feeling, but of the overflowing of it—a tender yearning sympathy and love for God's beautiful world and creatures. Impelled by such a delightful sentiment, the gentle spirit of him in whom it dwells (like the angels of old, who first taught us to receive the doctrine that love was the key to the world) breathes always peace on earth and good will towards men. And though the privilege of enjoying this happy frame of mind is accorded to the humblest as well as the most gifted genius, yet the latter must remember that the intellect can exercise itself in no higher way than in the practice of this kind of adoration and gratitude. The great artist who is the priest of nature is consecrated especially to this service of praise; and though it may have no direct relation to religious subjects, the view of a picture of the highest order does always, like the view of stars in a calm night, or a fair quiet landscape in sunshine, fill the mind with an inexpressible content and gratitude towards the Maker who has created such beautiful things for our use.

And as the poet has told us how, not out of a wide landscape merely, or a sublime expanse of glittering stars, but of any

very humble thing, we may gather the same delightful reflections (as out of a small flower, that brings us “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears”)—in like manner we do not want grand pictures and elaborate yards of canvas so to affect us, as the lover of drawing must have felt in looking at the Raphael designs lately exhibited in London. These were little faint scraps, mostly from the artist’s pencil—small groups, unfinished single figures, just indicated; but the divine elements of beauty were as strong in them as in the grandest pieces: and there were many little sketches, not half-an-inch high, which charmed and affected one like the violet did Wordsworth; and left one in that unspeakable, complacent, grateful condition, which, as I have been endeavouring to state, is the highest aim of the art.

And if I might be allowed to give a hint to amateurs concerning pictures and their merit, I would say look to have your *heart* touched by them. The best paintings address themselves to the best feelings of it; and a great many very clever pictures do not touch it at all. Skill and handling are great parts of a painter’s trade, but heart is the first; this is God’s direct gift to him, and cannot be got in any academy, or under any master. Look about, therefore, for pictures, be they large or small, finished well or ill, landscapes, portraits, figure-pieces, pen-and-ink sketches, or what not, that contain sentiment and great ideas. He who possesses these will be sure to express them, more or less well. Never mind about the manner. He who possesses them not may draw and colour to perfection, and yet be no artist. As for telling you what sentiment is, and what it is not, wherein lies the secret of the sublime, there, madam, we must stop altogether; only, after reading Burke “On the Sublime,” you will find yourself exactly as wise as you were before. I cannot tell why a landscape by Claude or Constable should be more beautiful—it is certainly not more dexterous—than a landscape by Mr. — or Mr. —. I cannot tell why Raphael should be superior to Mr. Benjamin Haydon (a fact which one person in the world may be perhaps inclined to doubt); or why “Vedrai, carino,” in “Don Juan,” should be more charming to me than “Suoni la tromba,” before mentioned. The latter has twice as much drumming, trumpeting,

and thundering in it. All these points are quite undefinable and inexplicable (I never read a metaphysical account of them that did not seem sheer dulness and nonsense); but we can have no doubt about them. And thus we come to Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, from whom we started about a page since; during which we have laid down, first, that sentiment is the first quality of a picture; second, that to say whether this sentiment exists or no rests with the individual entirely, the sentiment not being capable of any sort of definition. Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, possesses, to my thinking, this undefinable arch-quality of sentiment to a very high degree. And, besides him, let us mention William Mulready, Esquire, Cope, Boxall, Redgrave, Herbert (the two latter don't show so much of it this year as formerly), and Richmond.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is as pure as a Sabbath-hymn sung by the voices of children. He has taken a very simple subject—hardly any subject at all; but such suggestive points are the best, perhaps, that a painter can take; for with the illustration of a given subject out of a history or romance, when one has seen it, one has commonly seen all, whereas such a piece as this, which Mr. Eastlake calls “The Salutation of the Aged Friar,” brings the spectator to a delightful peaceful state of mind, and gives him matter to ponder upon long after. The story of this piece is simply this:—A group of innocent happy-looking Italian peasants are approaching a couple of friars; a boy has stepped forward with a little flower, which he presents to the elder of these, and the old monk is giving him his blessing.

Now, it would be very easy to find fault with this picture, and complain of excessive redness in the shadows, excessive whiteness in the linen, of repetition in the faces,—the smallest child is the very counterpart of one in the “Christ and the Little Children” by the same artist last year—the women are not only copies of women before painted by Mr. Eastlake, but absolutely copies of one another; the drawing lacks vigour, the flesh-tints variety (they seem to be produced, by the most careful stippling, with a brilliant composition of lake and burnt sienna, cooled off as they come to the edges with a little blue). But though, in the writer's judgment, there are

in the picture every one of these faults, the merits of the performance incomparably exceed them, and these are of the purely sentimental and intellectual kind. What a tender grace and purity in the female heads! If Mr. Eastlake repeats his model often, at least he has been very lucky in finding or making her: indeed, I don't know in any painter, ancient or modern, such a charming character of female beauty. The countenances of the monks are full of unction; the children, with their mild-beaming eyes, are fresh with recollections of heaven. There is no affectation of middle-age mannerism, such as silly Germans and silly Frenchmen are wont to call Catholic art; and the picture is truly Catholic in consequence, having about it what the hymn calls "solemn mirth," and giving the spectator the utmost possible pleasure in viewing it. Now, if we might suggest to Mr. Lane, the lithographer, how he might confer a vast benefit upon the public, we would entreat him to make several large copies of pictures of this class, executing them with that admirable grace and fidelity which are the characteristics of all his copies. Let these be coloured accurately, as they might be, at a small charge, and poor people for a few guineas might speedily make for themselves delightful picture galleries. The colour adds amazingly to the charm of these pictures, and attracts the eye to them. And they are such placid pious companions for a man's study, that the continual presence of them could not fail to purify his taste and his heart.

I am not here arguing, let it be remembered, that Mr. Eastlake is absolute perfection; and will concede to those who find fault with him that his works are deficient in power, however remarkable for grace. Be it so. But, then, let us admire his skill in choosing such subjects as are best suited to his style of thinking, and least likely to show his faults. In the pieces ordinarily painted by him, grace and tender feeling are the chief requisites; and I don't recollect a work of his in which he has aimed at other qualities. One more picture besides the old Friar has Mr. Eastlake, a portrait of that beautiful Miss Bury, whom our readers must recollect in the old house, in a black mantle, a red gown, with long golden hair waving over her shoulders, and a lily in her hand. The

picture was engraved afterwards in one of the Annuals ; and was one of the most delightful works that ever came from Mr. Eastlake's pencil. I can't say as much for the present portrait : the picture wants relief, and is very odd and heavy in colour. The handsome lady looks as if she wanted her stays. O beautiful lily-bearer of six years since ! you should not have appeared like a mortal after having once shone upon us as an angel.

And now we are come to the man whom we delight to honour, Mr. Mulready, who has three pictures in the exhibition that are all charming in their way. The first ("Fair Time," 116) was painted, it is said, more than a score of years since ; and the observer may look into it with some payment for his curiosity, for it contains specimens of the artist's old and new manner. The picture in its first state is somewhat in the Wilkie style of that day (oh for the Wilkie style of that day !), having many greys, and imitating closely the Dutchmen. Since then the painter has been touching up the figures in the foreground with his new and favourite lurid orange-colour ; and you may see how this is stippled in upon the faces and hands, and borrow, perhaps, a hint or two regarding the Mulreadian secret.

What is the meaning of this strange colour ?—these glowing burning crimsons, and intense blues, and greens more green than the first budding leaves of spring, or the mignonette-pots in a Cockney's window at Brixton. But don't fancy that we are joking or about to joke at Mr. Mulready. These gaudy prismatic colours are wonderfully captivating to the eye : and, amidst a host of pictures, it cannot fail to settle on a Mulready in preference to all. But for consistency's sake, a protest must be put in against the colour ; it is pleasant, but wrong ; we never saw it in nature—not even when looking through an orange-coloured glass. This point being settled, then, and our minds eased, let us look at the design and conception of "First Love ;" and pray, sir, where in the whole works of modern artists will you find anything more exquisitely beautiful ? I don't know what that young fellow, so solemn, so tender, is whispering into the ear of that dear girl (she is only fifteen now, but, *sapristi* ! how beautiful she will be about three years

hence !), who is folding a pair of slim arms round a little baby, and making believe to nurse it, as they three are standing one glowing summer day under some trees by a stile. I don't know, I say, what they are saying; nor, if I could hear, would I tell—'tis a secret, madam. Recollect the words that the Captain whispered in your ear that afternoon in the shrubbery. Your heart throbs, your cheek flushes; the sweet sound of those words tells clear upon your ear, and you say, "Oh, Mr. Titmarsh, how *can* you?" Be not afraid, madam—never, never will I peach; but sing, in the words of a poet who is occasionally quoted in the House of Commons—

"Est et fidei tuta silentio
 Merces. Vetabo qui Cereris sacrum
 Vulgarit arcanæ, sub isdem
 Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
 Solvat phaselum."

Which may be interpreted (with a slight alteration of the name of Ceres for that of a much more agreeable goddess)—

Be happy, and thy counsel keep,
 'Tis thus the bard adviseth thee;
 Remember that the silent lip
 In silence shall rewarded be.
 And fly the wretch who dares to strip
 Love of its sacred mystery.

My loyal legs I would not stretch
 Beneath the same mahogany;
 Nor trust myself in Chelsea Reach,
 In punt or skiff, with such as he.
 The villain who would kiss and peach,
 I hold him for mine enemy!

But, to return to our muttons, I would not give a fig for the taste of the individual who does not see the exquisite beauty of this little group. Our artist has more passion than the before-lauded Mr. Eastlake, but quite as much delicacy and tenderness; and they seem to me to possess the poetry of picture-making more than any other of their brethren.

By the way, what is this insane yell that has been raised

throughout the public press about Mr. Mulready's other performance, the postage cover, and why are the sages so bitter against it? The *Times* says it is disgraceful and ludicrous; the elegant writers of the *Weekly Dispatch* vow it is ludicrous and disgraceful; the same sweet song is echoed by papers, Radical and Conservative, in London and the provinces, all the literary gentlemen being alive, and smarting under this insult to the arts of the country. Honest gentlemen of the press, be not so thin-skinned! Take my word for it, there is no cause for such vehement anger—no good opportunity here for you to show off that exquisite knowledge of the fine arts for which you are so celebrated throughout the world. Gentlemen, the drawing of which you complain is *not* bad. The commonest engravers, who would be ashamed to produce such a design, will tell you, if they know anything of their business, that they could not make a better in a hurry. Every man who knows what drawing is will acknowledge that some of these little groups are charmingly drawn; and I will trouble your commonest engravers to design the Chinese group, the American, or the West Indian, in a manner more graceful and more characteristic than that of the much-bespattered post envelope.

I am not holding up the whole affair as a masterpiece—*pas si bête*. The “triumphant hallegory of Britannia ruling the waves,” as Mathews used to call it, is a little stale, certainly, nowadays; but what would you have? How is the sublime to be elicited from such a subject? Let some of the common engravers, in their leisure moments, since the thing is so easy, make a better design, or the literary men who are so indignant invent one. The Government, no doubt, is not bound heart and soul to Mr. Mulready, and is willing to hear reason. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*: though all the world shall turn on thee, O Government, in this instance Titmarsh shall stand by thee—ay, and without any hope of reward. To be sure, if my Lord Normanby absolutely insists—but that is neither here nor there. I repeat, the Post Office envelope is not bad, *quoad* design. That very lion, which some of the men of the press (the Daniels!) have been crying out about, is finely, carefully, and characteristically

sketched ; those elephants I am sure were closely studied, before the artist in a few lines laid them down on his wood-block ; and as for the persons who are to imitate the engraving so exactly, let them try. It has been done by the best wood-engraver in Europe. Ask any man in the profession if Mr. Thompson is not at the head of it ? He has bestowed on it a vast deal of time, and skill, and labour ; and all who know the difficulties of wood-engraving—of outline wood-engraving—and of rendering faithfully a design so very minute as this, will smile at the sages who declare that all the world could forge it. There was one provincial paper which declared, in a style peculiarly elegant, that a man “with a block of wood and a *bread-and-cheese* knife could easily imitate the envelope ;” which remark, for its profound truth and sagacity, the London journals copied. For shame, gentlemen ! Do you think you show your knowledge by adopting such opinions as these, or prove your taste by clothing yourselves in the second-hand garments of the rustic who talks about bread and cheese ? Try, Tyrotomos, upon whatever block thou choosest to practise ; or, be wise, and with appropriate bread-and-cheese knife cut only bread and cheese. Of bread, white and brown, of cheese, old, new, mouldy, toasted, the writer of the *Double-Gloster Journal*, the *Stilton Examiner*, the *Cheddar Champion*, and *North Wiltshire Intelligencer*, may possibly be a competent critic, and (with mouth replete with the delicious condiment) may no doubt eloquently speak. But let us be cautious before we agree to and admiringly adopt his opinions upon matters of art. Mr. Thompson is the first wood-engraver in our country—Mr. Mulready one of the best painters in our or any school : it is hard that such men are to be assailed in such language, and by such a critic !

This artist’s picture of an interior is remarkable for the same exaggerated colour, and for the same excellences. The landscape seen from the window is beautifully solemn, and very finely painted, in the clear bright manner of Van Dyck and Cranach, and the early German school.

Mr. Richmond’s picture of “Our Lord after the Resurrection” deserves a much better place than it has in the little, dingy, newly-discovered octagon closet ; and leaves us

to regret that he should occupy himself so much with water-colour portraits, and so little with compositions in oil. This picture is beautifully conceived, and very finely and carefully drawn and painted. One of the apostles is copied from Raphael, and the more is the pity : a man who could execute two such grand figures as the other two in the picture need surely borrow from no one. A water-colour group, by the same artist (547, "The Children of Colonel Lindsay"), contains two charming figures of a young lady and a little boy, painted with great care and precision of design and colour, with great purity of sentiment, and without the least affectation. Let our aristocracy send their wives and children (the handsomest wives and children in the world) to be painted by this gentleman, and those who are like him. Miss Lindsay, with her plain red dress and modest looks, is surely a thousand times more captivating than those dangerous smiling Delilahs in her neighbourhood, whom Mr. Chalon has painted. We must not be understood to undervalue this latter gentleman however ; his drawings are miracles of dexterity ; every year they seem to be more skilful and more brilliant. Such satins and lace, such diamond rings and charming little lapdogs, were never painted before,—not by Watteau, the first master of the *genre*,—nor by Lancret, who was scarcely his inferior. A miniature on ivory by Mr. Chalon, among the thousand prim, pretty little pictures of the same class which all the ladies crowd about, is remarkable for its brilliancy of colour and charming freedom of handling ; as is an oil sketch of masquerading figures, by the same painter, for the curious coarseness of the painting.

Before we leave the high-class pictures, we must mention Mr. Boxall's beautiful "Hope," which is exquisitely refined and delicate in sentiment, colour, and execution. Placed close beneath one of Turner's magnificent tornadoes of colour, it loses none of its own beauty. As Uhland writes of a certain king and queen who are seated in state side by side,—

"Der *Turner* furchtbar prächtig wie blut'ger Nordlichtschein,
Der *Boxall* süß und milde, als blickte Vollmond drein."

Which signifies in English, that

“As beams the moon so gentle near the sun, that blood-red burner,
So shineth William Boxall by Joseph Mallord Turner.”

In another part of the room, and contrasting their quiet grace in the same way with Mr. Turner's glaring colours, are a couple of delightful pictures by Mr. Cope, with mottoes that will explain their subjects. “Help thy father in his age, and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength;” and “Reject not the affliction of the afflicted, neither turn away thy face from a poor man.” The latter of these pictures is especially beautiful, and the figure of the female charity as graceful and delicate as may be. I wish I could say a great deal in praise of Mr. Cope's large altar-piece: it is a very meritorious performance; but here praise stops, and such praise is worth exactly nothing. A large picture must either be splendid, or else naught. This “Crucifixion” has a great deal of vigour, feeling, grace; BUT—the but is fatal; all minor praises are drowned in it. Recollect, however, Mr. Cope, that Titmarsh, who writes this, is only giving his private opinion; that he is mortal; that it is barely possible that he should be in the wrong; and with this confession, which I am compelled (for fear you might overlook the circumstance) to make, you will, I dare say, console yourself, and do well. But men must gird themselves, and go through long trainings, before they can execute such gigantic works as altar-pieces. Handel, doubtless, wrote many little pleasing melodies before he pealed out the “Hallelujah” chorus; and so painters will do well to try their powers, and, if possible, measure and understand them, before they use them. There is Mr. Hart, for instance, who took in an evil hour to the making of great pictures; in the present exhibition is a decently small one; but the artist has overstretched himself in the former attempts; as one hears of gentlemen on the rack, the limbs are stretched one or two inches by the process, and the patient comes away by so much the taller: but he can't *walk* near so well as before, and all his strength is stretched out of him.

Let this be a solemn hint to a clever young painter, Mr. Elmore, who has painted a clever picture of “The Murder of Saint Thomas à Becket,” for Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Come

off your rack, Mr. Elmore, or you will hurt yourself. Much better is it to paint small subjects, for some time at least. "Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum," as the proverb says; but there is a number of pleasant villages in this world beside, where we may snugly take up our quarters. By the way, what is the meaning of Tom à Becket's black cassock under his canonicals? Would John Tuam celebrate mass in such a dress? A painter should be as careful about his costumes as an historian about his dates, or he plays the deuce with his composition.

Now, in this matter of costume, nobody can be more scrupulous than Mr. Charles Landseer, whose picture of Nell Gwynne is painted with admirable effect, and honest scrupulousness. It is very good in colour, very gay in spirits (perhaps too refined,—for Nelly never was such a hypocrite as to look as modest as that); but the gentlemen and ladies do not look as if they were accustomed to their dresses, for all their correctness, but had put them on for the first time. Indeed, this is a very small fault, and the merits of the picture are very great: every one of the accessories is curiously well painted,—some of the figures very spirited (the drawer is excellent); and the picture one of the most agreeable in the whole gallery. Mr. Redgrave has another costume picture, of a rather old subject, from "The Rambler." A poor girl comes to be companion to Mr. and Mrs. Courtly, who are at piquet; their servants are bringing in tea, and the master and mistress are looking at the new-comer with a great deal of easy scorn. The poor girl is charming; Mrs. Courtly not quite genteel, but with a wonderful quilted petticoat; Courtly looks as if he were not accustomed to his clothes; the servants are very good; and as for the properties, as they would be called on the stage, these are almost too good, painted with a daguerréotypical minuteness that gives this and Mr. Redgrave's other picture of "Paracelsus" a finikin air, if we may use such a disrespectful term. Both performances, however, contain very high merit of expression and sentiment; and are of such a character as we seldom saw in our schools twenty years ago.

There is a large picture by a Scotch artist, Mr. Duncan,

representing “The Entry of Charles Edward into Edinburgh,” which runs a little into caricature, but contains a vast deal of character and merit; and which, above all, in the article of costume, shows much study and taste. Mr. Duncan seems to have formed his style upon Mr. Allan and Mr. Wilkie—I beg his pardon—Sir David. The former has a pleasing brown picture likewise on the subject of the Pretender. The latter’s Maid of Saragossa and Spaniard at the gun, anyone may see habited as Irish peasants superintending “A Whisky Still,” in the middle room, No. 252.

This picture, I say, anyone may see and admire who pleases: to me it seems all rags, and duds, and a strange, straggling, misty composition. There are fine things, of course; for how can Sir David help painting fine things? In the “Benvenuto” there is superb colour, with a rich management of lakes especially, which has been borrowed from no master that we know of. The Queen is as bad a likeness and picture as we have seen for many a day. “Mrs. Ferguson, of Raith,” a magnificent picture indeed, as grand in effect as a Rubens or Titian, and having a style of its own. The little sketch from Allan Ramsay is delightful; and the nobleman and hounds (with the exception of his own clumsy vermilion robe), as fine as the fellow-sized portrait mentioned before. Allan Ramsay has given a pretty subject, and brought us a pretty picture from another painter, Mr. A. Johnston, who has illustrated those pleasant quaint lines,—

“Last morning I was gay, and early out;
Upon a dike I leaned, glow’ring about.
I saw my Meg come linkan o’er the lea;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me.”

And here let us mention with praise two small pictures in a style somewhat similar—“The Recruit,” and “Hermann and Dorothea,” by Mr. Poole. The former of these little pieces is very touching and beautiful. There is among the present exhibitors no lack of this kind of talent; and we could point out many pictures that are equally remarkable for grace and agreeable feeling. Mr. Stone’s “Annot Lyle”

should not be passed over,—a pretty picture, very well painted, the female head of great beauty and expression.

Now, if we want to praise performances showing a great deal of power and vigour, rather than grace and delicacy, there are Mr. Etty's "Andromeda" and "Venus." In the former, the dim figure of advancing Perseus galloping on his airy charger is very fine and ghostly; in the latter, the body of the Venus, and indeed the whole picture, is a perfect miracle of colour. Titian may have painted Italian flesh equally well; but he never, I think, could surpass the skill of Mr. Etty. The trunk of this voluptuous Venus is the most astonishing representation of beautiful English flesh and blood, painted in the grandest and broadest style. It is said that the Academy at Edinburgh has a room full of Etty's pictures; they could not do better in England than follow the example; but perhaps the paintings had better be kept *for the Academy only*—for the *profanum vulgus* are scarcely fitted to comprehend their peculiar beauties. A prettily drawn, graceful, nude figure, is "Bathsheba," by Mr. Fisher, of the street and city of Cork.

The other great man of Cork is Daniel Maclise by name; and if in the riot of fancy he hath by playful Titmarsh been raised to the honour of knighthood, it is certain that here Titmarsh is a true prophet, and that the sovereign will so elevate him, one day or other, to sit with other cavaliers at the Academic round table. As for his pictures,—why, as for his pictures, madam, these are to be carefully reviewed in the next number of this Magazine; for the present notice has noticed scarcely anybody, and yet stretched to an inordinate length. "Macbeth" is not to be hurried off under six pages; and, for this June number, Mr. Fraser vows that he has no such room to spare.

We have said how Mr. Turner's pictures blaze about the rooms; it is not a little curious to hear how artists and the public differ in their judgments concerning them; the enthusiastic wonder of the first-named, the blank surprise and incredulity of the latter. "The new moon; or, I've lost my boat: you shan't have your hoop," is the ingenious title of one,—a very beautiful picture, too, of a long shining sea-sand,

lighted from the upper part of the canvas by the above-named luminary of night, and from the left-hand corner by a wonderful wary boy in a red jacket—the best painted figure that we ever knew painted by Joseph Mallord Turner, Esquire.

He and Mr. Ward vie with each other in mottoes for their pictures. Ward's epigraph to the S——'s nest is wondrous poetic.

277. The S——'s Nest. S. Ward, R.A.

“ Say they that happiness lives with the great,
On gorgeous trappings mixt with pomp and state ?
More frequent found upon the simple plain,
In poorest garb, with Julia, Jess, or Jane ;
In sport or slumber, as it likes her best,
Where'er she *lays* she finds it a S——'s nest.”

Ay, and a S——'s eggs, too, as one would fancy, were great geniuses not above grammar. Mark the line, too,

“ On gorgeous trappings *mixt* with pomp and state,”

and construe the whole of this sensible passage.

Not less sublime is Mr. Ward's fellow-Academician :—

230. “ Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying :
Typhon coming on.” J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

“ Aloft all hands, strike the topmasts and belay !
Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds
Declare the Typhon's coming.
Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
The dead and dying—ne'er heed their chains.
Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope !
Where is thy market now ? ”

MS. Fallacies of Hope.

Fallacies of Hope, indeed : to a pretty mart has she brought her pigs ! How should Hope be hooked on to the slaver ? By the anchor, to be sure, which accounts for it. As for the picture, the R.A.'s rays are indeed terrific ; and the slaver throwing its cargo overboard is the most tremendous piece of colour that ever was seen ; it sets the corner of the room in which it hangs into a flame. Is the picture sublime

or ridiculous? Indeed I don't know which. Rocks of gamboge are marked down upon the canvas; flakes of white laid on with a trowel; bladders of vermilion madly spirted here and there. Yonder is the slaver rocking in the midst of a flashing foam of white-lead. The sun glares down upon a horrible sea of emerald and purple, into which chocolate-coloured slaves are plunged, and chains that will not sink; and round these are floundering such a race of fishes as never was seen since the *sæculum Pyrrhæ*; gasping dolphins, redder than the reddest herrings; horrid spreading polypi, like huge, slimy, poached eggs, in which hapless niggers plunge and disappear. Ye gods, what a "middle passage"! How Mr. Fowell Buxton must shudder! What would they say to this in Exeter Hall? If Wilberforce's statue downstairs were to be confronted with this picture, the stony old gentleman would spring off his chair, and fly away in terror!

And here, as we are speaking of the slave-trade, let us say a word in welcome to a French artist, Monsieur Biard, and his admirable picture. Let the friends of the negro forthwith buy this canvas, and cause a plate to be taken from it. It is the best, most striking, most pathetic lecture against the trade that ever was delivered. The picture is as fine as Hogarth; and the artist, who, as we have heard, right or wrong, has only of late years adopted the profession of painting, and was formerly in the French navy, has evidently drawn a great deal of his materials from life and personal observation. The scene is laid upon the African coast. King Tom or King Boy has come with troops of slaves down the Quorra, and sits in the midst of his chiefs and mistresses (one a fair creature, not much darker than a copper tea-kettle), bargaining with a French dealer. What a horrible callous brutality there is in the scoundrel's face, as he lolls over his greasy ledger, and makes his calculations. A number of his crew are about him; their boats close at hand, in which they are stowing their cargo. See the poor wretches, men and women, collared together, drooping down. There is one poor thing, just parted from her child. On the ground in front lies a stalwart negro; one connoisseur is handling his chest, to try his wind; another has opened his mouth, and examines his teeth, to know his

age and soundness. Yonder is a poor woman kneeling before one of the Frenchmen; her shoulder is fizzing under the hot iron with which he brands her; she is looking up, shuddering and wild, yet quite mild and patient: it breaks your heart to look at her. I never saw anything so exquisitely pathetic as that face. God bless you, Monsieur Biard, for painting it! It stirs the heart more than a hundred thousand tracts, reports, or sermons: it must convert every man who has seen it. You British Government, who have given twenty millions towards the good end of freeing this hapless people, give yet a couple of thousand more to the French painter, and don't let his work go out of the country, now that it is here. Let it hang along with the Hogarths in the National Gallery; it is as good as the best of them. Or, there is Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, who has a family interest in the matter, and does not know how to spend all the money he brought home from India; let the right honourable gentleman look to it. Down with your dust, right honourable sir; give Monsieur Biard a couple of thousand for his picture of the negroes, and it will be the best black act you ever did in your life; and don't go for to be angry at the suggestion, or fancy we are taking liberties. What is said is said from one public man to another, in a Pickwickian sense, *de puissance en puissance*,—from Titmarsh, in his critical *cathedra*, to your father's eminent son, rich with the spoils of Ind, and wielding the bolts of war.

What a marvellous power is this of the painter's! how each great man can excite us at his will! what a weapon he has, if he knows how to wield it! Look for a while at Mr. Etty's pictures, and away you rush, your "eyes on fire," drunken with the luscious colours that are poured out for you on the liberal canvas, and warm with the sight of the beautiful sirens that appear on it. You fly from this (and full time too), and plunge into a green shady landscape of Lee or Creswick, and follow a quiet stream babbling beneath whispering trees, and chequered with cool shade and golden sunshine; or you set the world—nay, the Thames and the ocean—on fire with that incendiary Turner; or you laugh with honest kind-hearted Webster, and his troops of merry children; or

you fall a-weeping with Monsieur Biard for his poor blacks ; or you go and consult the priests of the place, Eastlake, Mulready, Boxall, Cope, and the like, and straightway your mind is carried off in an ecstasy,—happy thrilling hymns sound in your ears melodious,—sweet thankfulness fills your bosom. How much instruction and happiness have we gained from these men, and how grateful should we be to them !

[It is well that Mr. Titmarsh stopped here, and I shall take special care to examine any further remarks which he may think fit to send. Four-fifths of this would have been cancelled, had the printed sheets fallen sooner into our hands. The story about the “Clarendon” is an absurd fiction ; no dinner ever took place there. I never fell asleep in a plate of raspberry ice ; and though I certainly did recommend this person to do justice by the painters, making him a speech to that effect, my opinions were infinitely better expressed, and I would repeat them were it not so late in the month.—O. Y.]

A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY: CONCLUDED.

AND FOLLOWED BY A REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF FACTS BY
MRS. BARBARA.

AND now, in pursuance of the promise recorded in the last number of this Magazine, and for the performance of which the public has ever since been in breathless expectation, it hath become Titmarsh's duty to note down his opinions of the remaining pictures in the Academy exhibition; and to criticise such other pieces as the other galleries may show.

In the first place, then, with regard to Mr. Maclise, it becomes us to say our say: and as the *Observer* newspaper, which, though under the express patronage of the Royal family, devotes by far the noblest part of its eloquence to the consideration of dramatic subjects, and to the discussion of the gains, losses, and theatrical conduct of managers,—as, I say, the *Observer* newspaper, whenever Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates adopts any plan that concurs with the notions of the paper in question, does not fail to say that Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates has been induced so to reform in consequence of the *Observer's* particular suggestion; in like manner, Titmarsh is fully convinced, that all the painters in this town have their eyes incessantly fixed upon his criticisms, and that all the wise ones regulate their opinions by his.

In the language of the *Observer*, then, Mr. Maclise has done wisely to adopt our suggestions with regard to the moral treatment of his pictures, and has made a great advance in his art. Of his four pictures, let us dismiss the scene from “Gil Blas” at once. Coming from a second-rate man, it would be well enough; it is well drawn, grouped, lighted, shadowed,

and the people all grin very comically, as people do in pictures called comic ; but the soul of fun is wanting, as I take it,—the merry, brisk, good-humoured spirit which in Le Sage's text so charms the reader.

“Olivia and Malvolio” is, on the contrary, one of the best and most spiritual performances of the artist. Nothing can be more elegant than the tender languid melancholy of Olivia, nor more poetical than the general treatment of the picture. The long clipped alleys and quaint gardens, the peacocks trailing through the walks, and vases basking in the sun, are finely painted and conceived. Examine the picture at a little distance, and the *ensemble* of the composition and colour is extraordinarily pleasing. The details, too, are, as usual, wonderful for their accuracy. Here are flower-beds, and a tree above Olivia's head, of which every leaf is painted, and painted with such skill, as not in the least to injure the general effect of the picture. Mr. Maclise has a daguerréotypic eye, and a feeling of form stronger, I do believe, than has ever been possessed by any painter before him.

Look at the portrait of Mr. Dickens,—well arranged as a picture, good in colour, and light, and shadow, and as a likeness perfectly amazing ; a looking-glass could not render a better facsimile. Here we have the real identical man Dickens : the artist must have understood the inward Boz as well as the outward before he made this admirable representation of him. What cheerful intelligence there is about the man's eyes and large forehead ! The mouth is too large and full, too eager and active, perhaps ; the smile is very sweet and generous. If Monsieur de Balzac, that voluminous physiognomist, could examine this head, he would, no doubt, interpret every tone and wrinkle in it : the nose firm, and well placed ; the nostrils wide and full, as are the nostrils of all men of genius (this is Monsieur Balzac's maxim). The past and the future, says Jean Paul, are written in every countenance. I think we may promise ourselves a brilliant future from this one. There seems no flagging as yet in it, no sense of fatigue, or consciousness of decaying power. Long mayest thou, O Boz ! reign over thy comic kingdom ; long may we pay tribute, whether of threepence weekly or of a

shilling monthly, it matters not. Mighty prince! at thy imperial feet, Titmarsh, humblest of thy servants, offers his vows of loyalty, and his humble tribute of praise.

And now (as soon as we are off our knees, and have done paying court to sovereign Boz) it behoves us to say a word or two concerning the picture of "Macbeth," which occupies such a conspicuous place in the Academy gallery. Well, then, this picture of "Macbeth" has been, to our notion, a great deal too much praised and abused; only Titmarsh understands the golden mean, as is acknowledged by all who read his criticisms. Here is a very fine masterly picture, no doubt, full of beauties, and showing extraordinary power; but not a masterpiece, as I humbly take it,—not a picture to move the beholder as much as many performances that do not display half the power that is here exhibited. I don't pretend to lay down any absolute laws on the sublime (the reader will remember how the ancient satirist hath accused John Dennis of madness, for his vehement preaching of such rules). No, no; Michael Angelo T. is not quite so impertinent as that; but the public and the artist will not mind being told, without any previous definitions, that this picture is not of the highest order: the "Malvolio" is far more spiritual and suggestive, if we may so speak; it tells not only its own tale very charmingly, but creates for the beholder a very pleasant melancholy train of thought, as every good picture does in its kind, from a six-inch canvas by Hobbema or Ruysdael up to a thousand-foot wall of Michael Angelo. If you read over the banquet-scene in words, it leaves an impression far more dreadful and lively. On the stage, it has always seemed to us to fail; and though out of a trapdoor in the middle of it Mr. Cooper is seen to rise very solemnly,—his face covered with white, and a dreadful gash of vermilion across his neck; though he nods and waggles his head about in a very quiet ghostlike manner; yet, strange to say, neither this scene, nor this great actor, has ever frightened us, as they both should, as the former does when we read it at home. The fact is, that it is quite out of Mr. Cooper's power to look ghostly enough, or, perhaps, to soar along with us to that sublime height to which our imagination is continually carrying us.

A large part of this vast picture Mr. Maclise has painted very finely. The lords are all there in gloomy state, fierce stalwart men in steel; the variety of attitude and light in which the different groups are placed, the wonderful knowledge and firmness with which each individual figure and feature are placed down upon the canvas will be understood and admired by the public, but by the artist still more, who knows the difficulty of these things, which seem so easy, which are so easy, no doubt, to a man with Mr. Maclise's extraordinary gifts. How fine is yonder group at the farthest table, lighted up by the reflected light from the armour of one of them! The effect, as far as we know, is entirely new; the figures drawn with exquisite minuteness and clearness, not in the least interrupting the general harmony of the picture. Look at the two women standing near Lady Macbeth's throne, and those beautiful little hands of one of them placed over the state-chair: the science, workmanship, feeling in these figures are alike wonderful. The face, bust, and attitude of Lady Macbeth are grandly designed; the figures to her right, with looks of stern doubt and wonder, are nobly designed and arranged. The main figure of Macbeth, I confess, does not please; nor the object which has occasioned the frightful convulsive attitude in which he stands. He sees not the ghost of Banquo, but a huge, indistinct, gory shadow, which seems to shake its bloody locks, and frown upon him. Through this shade, intercepted only by its lurid transparency, you see the figures of the guests; they are looking towards it, and *through* it. The skill with which this point is made is unquestionable; there is something there, and nothing. The spectators feel this as well as the painted actors of the scene; there are times when, in looking at the picture, one loses sight of the shade altogether, and begins to wonder with Rosse, Lenox, and the rest.

The idea, then, so far as it goes, is as excellently worked out as it is daringly conceived. But is it a just one? I think not. I should say it was a grim piece of comedy rather than tragedy. One is puzzled by this piece of *diablerie*,—not deeply affected and awe-stricken, as in the midst of such heroical characters and circumstances one should be.

“Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.”

Before the poet's eyes, at least, the figure of the ghost stood complete—an actual visible body, with the life gone out of it; an image far more grand and dreadful than the painter's fantastical shadow, because more simple. The shadow is an awful object,—granted; but the most sublime, beautiful, fearful sight in all nature is, surely, the face of a man; wonderful in all its expressions of grief or joy, daring or endurance, thought, hope, love, or pain. How Shakspeare painted all these; with what careful thought and brooding were all his imaginary creatures made!

I believe we have mentioned the best figure-pieces in the exhibition; for, alas! the “Milton and his Daughters” of Sir Augustus Callcott, although one of the biggest canvases in the gallery, is by no means one of the best; and one may regret that this most *spirituel* of landscape-painters should have forsaken his old style to follow figure-drawing. Mr. Hollins has a picture of “Benvenuto Cellini showing a Trinket to a Lady.” A subject of absorbing interest and passionate excitement, painted in a corresponding manner. A prim lady sits smiling in a chair, by a table, on which is a very neat regular tablecloth, drawn at right angles with the picture-frame; parallel with the table is a chest of drawers, *secrétaire*, cabinet, or *bahut*. Near this stands a waiting-maid, smiling archly; and in front you behold young Benvenuto, spick and span in his very best clothes and silk stockings, looking—as Benvenuto never did in his life. Of some parts of this picture, the colour and workmanship are very pretty; but was there ever such a nimity subject treated in such a nimity way? We can remember this gentleman's picture of “Margaret at the Spinning-wheel” last year, and should be glad to see and laud others that were equally pretty. Mr. Lauder has, in the same room, a pleasing picture from Walter Scott, “The Glee-Maiden;” and a large sketch, likewise from Scott, by a French artist (who has been celebrated in this

Magazine as the author of the picture "The Sinking of the 'Vengeur'"), is fine in effect and composition.

If Mr. Herbert's picture of "Travellers taking Refreshment at a Convent Gate" has not produced much sensation, it is because it is feeble in tone, not very striking in subject, and placed somewhat too high. There is a great deal of beauty and delicacy in all the figures; and though lost here, amidst the glare and bustle of the Academy, it will be an excellent picture for the cabinet, where its quiet graces and merits will be better seen.

Mr. Webster's "Punch," before alluded to, deserves a great deal of praise. The landscape is beautiful, the group of little figures assembled to view the show are delightfully gay and pretty. Mr. Webster has the bump of philoprogenitiveness (as some ninny says of George Cruikshank in the *Westminster Review*); and all mothers of large families, young ladies who hope to be so one day or the other, and honest papas, are observed to examine this picture with much smiling interest. It is full of sunshine and innocent playful good-humour; all Punch's audience are on the grin. John, the squire's footman, is looking on with a protecting air; the old village folk are looking on, grinning with the very youngest; boys are scampering over the common, in order to be in time for the show; Punchman is tootooing on the pipes, and banging away on the drum; potboy has consigned to the earth his precious cargo, and the head of every tankard of liquor is wasting its frothy fragrance in the air; in like manner, the pieman permits his wares to get cold; nurserymaids, school-boys, happy children in go-carts, are employed in a similar way: indeed, a delightful little rustic comedy.

In respect of portraits, the prettiest, as I fancy, after Wilkie's splendid picture of Mrs. Ferguson, is one by Mr. Grant, of a lady with a scarf of a greenish colour. The whole picture is of the same tone, and beautifully harmonious; nor are the lady's face and air the least elegant and charming part of it. The Duke has been painted a vast number of times, such are the penalties of glory; nor is it possible to conceive anything much worse than that portrait of him in which Colonel Gurwood is represented by his side, in a red velvet

waistcoat, offering to his Grace certain despatches. It is in the style of the famous picture in the Regent Circus, representing Mr. Coleby the cigarist, an orange, a pineapple, a champagne-cork, a little dog, some decanters, and a yellow bandanna,—all which personages appear to be so excessively important, that the puzzled eyes scarcely know upon which to settle. In like manner, in the Wellington-Gurwood testimonial, the accessories are so numerous, and so brilliantly coloured, that it is long before one can look up to the countenances of the Colonel and his Grace; which, it is to be presumed, are the main objects of interest in the piece. And this plan has been not unartfully contrived,—for the heads are by no means painted up to the point of brilliancy which is visible in boots, clocks, bell-pulls, Turkey carpets, arm-chairs, and other properties here painted.

Now, if the artist of the above picture wishes to know how properties may be painted with all due minuteness, and yet conduce to the general effect of the picture, let him examine the noble little portrait of Lord Cottenham, by Leslie,—the only contribution of this great man to the exhibition. Here are a number of accessories introduced, but with that forethought and sense of propriety which, as I fancy, distinguish all the works of Mr. Leslie. They are not here for mere picturesque effect or ornamental huddle; but are made to tell the story of the piece, and indicate the character of the dignified personage who fills the centre of it. The black brocade drapery of the Chancellor's gown is accurately painted, and falls in that majestic grave way in which a chancellor's robe *should* fall. Are not the learned Lord's arms somewhat short and fin-like? This is a query which we put humbly, having never had occasion to remark that part of his person.

Mr. Briggs has his usual pleasant well-painted portraits; and Mr. Patten a long full-length of Prince Albert that is not admired by artists, it is said, but a good downright honest *bourgeois* picture, as we fancy; or, as a facetious friend remarked, good plain *roast-and-boiled* painting. As for the portrait opposite—that of Her Majesty, it is a sheer libel upon that pretty gracious countenance, an act of rebellion for which Sir David should be put into York gaol. Parts of the picture

are, however, splendidly painted. And here, being upon the subject, let us say a word in praise of those two delightful lithographic heads, after Ross, which appear in the printshop windows. Our gracious Queen's head is here most charming; and that of the Prince full of such manly frankness and benevolence as must make all men cry "God bless him." I would much sooner possess a copy of the Ross miniature of the Queen, than a cast from Her Majesty's bust by Sir Francis Chantrey, which has the place of honour in the sculpture vault.

All Macdonald's busts deserve honourable notice. This lucky sculptor has some beautiful subjects to model, and beautiful and graceful all his marbles are. As much may be said of Mr. M'Dowell's girl,—the only piece of imaginative sculpture in the Academy that has struck us as pleasing. Mr. Behnes, too, should receive many commendations; an old man's head particularly, that is full of character and goodness; and "The Bust of a Lady," which may be called "A Lady with a Bust,"—a beautiful bust, indeed, of which the original and the artist have both good right to be proud. Mr. Bell's virgin is not so pleasing in the full size as in the miniature copy of it.

For the matter of landscapes, we confess ourselves to be no very ardent admirers of these performances, clever and dexterous as most of them are. The works of Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts cannot fail to be skilful; and both of these famous artists show their wonderful power of drawing, as usual. But these skilful pictures have always appeared to us more pleasing in little on the sketching-board than when expanded upon the canvas. A couple of Martins must be mentioned,—huge, queer, and tawdry to our eyes, but very much admired by the public, who is no bad connoisseur, after all; and also a fine Castle of Chillon, or Chalon, rudely painted, but very poetical and impressive.

[Here Titmarsh exchanges his check at the door for a valuable gingham umbrella, with a yellow horn-head, representing Lord Brougham or Doctor Syntax, and is soon seen, with his hat very much on one side, swaggering down Pall Mall East, to the Water-Colour Gallery. He flings down eighteenpence in the easiest way, and goes upstairs.]

Accident, or, what is worse, ill health, has deprived us of the two most skilful professors of the noble art of water-colour painting; and, without the works of Messrs. Lewis and Cattermole, the gallery looks empty indeed. Those gentlemen are accustomed to supply the picture-lover with the *pièces de résistance* of the feast, with which, being decently satisfied, we can trifle with an old market-place by Prout, or six cows and four pigs by Hill, or a misty Downs by Copley Fielding, with some degree of pleasure. Discontented, then, with the absence of the substantials, it must be confessed that we have been examining the rest of the pictures in no very good humour. And so, to tell you a secret, I do not care a fig for all the old town-halls in the world, though they be drawn never so skilfully. How long are we to go on with Venice, Verona, Lago di Soandso, and Ponte di What-d'ye-call-'em? I am weary of gondolas, striped awnings, sailors with red night (or rather day) caps, cobalt distances, and posts in the water. I have seen so many white palaces standing before dark purple skies, so many black towers with gamboge atmospheres behind them, so many masses of rifle-green trees plunged into the deepest shadow, in the midst of sunshiny plains, for no other reason but because dark and light contrast together, that a slight expression of satiety may be permitted to me, and a longing for more simple nature. On a great staring theatre such pictures may do very well—you are obliged there to seek for these startling contrasts; and by the aid of blue lights, red lights, transparencies, and plenty of drums and appropriate music, the scene thus presented to one captivates the eye, and calls down thunder from the galleries.

But in little quiet rooms, on sheets of paper of a yard square, such monstrous theatrical effects are sadly painful. You don't mistake patches of brickdust for maidens' blushes, or fancy that tinfoil is diamonds, or require to be spoken to with the utmost roar of the lungs. Why, in painting, are we to have monstrous, flaring, Drury Lane tricks and claptraps put in practice, when a quieter style is, as I fancy, so infinitely more charming?

There is no use in mentioning the names of persons who are guilty of the above crimes; but let us say who is *not*

guilty, and that is D. Cox, upon whose quiet landscapes, moist grass, cool trees, the refreshed eye rests with the utmost pleasure, after it has been perplexed and dazzled elsewhere. May we add an humble wish that this excellent painter will remain out of doors, amidst such quiet scenes as he loves, and not busy himself with Gothicism, middleageism, and the painting of quaint interiors? There are a dozen artists, of not a tithe of his genius, who can excel him at the architectural work. There is, for instance, Mr. Nash, who is improving yearly, and whose pictures are not only most dexterously sketched, but contain numberless little episodes, in the shape of groups of figures, that are full of grace and feeling. There is Mr. Haghe, too, of the lower house; but of him anon.

To show how ill and how well a man may paint at the same time, the public may look at a couple of drawings by J. Nash,—one, the interior of a church; the other, a plain landscape: both of which are executed with excessive, almost childish rudeness, and are yet excellent, as being close copies of the best of all drawing-masters, Nature: and Mr. Barrett, who has lately written a book for students, tells them very sagaciously *not* to copy the manner of any master, however much he may be in the mode. Some there are, fashionable instructors in the art of water-colouring, of whom, indeed, a man had better not learn at any price; nay, were they to offer a guinea per lesson, instead of modestly demanding the same, the reader should be counselled not to accept of their instructions.

See in what a different school Mr. Hunt works, and what marvellous effects he produces! There is a small picture of an interior by him (to which the blue ticket having the pretty word *SOLD* written on it is not fixed) that, as a copy of nature, is a perfect miracle. No De Hooghe was ever better, more airy and sunshiny. And the most extraordinary part of this extraordinary picture is, that the artist has not produced his effect of excessive brilliancy by any violent contrasting darkness; but the whole picture is light; the sunshine is in every corner of the room; and this drawing remains unsold, while *Dash*, and *Blank*, and *Asterisk* have got off all theirs. The large head of the black girl is painted with wonderful power;

in water-colours, we have scarcely seen anything so vigorous. The boys and virgins are, as usual, admirable; the lad with the bottle, he reading ballads in the barn, and the red, ragged, brickdust-coloured, brigand-looking fellow, especially good. In a corner is a most astonishing young gentleman with a pan of milk: he is stepping forward full into your face; and has seen something in it which has caused him to spill his milk and look dreadfully frightened. Every man who is worth a fig, as he comes up to this picture bursts out a-laughing—he can't help himself; you hear a dozen such laughs in the course of your visit. Why does this little drawing so seize hold of the beholder, and cause him to roar? There is the secret: the painter has got the soul of comedy in him—the undefinable humorous genius. Happy is the man who possesses that drawing: a man must laugh if he were taking his last look at it before being hanged.

Mr. Taylor's flowing pencil has produced several pieces of delightful colour; but we are led bitterly to deplore the use of that fatal white-lead pot, that is clogging and blackening the pictures of so many of the water-colour painters nowadays. His large picture contains a great deal of this white mud, and has lost, as we fancy, in consequence, much of that liquid mellow tone for which his works are remarkable. The retreating figures in this picture are beautiful; the horses are excellently painted, with as much dexterous brilliancy of colour as one sees in the oil pictures of Landseer. If the amateur wants to see how far transparent colour will go, what rich effect may be produced by it, how little necessary it is to plaster drawings with flakes of white, let him examine the background of the design representing a page asleep on a chair, than which nothing can be more melodious in colour, or more skilfully and naturally painted.

In the beauty gallery which this exhibition usually furnishes, there is Mr. Richter, who contributes his usual specimens; the fair Miss Sharpe, with those languishing-eyed charmers whom the world admires so much; and still more to our taste, a sweet pretty lady, by Mr. Stone, in a hideous dress, with upper-Benjamin buttons; a couple of very graceful and delicate heads by Wright; and one beautiful head, a

portrait evidently, by Cristall, that is placed very modestly in a corner near the ground—where such a drawing should be placed, of course, being vigorous, honest, natural, and beautiful. This artist's other drawing—a mysterious subject, representing primæval Scotchmen, rocks, waterfalls, a cataract of bulls, and other strange things, looks like a picture painted in a dream. Near it hangs Mr. Mackenzie's view of Saint Denis's Cathedral, that is painted with great carefulness, and is very true to nature. And having examined this, and Mr. Varley's fine gloomy sketches, you shall be no longer detained at this place, but walk on to see what more remains to be seen.

Of the New Water-Colour Society, I think it may be asserted that their gallery contains neither such good nor such bad drawings as may be seen in the senior exhibition; unless, indeed, we except Mr. Haghe, a gentleman who in architectural subjects has a marvellous skill, and whose work deserves to be studied by all persons who follow the trade of water-colouring. This gentleman appears to have a profound knowledge (or an extraordinary instinct) of his profession as an architectural draughtsman. There are no tricks, no clumsy plastering of white, no painful niggling, nor swaggering affectation of boldness. He seems to understand every single tone and line which he lays down; and his picture, in my humble judgment, contains some of the very best qualities of which this branch of painting is capable. You cannot produce by any combination of water-colours such effects as may be had from oil, such richness and depth of tone, such pleasing variety of texture, as gums and varnishes will give; but, on the other hand, there are many beauties peculiar to the art, which the oil-painter cannot arrive at,—such as air, brightness, coolness, and flatness of surface; points which painters understand and can speak of a great deal better than amateur writers and readers. Why will the practitioners, then, be so ambitious? Why strive after effects that are only to be got imperfectly at best, and at the expense of qualities far more valuable and pleasing? There are some aspiring individuals who will strive to play a whole band of music off a guitar, or to perform the broadsword exercise with a rapier,—monstrous attempts, that

the moral critic must lift up his voice to reprehend. Valuable instruments are guitars and small-swords in themselves, the one for making pleasant small music, the other for drilling small holes in the human person; but let the professor of each art do his agreeable duty in his own line, nor strive with his unequal weapons to compete with persons who have greater advantages. Indeed, I have seldom seen the works of a skilful water-colour painter of figures, without regretting that he had not taken to oil, which would allow him to put forth all the vigour of which he was capable. For works, however, like that of Mr. Haghe, which are not finished pictures, but admirable finished sketches, water is best; and we wish that his brethren followed his manner of using it. Take warning by these remarks, O Mr. Absolon! Your interiors have been regarded by Titmarsh with much pleasure, and deserve at his hands a great deal of commendation. Mr. Absolon, we take it, has been brought up in a French school—there are many traces of foreign manner in him; his figures, for instance, are better costumed than those of our common English artists. Look at the little sketch which goes by the laconic title of “Jump.” Let Mrs. Seyffarth come and look at it before she paints Sir Roger de Coverley’s figure again, and she will see what an air of life and authenticity the designer has thrown into his work. Several larger pieces by Mr. Absolon, in which are a face—is it the artist’s own, by any chance?—(We fancy that we have a knack at guessing a portrait of an artist by himself, having designed about five thousand such in our own experience,—“Portrait of a Painter,” “A Gentleman in a Vandyke Dress,” “A Brigand,” “A Turkish Costume,” and so on: they are somehow always rejected by those cursed Academicians)—but to return to Absolon, whom we have left hanging up all this time on the branch of a sentence, he has taken hugely to the body-colour system within the last twelve months, and small good has it done him. The accessories of his pictures are painted with much vigour and feeling of colour, are a great deal stronger than heretofore—a great deal too strong for the figures themselves; and the figures being painted chiefly in transparent colour, will not bear the atmosphere of distemper by which they are surrounded. The

picture of "The Bachelor" is excellent in point of effect and justness of colour.

Mr. Corbould is a gentleman who must be mentioned with a great deal of praise. His large drawing of the "Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard" is very gay and sparkling; and the artist shows that he possesses a genuine antiquarian or Walter-Scottish spirit. It is a pity that his people are all so uncommon handsome. It is a pity that his ladies wear such uncommonly low dresses—they did not wear such (according to the best authorities) in Chaucer's time; and even if they did, Mr. Corbould had much better give them a little more cloth, which costs nothing, and would spare much painful blushing to modest men like—never mind whom. But this is a moral truth: nothing is so easy to see in a painter as a certain inclination towards naughtiness, which we press-Josephs are bound to cry *fie* at. Cover them up, Mr. Corbould—muslin is the word; but of this no more. Where the painter departs from his line of beauty, his faces have considerable humour and character. The whole of the pilgrim group, as he has depicted it, is exceedingly picturesque. It might be painted with a little more strength, and a good deal less finical trifling with the pencil; but of these manual errors the painter will no doubt get the better as his practice and experience increase.

Here is a large and interesting picture by Mr. Warren, of the Pasha of Egypt in the middle of the Nubian desert, surrounded by pipe-bearers and camels, and taking his cup of coffee. There is much character both in the figures and scenery. A slight sketch by the same artist, "The King in Thule," is very pretty, and would make a very good picture.

Mr. Bright is an artist of whom we do not before remember to have heard. His pictures are chiefly effects of sunset and moonlight; of too *criarde* a colour as regards sun and moon, but pretty and skilful in other points, and of a style that strikes us as almost new. The manner of a French artist, Monsieur Collignon, somewhat resembles that of Mr. Bright. The cool parts of his pictures are excellent; but he has dangerous dealings with gamboge and orange, pigments with the use of which a painter is bound to be uncommonly

cautious. Look at Mr. Turner, who has taken to them until they have driven him quite wild. If there be any Emperor of the Painters, he should issue "a special edict" against the gamboge-dealers:—'tis a deleterious drug. "Hasten, hasten," Mr. Bright; "obey with trembling," and have a care of gamboge henceforth.

For the rest of the artists at this place, it may be said that Mr. Hicks has not been quite so active this year as formerly; Mr. Boys has some delightful drawings in his style of art; and for the curious there is, moreover, a second-hand Cattermole, a sham Prout, a pseudo-Bentley, and a small double of Cox, whose works are to be seen in various parts of the room. Miss Corbould has a pretty picture. Mr. Duncan's drawings exhibit considerable skill and fidelity to nature. And here we must close our list of the juniors, whose exhibition is very well worth the shilling which all must pay who would enter their pretty gallery.

We have been through a number of picture galleries, and cannot do better than go and visit a gentleman who has a gallery of his own, containing only one picture. We mean Mr. Danby, with his "Deluge," now visible in Piccadilly. Every person in London will no doubt go and see this; artists, because the treatment and effect of the picture are extraordinarily skilful and broad; and the rest of the world, who cannot fail of being deeply moved by the awful tragedy which is here laid before them. The work is full of the strongest dramatic interest; a vast performance, grandly treated, and telling in a wonderful way its solemn awful tale. Mr. Danby has given a curious description of it to our hand; and from this the reader will be able to understand what is the design and treatment of the piece.

[Here follows a long description of the picture.]

The episode of the angel is the sole part of the picture with which we should be disposed to quarrel; but the rest, which has been excellently described in the queer wild words of the artist, is really as grand and magnificent a conception

as ever we saw. Why Poussin's famous picture of an inundation has been called "The Deluge," I never could understand: it is only a very small and partial deluge. The artist has genius enough, if any artist ever had, to have executed a work far more vast and tremendous; nor does his picture at the Louvre, nor Turner's Deluge, nor Martin's, nor any that we have ever seen, at all stand a competition with this extraordinary performance of Mr. Danby. He has painted *the* picture of "The Deluge;" we have before our eyes still the ark in the midst of the ruin floating calm and lonely, the great black cataracts of water pouring down, the mad rush of the miserable people clambering up the rocks;—nothing can be finer than the way in which the artist has painted the picture in all its innumerable details, and we hope to hear that his room will be hourly crowded, and his great labour and genius rewarded in some degree.

Let us take some rest after beholding this picture, and what place is cooler and more quiet than the Suffolk Street Gallery? If not remarkable for any pictures of extraordinary merit, it is at least to be praised as a place singularly favourable to meditation. It is a sweet calm solitude, lighted from the top with convenient blinds to keep out the sun. If you have an assignation, bid your mistress to come hither, there is only a dumb secretary in the room; and sitting, like the man in the "Arabian Nights," perpetually before a great book, in which he pores. This would be a grand place to hatch a conspiracy, to avoid a dun, to write an epic poem. Something ails the place! What is it?—what keeps the people away, and gives the moneytaker in his box a gloomy lonely sinecure? Alas, and alas! not even Mr. Haydon's "Samson Agonistes" is strong enough to pull the people in.

And yet this picture is worth going to see. You may here take occasion to observe the truth of Mr. Yorke's astute remark about another celebrated artist, and see how bad a painter is this great *writer* of historical paintings, Mr. Haydon. There is an account in some of the late papers—from America, of course—of a remarkably fat boy, three years old, five feet six high, with a fine bass voice, and a handsome beard and

whiskers. Much such a hero is this Samson—a great red chubby-cheeked monster, looking at you with the most earnest, mild, dull eyes in the world, and twisting about a brace of ropes, as he comes sprawling forwards. Sprawling backwards is a Delilah—such a Delilah, with such an arm, with such a dress, on such a sofa, with such a set of ruffians behind her! The picture is perfectly amazing! Is this the author of the “Judgment of Solomon”?—the restorer or setter up of the great style of painting in this country? The drawing of the figures is not only faulty, but bad and careless as can be. It never was nor could be in nature; and, such as it is, the drawing is executed in a manner so loose and slovenly, that one wonders to behold it. Is this the way in which a *chef d’école* condescends to send forth a picture to the public? Would he have his scholars finish no more and draw no better? Look at a picture of “Milton and his Daughters,” the same subject which Sir A. Callcott has treated in the Academy, which painters will insist upon treating, so profoundly interesting does it seem to be. Mr. Haydon’s “Milton” is playing on the organ, and turning his blind eyes towards the public with an expression that is absolutely laughable. A buxom wench in huge gigot sleeves stands behind the chair, another is at a table writing. The draperies of the ladies are mere smears of colour; in the foreground lies a black cat or dog, a smudge of lamp-black, in which the painter has not condescended to draw a figure. The chair of the poetical organ-player is a similar lump of red and brown; nor is the conception of the picture, to our thinking, one whit better than the execution. If this be the true style of art, there is another great work of the kind at the “Saracen’s Head,” Snow Hill, which had better be purchased for the National Gallery.

Mr. Hurlstone has, as usual, chosen this retired spot to exhibit a very great number of pictures. There is much good in almost all of these. The children especially are painted with great truth and sweetness of expression, but we never shall be able to reconcile ourselves to the extraordinary dirtiness of the colour. Here are ladies’ dresses which look as if they had served for May-day, and arms and shoulders such as might have belonged to Cinderella. Once in a way the artist

shows he can paint a clean face, such an one is that of a child in the little room ; it is charming, if the artist did but know it, how much more charming for being clean ! A very good picture of a subject somewhat similar to those which Mr. Hurlstone loves to paint is Mr. Buckner's "Peasants of Sora in the Regno di Napoli." The artist has seen the works of Léopold Robert, and profited evidently by the study of them.

Concerning other artists whose works appear in this gallery, we should speak favourably of Mr. O'Neill, who has two pretty pictures ; of a couple of animal pieces, "A Pony and Cows," by Mr. Sosi ; and of a pretty picture by Mr. Elmore, a vast deal better than his great Becket performance before alluded to. Mr. Tomkins has some skilful street scenes ; and Mr. Holland, a large, raw, clever picture of Milan Cathedral. And so farewell to this quiet spot, and let us take a peep at the British Gallery, where a whole room is devoted to the exhibition of Mr. Hilton, the late Academician.

A man's sketches and his pictures should never be exhibited together ; the sketches invariably kill the pictures ; are far more vigorous, masterly, and effective. Some of those hanging here, chiefly subjects from Spenser, are excellent, indeed ; and fine in drawing, colour, and composition. The decision and spirit of the sketch disappear continually in the finished piece, as anyone may see in examining the design for "Comus," and the large picture afterwards, the "Two Amphitrites," and many others. Were the sketches, however, removed, the beholder would be glad to admit the great feeling and grace of the pictures, and the kindly poetical spirit which distinguishes the works of the master. Besides the Hiltons, the picture-lover has here an opportunity of seeing a fine Virgin by Julio Romano, and a most noble one by Sebastian del Piombo, than which I never saw anything more majestically beautiful. The simpering beauties of some of the Virgins of the Raphael school, many painters are successful in imitating. See, O ye painters ! how in Michael Angelo strength and beauty are here combined, wonderful chastity and grace, humility, and a grandeur almost divine. The critic must have a care as he talks of these pictures,

however, for his words straightway begin to grow turgid and pompous ; and, lo ! at the end of his lines, the picture is not a whit better described than before.

And now having devoted space enough to the discussion of the merits of these different galleries and painters, I am come to the important part of this paper—viz. to my Essay on the State of the Fine Arts in this Kingdom, my Proposals for the General Improvement of Public Taste, and my Plan for the Education of Young Artists.

In the first place, I propose that Government should endow a college for painters, where they may receive the benefits of a good literary education, without which artists will never prosper. I propose that lectures should be read, examinations held, and prizes and exhibitions given to students ; that professorships should be instituted, and—and a president or lord rector appointed, with a baronetcy, a house, and a couple of thousands a year. This place, of course, will be offered to Michael Angelo Tit——

* * * * *

Mr. Titmarsh's paper came to us exactly as the reader here sees it. His contribution had been paid for in advance, and we regret exceedingly that the public should be deprived of what seemed to be the most valuable part of it. He has never been heard of since the first day of June. He was seen on that day pacing Waterloo Bridge for two hours ; but whether he plunged into the river, or took advantage of the steamboat and went down it only, we cannot state.

Why this article was incomplete, the following document will, perhaps, show. It is the work of the waiter at Morland's Hotel, where the eccentric and unhappy gentleman resided.

STATEMENT BY MRS. BARBARA.

“On the evening of the 30th of May, Anay Domino 1840, Mr. Mike Titmash came into our house in a wonderful state of delarium, drest in a new coat, a new bloo satting hankysker, a new wite at, and polisht jipannd boots, all of which he'd bot sins he went out after dinner ; nor did he bring any of his old cloves back with him, though he'd often said,

‘Barbara,’ says he to me, ‘when Mr. Frasier pays me my money, and I git new ones, you shall have these as your requisites:’ that was his very words, thof I must confess I don’t understand the same.

“He’d had dinner and coughy before he went; and we all cumjctured that he’d been somewhere particklar, for I heer’d him barging with a cabman from Hollywell Street, of which he said the fair was only hatepence; but being ableeged to pay a shilling, he cust and swear horrybill.

“He came in, ordered some supper, laft and joakt with the gents in the parlor, and shewed them a deal of money, which some of the gentlemen was so good as to purpose to borry of him.

“They talked about literaryture and the fine harts (which is both much used by our gentlemen); and Mr. Mike was very merry. Specially he sung them a song, which he anchored hissself for twenty minutes; and ordered a bole of our punch, which is chocked against his skor to this very day.

“About twelve o’clock he went to bed, very comfortable and quiet, only he cooldnt stand on his legs very well, and cooldnt speak much, excep, ‘Frasier for ever!’ ‘All of a York!’ and some such nonsense, which neither me nor George nor Mrs. Stoaks could understand.

“‘What’s the matter?’ says Mrs. Stokes. ‘Barbara,’ says she to me, ‘has he taken any thin?’ says she.

“‘Law bless you, mum!’ says I (I always says, Law bless you), ‘as I am a Christen woman, and hope to be married, he’s had nothin out of common.’

“‘What had he for dinner?’ says she, as if she didn’t know.

“‘There was biled salmon,’ says I, ‘and a half-crown lobster in soss (bless us if he left so much as a clor or tis-spunful!), boil pork and peace puddn, and a secknd course of beef steak and onions, cole plumpuddn, maccarony, and afterwards cheese and sallat.’

“‘I don’t mean that,’ says she. ‘What was his liquors, or bavyrage?’

“‘Two Guineas’s stouts; old madeira, one pint; port, half a ditto; four tumlers of niggus; and three cole brandy and water, and sigars.’

“ ‘He is a good fellow,’ says Mrs. Stokes, ‘and spends his money freely, that I declare.’

“ ‘I wish he’d only *pay* it,’ says I to Mrs. Stokes, says I. ‘He’s lived in our house any time these fourteen years and never——’

“ ‘Hush your impudence!’ says Mrs. Stokes; ‘he’s a gentleman, and pays when he pleases. He’s not one of your common sort. Did he have any tea?’

“ ‘No,’ says I, ‘not a drop; only coughy and muffins. I told you so—three on ’em; and growled precious, too, because there was no more. But I wasn’t a going to fetch him any more, he whose money we’d never——’

“ ‘Barbara,’ says Mrs. Stokes, ‘leave the room—do. You’re always a suspecting every gentleman. Well, what did he have at supper?’

“ ‘You know,’ says I, ‘pickled salmon—that chap’s a reglar devil at salmon (those were my very words)—cold pork, and cold peace puddn agin; toasted chease this time; and such a lot of hale and rum-punch as I never saw—nine glasses of heach, I do believe, as I am an honest woman.’

“ ‘Barbara,’ says mistress, ‘that’s not the question. *Did he mix his liquors*, Barbara? That’s the pint.’

“ ‘No,’ says I, ‘Mrs. Stokes; that indeed he didn’t.’ And so we agreed that he couldn’t possibly be affected by drink, and that something wunderfule must have hapned to him, to send him to bed so quear like.

“ Nex morning I took him his tea in bed (on the 4th flore back, No. 104 was his number); and says he to me, ‘Barbara,’ says he, ‘you find me in sperrits.’

“ ‘Find you in sperrits! I believe we do,’ says I; ‘we’ve found you in ’em these fifteen year. I wish you’d find us in *money*,’ says I; and laft, too, for I thought it was a good un.

“ ‘Pooh!’ says he, ‘my dear, that’s not what I mean. You find me in spirits bycause my exlent publisher, Mr. Frasier, of Regent Street, paid me handsum for a remarkable harticle I wrote in his Magazine. He gives twice as much as the other publishers,’ says he; ‘though, if he didn’t, I’d write for him just the same—rayther more, I’m so fond of him.’

“ ‘How much has he gave you?’ says I; ‘because I hope you’ll pay us.’

“ ‘Oh,’ says he, after a bit, ‘a lot of money. Here, you, you darling,’ says he (he did; upon my word, he did), ‘go and git me change for a five-pound note.’

“ And when he got up and had his brekfast, and been out, he changed another five-pound note; and after lunch, another five-pound note; and when he came in to dine, another five-pound note, to pay the cabman. Well, thought we, he’s made of money, and so he seemed: but you shall hear soon how it was that he had all them notes to change.

“ After dinner he was a sitten over his punch, when some of our gents came in: and he began to talk and brag to them about his harticle, and what he had for it; and that he was the best cricket* in Europe; and how Mr. Murray had begged to be introjuiced to him, and was so pleased with him, and he with Murray; and how he’d been asked to write in the *Quartly Review*, and in bless us knows what; and how, in fact, he was going to carry all London by storm.

“ ‘Have you seen what the *Morning Poast* says of you?’ says Frank Flint, one of them hartist chaps as comes to our house.

“ ‘No,’ says he, ‘I aint. Barbara, bring some more punch, do you hear? No, I aint; but that’s a fashnable paper,’ says he, ‘and always takes notice of a fashnable chap like me. What *does* it say?’ says he.

“ Mr. Flint opened his mouth and grinned very wide; and taking the *Morning Poast* out of his pocket (he was a great friend of Mr Titmarsh’s, and, like a good-naterd friend as he was, had always a kind thing to say or do)—Frank pulls out a *Morning Poast*, I say (which had cost Frank Phippens†): ‘Here it is,’ says he; ‘read for yourself; it will make you quite happy.’ And so he began to grin to all the gents like winkin.

“ When he red it, Titmarsh’s jor dropt all of a sudn: he turned purple, and bloo, and violate; and then, with a mighty effut, he swigg off his rum and water, and staggered out of the room.

* Critic, Mrs. Barbara means, an absurd monomania of Mr. Titmarsh.

† Fivepence, Mrs. Barbara means.

“He looked so ill when he went up stairs to bed, that Mrs. Stokes insisted upon making him some grool for him to have warm in bed; but, Lor bless you! he threw it in my face when I went up, and rord and swor so dredfle, that I rann down stairs quite frightened.

“Nex morning I knockt at his dor at nine—no anser.

“At ten, tried agin—never a word.

“At eleven, twelve, one, two, up we went, with a fresh cup of hot tea every time. His dor was lockt, and not one sillibaly could we git.

“At for we began to think he’d suasided hisself; and having called in the policemen, bust open the dor.

“And then we beheld a pretty spactycle! Fancy him in his gor, his throat cut from hear to hear, his white night-gownd all over blood, his beautiful face all pail with hagny!—well, no such thing. Fancy him hanging from the bedpost by one of his pore dear garters!—well, no such thing. Agin, fancy him flung out of the window, and dasht into ten billium peaces on the minionet-potts in the fust floar; or else a naked, melumcolly corpse, laying on the hairy spikes!—not in the least. He wasn’t dead, nor he wasn’t the least unwell, nor he wasn’t asleep neither—he only wasn’t there; and from that day we have heard nothen about him. He left on his table the following note as follows:—

“‘1st June, 1840. *Midnight.*

“‘MRS. STOKES,—I am attached to you by the most disinterested friendship. I have patronised your house for fourteen years, and it was my intention to have paid you a part of your bill, but the *Morning Post* newspaper has destroyed that blessed hope for ever.

“‘Before you receive this I shall be—*ask not where*; my mind shudders to think where! You will carry the papers directed to Regent Street to that address, and perhaps you will receive in return a handsome sum of money; but if the bud of my youth is blighted, the promise of a long and happy career suddenly and cruelly cut short, an affectionate family deprived of its support and ornament, say that the *Morning Post* has done this by its savage criticisms upon me, the last this day.

“‘FAREWELL.’

"This is hall he said. From that day to this we have never seen the poor fellow—we have never heerd of him—we have never known any think about him. Being halarmed, Mrs. Stoks hadvertized him in the papers; but not wishing to vex his family, we called him by another name, and put hour address diffrent too. Hall was of no use; and I can't tell you what a pang I felt in my busum when, on going to get change for the five-pound notes he'd given me at the public-house in Hoxford Street, the lan'lord laft when he saw them; and said, says he, 'Do you know, Mrs. Barbara, that a queer gent came in here with five sovrings one day, has a glass of hale, and haskes me to change his sovrings for a note? which I did. Then in about two hours he came back with five more sovrings, gets another note and another glass of hale, and so goes on four times in one blessed day! It's my beleaf that he had only five pound, and wanted you to suppose that he was worth twenty, for you've got all his notes, I see!'

"And so the poor fellow had no money with him after all! I do pity him, I do, from my hart; and I do hate that wicked *Morning Post* for so treating such a kind, sweet, good-nater'd gentleman!

(Signed) "BARBARA.

"MORLAND'S HOTEL: 15 Jewin, 1840."

This is conclusive. Our departed friend had many faults, but he is gone, and we will not discuss them now. It appears that, on the 1st of June, the *Morning Post* published a criticism upon him, accusing him of ignorance, bad taste, and gross partiality. His gentle and susceptible spirit could not brook the rebuke; he was not angry; he did not retort; but *his heart broke!*

Peace to his ashes! A couple of volumes of his works, we see by our advertisements, are about immediately to appear.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June and July 1840.)

*FIELDING'S WORKS.**

HERE, in a single handsome volume, and a clear distinct type, we have all the works of one of the greatest humourists in our language, and though there is, to be sure, a great deal of matter in the book that is not exactly so delicate as the last novel by the last female author of fashions, and though boys and virgins must read it with caution, we are very glad to see this great writer's works put forward in a popular form, and at a price exceedingly low. A man may be very much injured by perusing maudlin sentimental tales, but cannot be hurt, though he may be shocked every now and then, by reading works of sterling humour, like the greater part of these, full of benevolence, practical wisdom, and generous sympathy with mankind.

The work is prefaced by an able biography of Fielding by Mr. Roscoe, in which he does justice to the great satirist's memory, and rescues it from the attacks which rivals, poetasters, and fine gentlemen have made upon it. Great were his errors, doubtless, and low his tastes. We fear very much that he did even worse in the course of his hard life than what Walpole has described of him,—viz., banqueting with three Irishmen and a blind man on some cold mutton and a bone of ham in one plate; but this, as we take it, is the cause of quarrel with him,—that he ate mutton with three low Irishmen and a blind beggar; if he had eaten it off a clean cloth, with persons of quality, we should not have heard so much of his vices. It is that vulgar dirty cloth that shocks the world so much, and that horrid low company—not the mutton. The public of our day need scarcely be warned that if they are to pass an hour with Fielding they will find him

* "The Works of Henry Fielding," complete in one volume, with Memoir of the Author, by Thomas Roscoe. Portrait and Autograph. London: Washbourne, and others. 1840.

continually in such low company ; those, therefore, who are excessively squeamish and genteel will scornfully keep away from him ; those who have a mind to forgive a little coarseness, for the sake of one of the honestest, manliest, kindest companions in the world, cannot, as we fancy, find a better than Fielding, or get so much true wit and shrewdness from any other writer of our language.

With regard to personal appearance, says his biographer, Fielding was strongly-built, robust, and in height rather exceeding six feet. He was possessed of rare conversational powers and wit ; a nobleman who had known Pope, Swift, and the wits of that famous *clique*, declared that Harry Fielding surpassed them all. He loved all manly sports, kept horses and hounds in the brief days of his prosperity, and signalised himself by the driving of that coach to which he has attributed, in *Amelia*, so many of the misfortunes of poor Booth. At nineteen, with his annuity, "that any one might pay who would," he came upon the town, and lived jovially upon his wits. Now with lords and gentlemen of fashion over their wine—now with the Lady Bettys and Sir Harrys of Garrick's company, often with other inhabitants of Covent Garden, not even so reputable as the latter—we see in what a school the poor fellow was bred, and can account for many of the errors of his works and their author.

He and Hogarth between them have given us a strange notion of the Society of those days. Walpole's letters for all their cold elegance are not a whit more moral than those rude, coarse pictures of the former artists. Lord Chesterfield's model of a man is more polite, but not so honest as Tom Jones, or as poor Will Booth, with his "chairman's shoulders, and calves like a porter." Little Walpole, with his thin shanks and weak stomach, who is always at his tea and panada, and flustered by a couple of glasses of burgundy, does not debauch like a stalwart sinner of six feet and as many bottles, who can drink anything from Clos Vougeot to Old Tom, and drink it in any company too ; but he has his little genteel sins in his little genteel society, and he and his countesses can snigger over naughty stories, and cry "fie !" at George Selwyn's last, and be just as wicked as Harry

Fielding in his tavern chair, carousing with Heaven knows whom.

The world does not tolerate now such satire as that of Hogarth and Fielding, and the world no doubt is right in a great part of its squeamishness; for it is good to pretend to the virtue of chastity even though we do not possess it; nay, the very restraint which the hypocrisy lays on a man, is not unapt, in some instances, to profit him. But any man who has walked through Regent Street of a night, or has been behind the scenes of the Opera, or has even been to a theatre, and looked up to that delectable part of the house, the second tier of boxes, must know that the *Rake's* and *Harlot's Progress* is still by no means concluded, and will see the same parts acted by young swaggering dandies in mackintoshes or pilot-coats, and charming syrens in the last new mode from Paris, as were played a hundred years since by pretty fellows in laced hats and bob wigs, and madams in stiff hoops and brocades. The same vice exists, only we don't speak about it; the same things are done, but we don't call them by their names. Here lies the chief immorality of Fielding, as we take it. As for Hogarth, he has passed into a tradition; we allow him and Shakespeare to take liberties in conversation that we would not permit to any other man. It is wise that the public modesty should be as prudish as it is; that writers should be forced to chasten their humour, and when it would play with points of life and character which are essentially immoral, that they should be compelled, by the general outcry of incensed public propriety, to be silent altogether. But an impartial observer, who gets some little of his knowledge of men from books, and some more from persona examination of them, knows pretty well that Fielding's men and Hogarth's are Dickens' and Cruikshank's, drawn with ten times more skill and force, only the latter humourists dare not talk of what the elder discussed honestly.

Let us, then, not accuse Fielding of immorality, but simply admit that his age was more free-spoken than ours, and accuse it of the fault (such as it is) rather than him. But there is a great deal of good, on the other hand, which is to be found in the writings of this great man, of virtue so wise

and practical, that the man of the world cannot read it and imitate it too much. He gives a strong, real picture of human life, and the virtues which he exhibits shine out by their contrasts with the vices which he paints so faithfully, as they never could have done, if the latter had not been depicted as well as the former. He tries to give you, as far as he knows it, the whole truth about human nature; the good and the evil of his characters are both practical. Tom Jones sins, and his faults are described with a curious accuracy, but then follows the repentance which comes out of his very sins, and surely that is moral and touching. Booth goes astray (we do verily believe that many persons even in these days are not altogether pure), but how good his remorse is! Are persons who profess to take the likeness of human nature to make an accurate portrait? This is such a hard question, that, think as we will, we will not venture to say what we think. Perhaps it is better to do as Hannibal's painter did, and draw only that side of the face which has not the blind eye. Fielding attacked it in full. Let the reader, according to his taste, select the artist who shall give a likeness of him, or only half a likeness.

We have looked through many of the pieces of Mr. Roscoe's handsome volume. The dramatic works could not have been spared, possibly, but the reader will have no great pleasure, as we fancy, in looking at them more than once. They are not remarkable for wit, even, though they have a great deal of *spirits*: a great deal too much perhaps. Farquhar, at Fielding's age, put into his comedies wit and spirits too. The latter writes in a slovenly, dashing, swaggering way, and the pieces are, it must be confessed, irretrievably immoral. The heroes are Mohocks; and the ladies—we can't say what the ladies are at this present period of the world; Hogarth has drawn the progress of one of them who was by trade, that is to say, what these are by nature. Young Harry Fielding, six feet high and twenty years of age, ready for a row, or a bottle, or what else you please, was a young fellow upon town with very loose morals indeed, and never seems to have thought of anything beyond the pleasure of living and being jolly. A number of his errors

must be attributed to his excessive and boisterous bodily health. But he was an honest-hearted fellow, with affections as tender and simple as ever dwelt in the bosom of any man; and if in the heyday of his spirits and the prodigal outpouring of his jovial good-humour, he could give a hand to many "a lad and lass," whom the squeamish world would turn its back on (indeed, there was a virtue in his benevolence, but we dare not express our sympathies now for poor Doll Tearsheet and honest Mistress Quickly)—if he led a sad, riotous life, and mixed with many a bad woman in his time, his heart was pure, and he knew a good one when he found her. He married and (though Sir Walter Scott speaks rather slightly of the novel in which Fielding has painted his first wife) the picture of Amelia, in the story of that name, is (in the writer's humble opinion) the most beautiful and delicious description of a character that is to be found in any writer, not excepting Shakespeare. It is a wonder how old Richardson—girded at as he had been by the reckless satirist—how Richardson, the author of "*Pamela*," could have been so blinded by anger and pique as not to have seen the merits of his rival's exquisite performance.

Amelia was in her grave when poor Fielding drew this delightful portrait of her; but, with all his faults, and extravagancies, and vagaries, it is not hard to see how such a gentle, generous, loving creature, as Fielding was, must have been loved and prized by her. She had a little fortune of her own, and he, at this time, inherited a small one from his mother. He carried her to the country, and like a wise, prudent, Henry Fielding as he was, who having lived upon nothing very jovially for some years, thought £5,000 or £6,000 an endless wealth, he kept horses and hounds, flung his doors open, and lived with the best of his county. When he had spent his little fortune, and saw there was nothing for it but to work, he came to London, applied himself fiercely to the law, seized upon his pen again, never lost heart for a moment, and to be sure loved his poor Amelia as tenderly as ever he had done. It is a pity that he did not live on his income, that is certain; it is a pity that he had not been born a lord, or a thrifty stock-broker, at the very least; but we should not

have had "Joseph Andrews" if this had been the case, and indeed it is probable that Amelia liked him quite as well after his ruin as she would have done had he been as rich as Rothschild.

The biographers agree that he would have been very successful at the bar, but for certain circumstances. These ugly circumstances always fall in the way of men of Fielding's genius; for though he amassed a considerable quantity of law, was reputed to be a good speaker, and had a great wit and a knowledge of human nature, which might serve him in excellent stead, it is to be remarked that those, without a certain degree of patience and conduct, will not insure a man's triumph at the bar, and so Fielding never rose to be a Lord Chancellor or even a judge. They say he used to come home from a supper party, and after tying a wet cloth round his head, would begin to read as stoutly as the soberest man in either of the Temples. This is very probable, but there are still better ways of keeping the head cool, which the author of "Tom Jones" seems to have neglected. In short, he had ruined his constitution, and acquired habits that his resolution could not break through, and was paying with gout and a number of other ills the price of his debaucheries as a young adventurer on the town, and his dissipations as a country gentleman.

His days of trouble had now begun in earnest, and, indeed, he met them like a man. He wrote incessantly for the periodical works of the day, issued pamphlets, made translations, published journals and criticisms, turned his hand, in a word, to any work that offered, and lived as best he might. This indiscriminate literary labour, which obliges a man to scatter his intellects upon so many trifles, and to provide weekly varieties as sets-off against the inevitable butcher's bills, has been the ruin of many a man of talent since Fielding's time, and it was lucky for the world and for him that at a time of life when his powers were at the highest, he procured a place which kept him beyond the reach of weekly want, and enabled him to gather his great intellects together and produce the greatest satire, and two of the most complete romances in our language.

Let us remark, as a strong proof of the natural honesty of the man, the exquisite art of these performances, the care with which the situations are elaborated, and the noble, manly language, corrected. When Harry Fielding was writing for the week's bread, we find style and sentiment both careless, and plots hastily worked off. How could he do otherwise? Mr. Snap, the bailiff, was waiting with a writ without,—his wife and little ones asking wistfully for bread within. Away, with all its imperfections on its head, the play or the pamphlet must go. Indeed, he would have been no honest man had he kept them longer on his hands, with such urgent demands upon him as he had. But as soon as he is put out of the reach of this base kind of want, his whole style changes, and, instead of the reckless and slovenly hack-writer, we have one of the most minute and careful artists that ever lived.

Dr. Beattie gave his testimony to the merits of "Tom Jones." Moral or immoral, let any man examine this romance as a work of art merely, and it must strike him as the most astonishing production of human ingenuity. There is not an incident ever so trifling, but advances the story, grows out of former incidents, and is connected with the whole. Such a literary *providence*, if we may use such a word, is not to be seen in any other work of fiction. You might cut out half of "Don Quixote," or add, transpose, or alter any given romance of Walter Scott, and neither would suffer. Roderick Random and heroes of that sort run through a series of adventures, at the end of which the fiddles are brought, and there is a marriage. But "The History of Tom Jones" connects the very first page with the very last, and it is marvellous to think how the author could have built and carried all the structure in his brain, as he must have done, before he began to put it to paper.

And now a word or two about our darling "Amelia," of which we have read through every single word in Mr. Roscoe's handsome edition. "As for Captain Booth, Madam," writes old Richardson to one of his toadies, "Captain Booth has done his business. The piece, in short, is as dead as if it had been written forty years ago"; indeed, human nature is not altered since Richardson's time; and if there are rakes, male

and female, as there were a hundred years since, there are, in like manner, envious critics now, as then. How eager they are to predict a man's fall, how unwilling to acknowledge his rise ! If a man write a popular work, he is sure to be snarled at ; if a literary man rise to eminence out of his profession, all his old comrades are against him. They can't pardon his success : would it not be wiser for gentlemen of the pen to do as they do in France, have an *esprit de corps*, declare that their body and calling is as honourable as any other, feel their own power, and instead of crying down any member of their profession who happens to light on a prize, support him with all their strength ! The condition of literary men might be very soon changed by a manly literary union of this kind ; but this dissertation, we must acknowledge, is quite far from the purpose, nor have we any need to repeat the truism, that men of letters are envious, merely because Richardson bore a hearty ill-will to Fielding.

Well, in spite of Richardson's prophecies, the piece which was dead at its birth is alive a hundred years after, and will live, as we fancy, as long as the English language shall endure. Fielding, in his own noble words, has given a key to the philosophy of the work. "The nature of man," cries honest Dr. Harrison, "is far from being in itself evil ; it abounds with benevolence and charity, and pity, coveting praise and honour, and shunning shame and disgrace. Bad education, bad habits, and bad customs debauch our nature, and drive it headlong into vice." And the author's tale is an exemplification of this text. Poor Booth's habits and customs are bad indeed, but who can deny the benevolence, and charity, and pity of this simple and kindly being ? His vices, even, if we may say so, are those of a man ; there is nothing morbid or mawkish in any of Fielding's heroes ; no passionate pleas in extenuation, such as one finds in the pseudo-moral romances of the sentimental character ; no flashy excuses like those which Sheridan puts forward (unconsciously, most likely) for those brilliant blackguards who are the chief characters of his comedies. Vice is never to be mistaken for virtue in Fielding's honest downright books ; it goes by its name, and invariably gets its punishment. See the consequences of honesty !

Many a squeamish lady of our time would fling down one of these romances with horror, but would go through every page of Mr. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" with perfect comfort to herself. Ainsworth dared not paint his hero as the scoundrel he knew him to be; he must keep his brutalities in the background, else the public morals will be outraged, and so he produces a book quite absurd and unreal, and infinitely more immoral than anything Fielding ever wrote. "Jack Sheppard" is immoral actually because it is decorous. The Spartans, who used to show drunken slaves to their children, took care, no doubt, that the slaves should be really and truly drunk. Sham drunkenness, which never passed the limits of propriety, but only went so far as to be amusing, would be rather an object to excite youth to intoxication than to deter him from it, and some late novels have always struck us in the same light.

Besides the matchless character of Amelia, whose beauty and charming innocent consciousness of it (so delicately described by the novelist), whose tenderness and purity are such that they endear her to a reader as much as if she were actually alive, his own wife or mother, and make him consider her as some dear relative and companion of his own, about whose charms and virtues it is scarcely modest to talk in public: besides Amelia, there are other characters not so beautiful, but not less admirably true to nature. The Matthews is a wonderful portrait, and the vanity which inspires every one of the actions of that passionate, unscrupulous lady, the colour as it were which runs through the whole picture, is touched with a master's hand. Mrs. James, the indifferent woman, is not less skilful. "Can this be my Jenny?" cries poor Amelia, who runs forward to meet her old friend, and finds a pompous, frigid-looking personage, in an enormous hoop, in the very pink of the fashion; to which Mrs. James answers, "Madam, I believe I have done what was genteel," and wonders how any mortal can live up three pair of stairs. "Is there," says the enthusiast for the first time in her life, "so delightful a sight in the world as the four honours in one's own hand, unless it be the three natural aces at brag?" Can comedy be finer than this? Has not every person some

Matthews and James in their acquaintance—one all passion, the other all indifference and vapid self-complacency ; James the good-natured fellow, with passions, and without principles ; Bath with his magnificent notions of throat-cutting and the Christian religion,—what admirable knowledge of the world do all these characters display ; what good moral may be drawn from them by those who will take the trouble to think ! This, however, is not a task that the generality of novel-readers are disposed to take upon them, and prefer that their favourite works should contain as little reflection as possible ; indeed, it is very probable that Mrs. James or Mrs. Matthews might read their own characters as here described, and pronounce such writing vastly low and unnatural.

But what is especially worthy of remark is the masterly manner in which the author paints the good part of those equivocal characters that he brings upon his stage ; James has his generosity, and his silly wife her good-nature ; Matthews her starts of kindness ; and old Bath, in his sister's dressing-gown, cooking possets for her, is really an amiable object, whom we like while we laugh at him. A great deal of tenderness and love goes along with this laughter, and it was this mixed feeling that our author liked so to indulge himself, and knew so well how to excite in others. Whenever he has to relate an action of benevolence, honest Fielding kindles as he writes it. Some writers of fiction have been accused of falling in a passion with their bad characters ; these our author treats with a philosophic calmness—it is when he comes to the good that he grows enthusiastic ; you fancy that you see the tears in his manly eyes, nor does he care to disguise any of the affectionate sympathies of his great simple heart. This is a defect in art, perhaps, but a very charming one.

For further particulars of Fielding's life we recommend the reader to consult Mr. Roscoe's biography. Indeed, as much as any of his romances, his own history illustrates the maxim we have just quoted from "*Amelia*." For his vices and imprudence no man paid more dearly : ruined fortune, and all the shifts and meannesses consequent upon extravagance, ruined health and the miseries attendant on it, were the punishment that he paid for his errors : they dogged his whole

life, and hunted him, in the prime of years, to his grave. Want, sorrow, and pain subdued his body at last, but his great and noble humour rode buoyant over them all, and his frank and manly philosophy overcame them. His generous attachment to his family comforted him to the last, and though all the labours of the poor fellow were only sufficient to keep him and them in a bare competence, yet it must be remembered, to his credit, that he left behind him a friend who valued him so much as to provide for the family he had left destitute and to place them beyond the reach of want. It is some credit to a man to have been the friend of Ralph Allen; and Fielding before his death raised a monument to his friend, a great deal more lasting than bronze or marble, placing his figure in the romance of "Tom Jones" under the name of Alworthy. "There is a day, Sir," says Fielding in one of his dedications to Mr. Allen, "which no man in the kingdom can think of without fear but yourself—the day of your death." Can there be a finer compliment? nor was Fielding the man to pay it to one who he thought was undeserving of it.

Never do Fielding's courage, cheerfulness, and affection forsake him; up to the last days of his life he is labouring still for his children. He dies, and is beholden to the admiration of a foreigner, Monsieur de Meyrionnet, French Consul at Lisbon, for a decent grave and tombstone. There he lies sleeping after life's fitful fever. No more care, no more duns, no more racking pains, no more wild midnight orgies and jovial laughter. Of the women who are weeping for him a pious friend takes care. Here, indeed, it seems as if his sorrows ended; and one hopes and fancies that the poor but noble fellow's spirit is at last pure and serene.

(*The Times*, September 2, 1840.)

ON MEN AND PICTURES.

À PROPOS OF A WALK IN THE LOUVRE.

PARIS: June 1841.

IN the days of my youth I knew a young fellow that I shall here call Tidbody, and who, born in a provincial town of respectable parents, had been considered by the drawing-master of the place, and, indeed, by the principal tea-parties there, as a great genius in the painting line, and one that was sure to make his fortune.

When he had made portraits of his grandmother, of the house-dog, of the door-knocker, of the church and parson of the place, and had copied, *tant bien que mal*, most of the prints that were to be found in the various houses of the village, Harry Tidbody was voted to be very nearly perfect; and his honest parents laid out their little savings in sending the lad to Rome and Paris.

I saw him in the latter town in the year '32, before an immense easel, perched upon a high stool, and copying with perfect complacency a Correggio in the gallery, which he thought he had imitated to a nicety. No misgivings ever entered into the man's mind that he was making an ass of himself; he never once paused to consider that his copy was as much like the Correggio as my nose is like the Apollo's. But he rose early of mornings, and scrubbed away all day with his megilps and varnishes; he worked away through cold and through sunshine; when other men were warming their fingers at the stoves, or wisely lounging on the Boulevard, he worked away, and thought he was cultivating art in the

purest fashion, and smiled with easy scorn upon those who took the world more easily than he. Tidbody drank water with his meals—if meals those miserable scraps of bread and cheese, or bread and sausage, could be called, which he lined his lean stomach with; and voted those persons godless gluttons who recreated themselves with brandy and beef. He rose up at daybreak, and worked away with bladder and brush; he passed all night at life-academies, designing life-guardsmen with chalk and stump; he never was known to take any other recreation; and in ten years he had spent as much time over his drawing as another man spends in thirty. At the end of his second year of academical studies Harry Tidbody could draw exactly as well as he could eight years after. He had visited Florence, and Rome, and Venice, in the interval; but there he was as he had begun, without one single farther idea, and not an inch nearer the goal at which he aimed.

One day, at the Life-academy in Saint Martin's Lane, I saw before me the back of a shock head of hair and a pair of ragged elbows, belonging to a man in a certain pompous attitude which I thought I recognised; and when the model retired behind his curtain to take his ten minutes' repose, the man belonging to the back in question turned round a little, and took out an old snuffy cotton handkerchief and wiped his forehead and lank cheekbones, that were moist with the vast mental and bodily exertions of the night. Harry Tidbody was the man in question. In ten years he had spent at least three thousand nights in copying the model. When abroad, perhaps, he had passed the Sunday evenings too in the same rigorous and dismal pastime. He had piles upon piles of grey paper at his lodgings, covered with worthless nudities in black and white chalk.

At the end of the evening we shook hands, and I asked him how the arts flourished. The poor fellow, with a kind of dismal humour that formed a part of his character, twirled round upon the iron heels of his old patched Blucher boots, and showed me his figure for answer. Such a lean, long, ragged, fantastical-looking personage, it would be hard to match out of the drawing-schools.

“Tit, my boy,” said he, when he had finished his pirouette, “you may see that the arts have not fattened me as yet; and, between ourselves, I make by my profession something considerably less than a thousand a year. But, mind you, I am not discouraged; my whole soul is in my calling; I can’t do anything else if I would; and I will be a painter, or die in the attempt.”

Tidbody is not dead, I am happy to say, but has a snug place in the Excise of eighty pounds a year, and now only exercises the pencil as an amateur. If his story has been told here at some length, the ingenious reader may fancy that there is some reason for it. In the first place, there is so little to say about the present exhibition at Paris, that your humble servant does not know how to fill his pages without some digressions; and, secondly, the Tidbodian episode has a certain moral in it, without which it never would have been related, and which is good for all artists to read.

It came to my mind upon examining a picture of sixty feet by forty (indeed, it cannot be much smaller), which takes up a good deal of space in the large room of the Louvre. But of this picture anon. Let us come to the general considerations.

Why the deuce will men make light of that golden gift of mediocrity which for the most part they possess, and strive so absurdly at the sublime? What is it that makes a fortune in this world but energetic mediocrity? What is it that is so respected and prosperous as good, honest, emphatic, blundering dulness, bellowing commonplaces with its great healthy lungs, kicking and struggling with its big feet and fists, and bringing an awe-stricken public down on its knees before it? Think, my good sir, of the people who occupy your attention and the world’s. Who are they? Upon your honour and conscience now, are they not persons with thews and sinews like your own, only they use them with somewhat more activity—with a voice like yours, only they shout a little louder—with the average portion of brains, in fact, but working them more? But this kind of disbelief in heroes is very offensive to the world, it must be confessed. There, now, is the *Times* newspaper, which the other day rated your humble servant for

publishing an account of one of the great humbugs of modern days, viz. the late funeral of Napoleon—which rated me, I say, and talked in its own grave roaring way about the flippancy and conceit of Titmarsh.

O you thundering old *Times*! Napoleon's funeral was a humbug, and your constant reader said so. The people engaged in it were humbugs, and this your Michael Angelo hinted at. There may be irreverence in this, and the process of humbug-hunting may end rather awkwardly for some people. But, surely, there is no conceit. The shamming of modesty is the most pert conceit of all, the *précieuse* affectation of deference where you don't feel it, the sneaking acquiescence in lies. It is very hard that a man may not tell the truth as he fancies it, without being accused of conceit: but so the world wags. As has already been prettily shown in that before-mentioned little book about Napoleon, that is still to be had of the publishers, there is a ballad in the volume, which, if properly studied, will be alone worth two-and-sixpence to any man.

Well, the funeral of Napoleon *was* a humbug; and, being so, what was a man to call it? What do we call a rose? Is it disrespectful to the pretty flower to call it by its own innocent name? And, in like manner, are we bound, out of respect for society, to speak of humbug only in a circumlocutory way—to call it something else, as they say some Indian people do their devil—to wrap it up in riddles and charades? Nothing is easier. Take, for instance, the following couple of sonnets on the subject:—

The glad spring sun shone yesterday, as Mr.

M. Titmarsh wandered with his favourite lassie
By silver Seine, among the meadows grassy
—Meadows, like mail-coach guards new clad at Easter.
Fair was the sight 'twixt Neuilly and Passy;
And green the field, and bright the river's glister.

The birds sang salutations to the spring;

Already buds and leaves from branches burst:
“The surly winter time hath done its worst,”
Said Michael; “Lo, the bees are on the wing!”

go to the picture gallery of a Sunday after church, on purpose to see the thousand happy people of the working sort amusing themselves—not very wickedly, as I fancy—on the only day in the week on which they have their freedom. Genteel people, who can amuse themselves every day throughout the year, do not frequent the Louvre on a Sunday. You can't see the pictures well, and are pushed and elbowed by all sorts of low-bred creatures. Yesterday there were at the very least two hundred common soldiers in the place—little vulgar ruffians, with red breeches and three-halfpence a day, examining the pictures in company with fifteen hundred grisettes, two thousand liberated shop-boys, eighteen hundred and forty-one artist-apprentices, half-a-dozen of livery servants, and many scores of fellows with caps, and jackets, and copper-coloured countenances, and gold earrings, and large ugly hands, that are hammering, or weaving, or filing, all the week. *Fi donc!* what a thing it is to have a taste for low company! Every man of decent breeding ought to have been in the Bois de Boulogne, in white kid gloves and on horseback, or on hack-back at least. How the dandies just now went prancing and curvetting down the Champs Elysées, making their horses jump as they passed the carriages, with their japanned boots glittering in the sunshine!

The fountains were flashing and foaming, as if they too were in their best for Sunday; the trees are covered all over with little twinkling bright green sprouts; numberless exhibitions of Punch and the Fantoccini are going on beneath them; and jugglers and balancers are entertaining the people with their pranks. I met two fellows the other day, one with a barrel-organ, and the other with a beard, a turban, a red jacket, and a pair of dirty, short, spangled, white trousers, who were cursing each other in the purest Saint Giles's English; and if I had had impudence or generosity enough, I should have liked to make up their quarrel over a chopine of Strasburg beer, and hear the histories of either. Think of these fellows quitting our beloved country, and their homes in some calm nook of Field Lane or Seven Dials, and toiling over to France with their music and their juggling-traps, to balance cart-wheels and swallow knives for the amusement

of our natural enemies ! They are very likely at work at this minute, with grinning *bonnes* and conscripts staring at their skill. It is pleasant to walk by and see the nurses and the children so uproariously happy. Yonder is one who has got a halfpenny to give to the beggar at the crossing ; several are riding gravely in little carriages drawn by goats. Ah, truly, the sunshine is a fine thing ; and one loves to see the little people and the poor basking in it, as well as the great in their fine carriages, or their prancing cock-tailed horses.

In the midst of sights of this kind, you pass on a fine Sunday afternoon down the Elysian Fields and the Tuileries, until you reach the before-mentioned low-bred crowd rushing into the Louvre.

Well, then, the pictures of this exhibition are to be numbered by thousands, and these thousands contain the ordinary number of *chefs-d'œuvre* ; that is to say, there may be a couple of works of genius, half-a-dozen very clever performances, a hundred or so of good ones, fifteen hundred very decent, good, or bad pictures, and the remainder atrocious. What a comfort it is, as I have often thought, that they are not all masterpieces, and that there is a good stock of mediocrity in this world, and that we only light upon genius now and then, at rare angel intervals, handed round like tokay at dessert, in a few houses, and in very small quantities only ! Fancy how sick one would grow of it, if one had no other drink.

Now, in this exhibition there are, of course, a certain number of persons who make believe that they are handing you round tokay—giving you the real imperial stuff, with the seal of genius stamped on the cork. There are numbers of ambitious pictures, in other words, chiefly upon sacred subjects, and in what is called a severe style of art.

The severe style of art consists in drawing your figures in the first place very big and very neat, in which there is no harm ; and in dressing them chiefly in stiff, crisp, old-fashioned draperies, such as one sees in the illuminated missals and the old masters. The old masters, no doubt, copied the habits of the people about them ; and it has always appeared as absurd to me to imitate these antique costumes,

and to dress up saints and virgins after the fashion of the fifteenth century, as it would be to adorn them with hoops and red heels such as our grandmothers wore; and to make a Magdalen, for instance, taking off her patches, or an angel in powder and a hoop.

It is, or used to be, the custom at the theatres for the gravedigger in "Hamlet" always to wear fifteen or sixteen waistcoats, of which he leisurely divested himself, the audience roaring at each change of raiment. Do the Denmark gravediggers always wear fifteen waistcoats? Let anybody answer who has visited the country. But the probability is that the custom on the stage is a very ancient one, and that the public would not be satisfied at a departure from the legend. As in the matter of gravediggers, so it is with angels: they have—and Heaven knows why—a regular costume, which every "serious" painter follows; and which has a great deal more to do with serious art than people at first may imagine. They have large white wings, that fill up a quarter of the picture in which they have the good fortune to be; they have white gowns that fall round their feet in pretty fantastical draperies; they have fillets round their brows, and their hair combed and neatly pomatumed down the middle; and if they have not a sword, have an elegant portable harp of a certain angelic shape. Large rims of gold leaf they have round their heads always,—a pretty business it would be if such adjuncts were to be left out.

Now, suppose the legend ordered that every gravedigger should be represented with a gold-leaf halo round his head, and every angel with fifteen waistcoats, artists would have followed serious art just as they do now most probably, and looked with scorn at the miserable creature who ventured to scoff at the waistcoats. Ten to one but a certain newspaper would have called a man flippant who did not respect the waistcoats—would have said that he was irreverent for not worshipping the waistcoats.* But why talk of it? The fact

* Last year, when our friend published some article in this Magazine, he seemed to be agitated almost to madness by a criticism, and a very just one too, which appeared in the *Morning Post*. At present he is similarly affected by some strictures on a defunct work of his.—O. Y.

is I have rather a desire to set up for a martyr, like my neighbours in the literary trade: it is not a little comforting to undergo such persecutions courageously. “O Socrate! je boirai la ciguë avec toi!” as David said to Robespierre. You too were accused of blasphemy in your time; and the world has been treating us poor literary gents in the same way ever since. There, now, is Bulw——

But to return to the painters. In the matter of canvas covering the French artists are a great deal more audacious than ours; and I have known a man starve all the winter through, without fire and without beef, in order that he might have the honour of filling five-and-twenty feet square of canvas with some favourite subject of his.

It is curious to look through the collection, and see how for the most part the men draw their ideas. There are caricatures of the late and early style of Raphael; there are caricatures of Masaccio; there is a picture painted in the very pyramidical form, and in the manner of Andrea del Sarto; there is a Holy Family, the exact counterpart of Leonardo da Vinci; and, finally, there is Achille Deveria—it is no use to give the names and numbers of the other artists, who are not known in England—there is Achille Deveria, who, having nothing else to caricature, has caricatured a painted window, and designed a Charity, of which all the outlines are half-an-inch thick.

Then there are numberless caricatures in colour as in form. There is a violet Entombment—a crimson one, a green one; a light emerald and gamboge Eve; all huge pictures, with talent enough in their composition, but remarkable for this strange mad love of extravagance, which belongs to the nation. Titian and the Venetians have loved to paint lurid skies and sunsets of purple and gold: here, in consequence, is a piebald picture of crimson and yellow, laid on in streaks from the top to the bottom.

Who has not heard a great, comfortable, big-chested man, with bands round a sleek double chin, and fat white cushion-squeezers of hands, and large red whiskers, and a soft roaring voice, the delight of a congregation, preaching for an hour with all the appearance and twice the emphasis of piety, and

leading audiences captive? And who has not seen a humble individual, who is quite confused to be conducted down the aisle by the big beadle with his silver staff (the stalwart "drum-major ecclesiastic"); and when in his pulpit, saying his say in the simplest manner possible, uttering what are very likely commonplaces, without a single rhetorical grace or emphasis?

The great, comfortable, red-whiskered, roaring cushion-thumper is most probably the favourite with the public. But there are some persons who, nevertheless, prefer to listen to the man of timid mild commonplaces, because the simple words he speaks come from *his* heart, and so find a way directly to yours; where, if perhaps you can't find belief for them, you still are sure to receive them with respect and sympathy.

There are many such professors at the easel as well as the pulpit; and you see many painters with a great vigour and dexterity, and no sincerity of heart; some with little dexterity, but plenty of sincerity; some one or two in a million who have both these qualities, and thus become the great men of their art. I think there are instances of the two former kinds in this present exhibition of the Louvre. There are fellows who have covered great swaggering canvases with all the attitudes and externals of piety; and some few whose humble pictures cause no stir, and remain in quiet nooks, where one finds them, and straightway acknowledges the simple kindly appeal which they make.

Of such an order is the picture entitled "*La Prière*," by Monsieur Trimolet. A man and his wife are kneeling at an old-fashioned praying-desk, and the woman clasps a little sickly-looking child in her arms, and all three are praying as earnestly as their simple hearts will let them. The man is a limner, or painter of missals, by trade, as we fancy. One of his works lies upon the praying-desk, and it is evident that he can paint no more that day, for the sun is just set behind the old-fashioned roofs of the houses in the narrow street of the old city where he lives. Indeed, I have had a great deal of pleasure in looking at this little quiet painting, and in the course of half-a-dozen visits that I have paid to it, have

become perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the life of the honest missal illuminator and his wife, here praying at the end of their day's work in the calm summer evening.

Very likely Monsieur Trimolet has quite a different history for his little personages, and so has everybody else who examines the picture. But what of that? There is the privilege of pictures. A man does not know all that lies in his picture, any more than he understands all the character of his children. Directly one or the other makes its appearance in the world, it has its own private existence, independent of the progenitor. And in respect of works of art, if the same piece inspire one man with joy that fills another with compassion, what are we to say of it, but that it has sundry properties of its own which its author even does not understand? The fact is, pictures "are as they seem to all," as Mr. Alfred Tennyson sings in the first volume of his poems.

Some of this character of holiness and devotion that I fancy I see in Monsieur Trimolet's pictures is likewise observable in a piece by Madame Juillerat, representing Saint Elizabeth of Hungary leading a little beggar-boy into her house, where the holy dame of Hungary will, no doubt, make him comfortable with a good plate of victuals. A couple of young ladies follow behind the princess, with demure looks, and garlands in their hair, that hangs straight on their shoulders, as one sees it in the old illuminations. The whole picture has a pleasant, mystic, innocent look; and one is all the better for regarding it. What a fine instinct or taste it was in the old missal illuminators to be so particular in the painting of the minor parts of their pictures! the precise manner in which the flowers and leaves, birds and branches, are painted, gives an air of truth and simplicity to the whole performance, and makes nature, as it were, an accomplice and actor in the scene going on. For instance, you may look at a landscape with certain feelings of pleasure; but if you have pulled a rose, and are smelling it, and if of a sudden a black-bird in a bush hard by begins to sing and chirrup, your feeling of pleasure is very much enhanced most likely; the senses with which you examine the scene become brightened as it were, and the scene itself becomes more agreeable to you.

It is not the same place as it was before you smelt the rose, or before the blackbird began to sing. Now, in Madame Juillerat's picture of the Saint of Hungary and the hungry boy, if the flowers on the young ladies' heads had been omitted, or not painted with their pleasing minuteness and circumstantiality, I fancy that the effect of the piece would have been by no means the same. Another artist of the mystical school, Monsieur Servan, has employed the same adjuncts in a similarly successful manner. One of his pictures represents Saint Augustin meditating in a garden; a great cluster of rose-bushes, hollyhocks, and other plants is in the foreground, most accurately delineated; and a fine rich landscape and river stretch behind the saint, round whom the flowers seem to keep up a mysterious waving and whispering that fill one with a sweet, pleasing, indescribable kind of awe—a great perfection in this style of painting.

In Monsieur Aguado's gallery there is an early Raphael (which all the world declares to be a copy, but no matter). This piece only represents two young people walking hand-in-hand in a garden, and looking at you with a kind of "solemn mirth" (the expression of old Sternhold and Hopkins has always struck me as very fine). A meadow is behind them, at the end of which is a cottage, and by which flows a river, environed by certain very prim-looking trees; and that is all. Well; it is impossible for any person who has a sentiment for the art to look at this picture without feeling indescribably moved and pleased by it. It acts upon you—how? How does a beautiful, pious, tender air of Mozart act upon you? What is there in it that should make you happy and gentle, and fill you with all sorts of good thoughts and kindly feelings? I fear that what Doctor Thumpcushion says at church is correct, and that these indulgences are only carnal, and of the earth earthy; but the sensual effort in this case carries one quite away from the earth, and up to something that is very like heaven.

Now the writer of this has already been severely reprehended for saying that Raphael at thirty had lost that delightful innocence and purity which rendered the works of Raphael of twenty so divine; and perhaps it may be the critic's fault,

and not the painter's (I'm not proud, and will allow that even a magazine critic may be mistaken). Perhaps by the greatest stretch of the perhaps, it may be that Raphael was every whit as divine at thirty as at eighteen; and that the very quaintnesses and imperfections of manner observable in his early works are the reasons why they appear so singularly pleasing to me. At least among painters of the present day, I feel myself more disposed to recognise spiritual beauties in those whose powers of execution are manifestly incomplete, than in artists whose hands are skilful and manner formed. Thus there are scores of large pictures here, hanging in the Louvre, that represent subjects taken from Holy Writ, or from the lives of the saints,—pictures skilfully enough painted and intended to be religious, that have not the slightest effect upon me, no more than Doctor Thumpcushion's loudest and glibbest sermon.

Here is No. 1475, for instance—a “Holy Family,” painted in the antique manner, and with all the accessories before spoken of, viz. large flowers, fresh roses, and white stately lilies; curling tendrils of vines forming fantastical canopies for the heads of the sacred personages, and rings of gold-leaf drawn neatly round the same. Here is the Virgin, with long, stiff, prim draperies of blue, red, and white; and old Saint Anne in a sober dress, seated gravely at her side; and Saint Joseph in a becoming attitude; and all very cleverly treated, and pleasing to the eye. But though this picture is twice as well painted as any of those before mentioned, it does not touch my heart in the least; nor do any of the rest of the sacred pieces. Opposite the “Holy Family” is a great “Martyrdom of Polycarp,” and the catalogue tells you how the executioners first tried to burn the saint; but the fire went out, and the executioners were knocked down; then a soldier struck the saint with a sword, and so killed him. The legends recount numerous miracles of this sort, which I confess have not any very edifying effect upon me. Saints are clapped into boiling oil, which immediately turns cool; or their heads are chopped off, and their blood turns to milk; and so on. One can't understand why these continual delays and disappointments take place, especially as

the martyr is always killed at the end ; so that it would be best at once to put him out of his pain. For this reason, possibly, the execution of Saint Polycarp did not properly affect the writer of this notice.

Monsieur Laemlein has a good picture of the "Waking of Adam," so royally described by Milton, a picture full of gladness, vigour, and sunshine. There is a very fine figure of a weeping woman in a picture of the "Death of the Virgin ;" and the Virgin falling in Monsieur Steuben's picture of "Our Saviour going to Execution" is very pathetic. The mention of this gentleman brings us to what is called the *bourgeois* style of art, of which he is one of the chief professors. He excels in depicting a certain kind of sentiment, and in the vulgar, which is often too the true, pathetic.

Steuben has painted many scores of Napoleons ; and his picture of Napoleon this year brings numbers of admiring people round it. The Emperor is seated on a sofa, reading despatches ; and the little King of Rome, in a white muslin frock, with his hair beautifully curled, slumbers on his papa's knee. What a contrast ! The conqueror of the world, the stern warrior, the great giver of laws and ruler of nations, he dare not move because the little baby is asleep ; and he would not disturb him for all the kingdoms he knows so well how to conquer. This is not art, if you please ; but it is pleasant to see fat good-natured mothers and grandmothers clustered round this picture, and looking at it with solemn eyes. The same painter has an Esmeralda dancing and frisking in her night-gown, and playing the tambourine to her goat, capering likewise. This picture is so delightfully bad, the little gipsy has such a killing ogle, that all the world admires it. Monsieur Steuben should send it to London, where it would be sure of a gigantic success.

Monsieur Grenier has a piece much looked at, in the *bourgeois* line. Some rogues of gipsies, or mountebanks, have kidnapped a fine fat child, and are stripping it of its pretty clothes ; and poor baby is crying ; and the gipsy-woman holding up her finger, and threatening ; and the he-mountebank is lying on a bank, smoking his pipe,—the callous monster ! Preciously they will ill-treat that dear little darling,

if justice do not overtake them,—if, ay, *if*. But, thank Heaven! there in the corner come the police, and they will have that pipe-smoking scoundrel off to the galleys before five minutes are over.

1056. A picture of the galleys. Two galley-slaves are before you, and the piece is called “A Crime and a Fault.” The poor “Fault” is sitting on a stone, looking very repentant and unhappy indeed. The great “Crime” stands grinning you in the face, smoking his pipe. The ruffian! That pipe seems to be a great mark of callosity in ruffians. I heard one man whisper to another, as they were looking at these galley-slaves, “*They are portraits,*” and very much affected his companion seemed by the information.

Of a similar virtuous interest is 705, by Monsieur Finart, “A Family of African Colonists carried off by Abd-el-Kader.” There is the poor male colonist without a single thing on but a rope round his wrists. His silver skin is dabbled with his golden blood, and he looks up to heaven as the Arabs are poking him on with the tips of their horrid spears. Behind him come his flocks and herds, and other members of his family. In front, principal figure, is his angelic wife, in her night-gown, and in the arms of an odious blackamoor on horseback. Poor thing—poor thing! she is kicking, and struggling, and resisting as hard as she possibly can.

485. “The Two Friends.” Debay.

“Deux jeunes femmes se donnent le gage le plus sacré d’une amitié sincère, dans un acte de dévouement et de reconnaissance.

“L’une d’elles, faible, exténuée d’efforts inutilement tentés pour allaiter, découvre son sein tari, cause du dépérissement de son enfant. Sa douleur est comprise par son amie, à qui la santé permet d’ajouter au bonheur de nourrir son propre enfant, celui de rappeler à la vie le fils mourant de sa compagne.”

Monsieur Debay’s pictures are not bad, as most of the others here mentioned as appertaining to the *bourgeois* class; but, good or bad, I can’t but own that I like to see these honest hearty representations, which work upon good simple feeling in a good downright way; and if not works of art, are certainly works that can do a great deal of good, and make honest

people happy. Who is the man that despises melodramas? I swear that T. P. Cooke is a benefactor to mankind. Away with him who has no stomach for such kind of entertainments, where vice is always punished, where virtue always meets its reward; where Mrs. James Vining is always sure to be made comfortable somewhere at the end of the third act; and if O. Smith is lying in agonies of death, in red breeches, on the front of the stage, or has just gone off in a flash of fire down one of the traps, I know it is only make-believe on his part, and believe him to be a good kind-hearted fellow, that would not do harm to mortal! So much for pictures of the serious melodramatic sort.

Monsieur Biard, whose picture of the "Slave-trade" made so much noise in London last year—and indeed it is as fine as Hogarth—has this year many comic pieces, and a series representing the present Majesty of France when Duke of Orleans, undergoing various perils by land and by water. There is much good in these pieces; but I mean no disrespect in saying I like the comic ones best. There is one entitled "Une Distraction." A National Guard is amusing himself by catching flies. You can't fail to laugh when you see it. There is "Le Gros Péché," and the biggest of all sins, no less than a drum-major confessing. You can't see the monster's face, which the painter has wisely hidden behind the curtain, as beyond the reach of art; but you see the priest's, and, murder! what a sin it must be that the big tambour has just imparted to him! All the French critics sneer at Biard, as they do at Paul de Kock, for not being artistical enough; but I do not think these gentlemen need mind the sneer; they have the millions with them, as Feargus O'Connor says, and they are good judges, after all.

A great comfort it is to think that there is a reasonable prospect that, for the future, very few more battle-pieces will be painted. They have used up all the victories, and Versailles is almost full. So this year, much to my happiness, only a few yards of warlike canvas are exhibited in place of the furlongs which one was called upon to examine in former exhibitions. One retreat from Moscow is there, and one storming of El Gibbet, or El Arish, or some such place in Africa. In

the latter picture, you see a thousand fellows, in loose red pantaloons, rushing up a hill with base heathen Turks on the top, who are firing off guns, carabines, and other pieces of ordnance, at them. All this is very well painted by Monsieur Bollangé, and the rush of red breeches has a queer and pleasing effect. In the Russian piece, you have frozen men and cattle; mothers embracing their offspring; grenadiers scowling at the enemy, and especially one fellow standing on a bank with his bayonet placed in the attitude for receiving the charge, and actually charged by a whole regiment of Cossacks,—a complete pulk, my dear madam, coming on in three lines, with their lances pointed against this undaunted warrior of France. I believe Monsieur Thiers sat for the portrait, or else the editor of the *Courrier Français*,—the two men in this belligerent nation who are the belligerentest. *A propos* of Thiers; the *Nouvelles à la Main* has a good story of this little sham Napoleon. When the second son of the Duke of Orleans was born (I forget His Royal Highness's title), news was brought to Monsieur Thiers. He was told the Princess was well, and asked the courier who brought the news, “*Comment se portait le Roi de Rome ?*” It may be said, in confidence, that there is not a single word of truth in the story. But what of that? Are not sham stories as good as real ones? Ask Monsieur Leullier; who, in spite of all that has been said and written upon a certain sea-fight, has actually this year come forward with his

1311. “*Héroïsme de l'Equipage du Vaisseau le Vengeur, 4 Juin, 1794.*”

“Après avoir soutenu longtemps un combat acharné contre trois vaisseaux Anglais, le vaisseau le Vengeur avait perdu la moitié de son équipage, le reste était blessé pour la plupart: le second capitaine avait été coupé en deux par un boulet; le vaisseau était rasé par le feu de l'ennemi, sa mâture abattue, ses flancs criblés par les boulets étaient ouverts de toutes parts: sa cale se remplissait à vue d'œil; il s'enfonçait dans la mer. Les marins qui restent sur son bord servent la batterie basse jusqu'à ce qu'elle se trouve au niveau de la mer; quand elle va disparaître, ils s'élancent dans la seconde, où ils répètent la même manœuvre; celle-ci engloutie, ils montent sur le pont. Un tronçon de mât

d'artimon restait encore debout ; leurs pavillons en lambeaux y sont cloués ; puis, réunissant instinctivement leurs volontés en une seule pensée, ils veulent périr avec le navire qui leur a été confié. Tous, combattants, blessés, mourants se raniment : un cri immense s'élève, répété sur toutes les parties du tillac : *Vive la République ! Vive la France ! . . . Le Vengeur coule . . .* les cris continuent ; tous les bras sont dressés au ciel, et ces braves, préférant la mort à la captivité, emportent triomphalement leur pavillon dans ce glorieux tombeau."—*France Maritime*.

I think Mr. Thomas Carlyle is in the occasional habit of calling lies wind-bags. *This* wind-bag, one would have thought, exploded last year ; but no such thing. You *can't* sink it, do what you will ; it always comes bouncing up to the surface again, where it swims and bobs about gaily for the admiration of all. This lie the Frenchman will believe ; all the papers talk gravely about the affair of the "Vengeur," as if an established fact : and I heard the matter disposed of by some artists the other day in a very satisfactory manner. One has always the gratification, in all French societies where the matter is discussed, of telling the real story (or if the subject be not discussed, of bringing the conversation round to it, and then telling the real story) ; one has always this gratification, and a great, wicked, delightful one it is,—you make the whole company uncomfortable at once ; you narrate the history in a calm, good-humoured, dispassionate tone ; and as you proceed, you see the different personages of the audience looking uneasily at one another, and bursting out occasionally with a "Mais cependant ;" but you continue your tale with perfect suavity of manner, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have stuck a dagger into the heart of every single person using it.

Telling, I say, this story to some artists who were examining Monsieur Leullier's picture, and I trust that many scores of persons besides were listening to the conversation, one of them replied to my assertion, that Captain Renaudin's letters were extant, and that the whole affair was a humbug, in the following way.

"Sir," said he, "the sinking of the 'Vengeur' is an *established fact of history*. It is completely proved by the

documents of the time; and as for the letters of Captain Renaudin of which you speak, have we not had an example the other day of some pretended letters of Louis Philippe's which were published in a newspaper here? And what, sir, were those letters? *Forgeries!*"

Q. E. D. Everybody said sansculotte was right: and I have no doubt that, if all the "Vengeur's" crew could rise from the dead, and that English cox—or boat—swain, who was last *on board the ship*,* of which he and his comrades had possession, and had to swim for his life, could come forward, and swear to the real story, I make no doubt that the Frenchmen would not believe it. Only one I know, my friend Julius, who, ever since the tale has been told to him, has been crying it into all ears and in all societies, and vows he is perfectly hoarse with telling it.

As for Monsieur Leullier's picture, there is really a great deal of good in it. Fellows embracing, and others lifting up hands and eyes to heaven; and in the distance an English ship, with the crew in *red coats*, firing away on the doomed vessel. Possibly, they are only marines whom we see; but as I once beheld several English naval officers in a play habited in top-boots, perhaps the legend in France may be, that the navy, like the army, with us, is caparisoned in scarlet. A good subject for another historical picture would be Cambronne, saying, "*La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas.*" I have bought a couple of engravings of the "Vengeur" and Cambronne, and shall be glad to make a little historical collection of facts similarly authenticated.

Accursed, I say, be all uniform coats of blue or of red; all ye epaulets and sabretashes; all ye guns, shrapnels, and musketoons; all ye silken banners embroidered with bloody reminiscences of successful fights: down—down to the bottomless pit with you all, and let honest men live and love each other without you! What business have I, forsooth, to plume myself because the Duke of Wellington beat the French in Spain and elsewhere; and kindle as I read the tale, and fancy myself of an heroic stock, because my uncle Tom was at the

* The writer heard of this man from an English captain in the navy, who had him on board his ship.

battle of Waterloo, and because we beat Napoleon there? Who are *we*, in the name of Beelzebub? Did we ever fight in our lives? Have we the slightest inclination for fighting and murdering one another? Why are we to go on hating one another from generation to generation, swelling up our little bosoms with absurd national conceit, strutting and crowing over our neighbours, and longing to be at fisticuffs with them again? As Aristotle remarks, in war there are always two parties; and though it often happens that both declare themselves to be victorious, it still is generally the case that one party beats and the other is beaten. The conqueror is thus filled with national pride, and the conquered with national hatred and a desire to do better next time. If he has his revenge and beats his opponent as desired, these agreeable feelings are reversed, and so Pride and Hatred continue *in sæcula sæculorum*, and ribands and orders are given away, and great men rise and flourish. “Remember you are Britons!” cries our general; “there is the enemy, and d—— ’em, give ’em the bayonet!” Hurrah! helter-skelter, load and fire, cut and thrust, down they go! “Soldats! dans ce moment terrible la France vous regarde! Vive l’Empereur!” shouts Jacques Bonhomme, and his sword is through your ribs in a twinkling. “Children!” roars Feld-marechal Sauerkraut, “men of Hohenzollernsigmaringen! remember the eyes of Vaterland are upon you!” and murder again is the consequence. Tomahee-tereboo leads on the Ashantees with the very same war-cry, and they eat all their prisoners with true patriotic cannibalism.

Thus the great truth is handed down from father to son, that

A Briton,	} is superior to all the world;
A Frenchman,	
An Ashantee,	
A Hohenzollernsigmaringenite, &c.	

and by this truth the dullards of the respective nations swear, and by it statesmen govern.

Let the reader say for himself, does he not believe himself to be superior to a man of any other country? We can’t

help it—in spite of ourselves we do. But if, by changing the name, the fable applies to yourself, why do you laugh?

Κυιδ ριδης ; μυτατω νωμινε δη τη
Φαβυλα ναρρατυρ,

as a certain poet says (in a quotation that is pretty well known in England, and therefore put down here in a new fashion). Why do you laugh, forsooth? Why do you *not* laugh? If donkeys' ears are a matter of laughter, surely we may laugh at them when growing on our own skulls.

Take a couple of instances from "actual life," as the fashionable novel-puffers say.

A little fat silly woman, who in no country but this would ever have pretensions to beauty, has lately set up a circulating library in our street. She lends the five-franc editions of the English novels, as well as the romances of her own country, and I have had several of the former works of fiction from her store: Bulwer's "Night and Morning," very pleasant kind-hearted reading; "Peter Priggins," an astonishing work of slang, that ought to be translated if but to give Europe an idea of what a gay young gentleman in England sometimes is; and other novels—never mind what. But to revert to the fat woman.

She sits all day ogling and simpering behind her little counter; and from the slow, prim, precise way in which she lets her silly sentences slip through her mouth, you see at once that she is quite satisfied with them, and expects that every customer should give her an opportunity of uttering a few of them for his benefit. Going there for a book, I always find myself entangled in a quarter of an hour's conversation.

This is carried on in not very bad French on my part; at least I find that when I say something genteel to the library-woman, she is not at a loss to understand me, and we have passed already many minutes in this kind of intercourse. Two days since, returning "Night and Morning" to the library-lady and demanding the romance of "Peter Priggins," she offered me instead "Ida," par Monsieur le Vicomte Darlincourt, which I refused, having already experienced some of his

Lordship's works; next she produced "*Stella*," "*Valida*," "*Eloa*," by various French ladies of literary celebrity; but again I declined, declaring respectfully that, however agreeable the society of ladies might be, I found their works a little insipid. The fact is, that after being accustomed to such potent mixtures as the French romancers offer you, the mild compositions of the French romanceresses pall on the palate.*

"Madame," says I, to cut the matter short, "*je ne demande qu'un roman Anglais, 'Peter Priggins: ' l'avez-vous ? oui ou non ?*"

"Ah!" says the library-woman, "*Monsieur ne comprend pas notre langue, c'est dommage.*"

Now one might, at first sight, fancy the above speech an epigram, and not a bad one, on an Englishman's blundering French grammar and pronunciation; but those who know the library-lady must be aware that she never was guilty of such a thing in her life. It was simply a French bull, resulting from the lady's dulness, and by no means a sarcasm. She uttered the words with a great air of superiority and a prim toss of the head, as much as to say, "How much cleverer I am than you, you silly foreigner! and what a fine thing it is in me to know the finest language in the world!" In this way I have heard donkeys of our two countries address foreigners in broken English or French, as if people who could not understand a language when properly spoken could comprehend it when spoken ill. Why the deuce do people give themselves these impertinent stupid airs of superiority, and pique themselves upon the great cleverness of speaking their own language?

Take another instance of this same egregious national conceit. At the English pastrycook's—(you can't readily find a prettier or more graceful woman than Madame Colombin, nor better plum-cake than she sells)—at Madame Colombin's,

* In our own country, of course, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Mitford, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Charles Gore, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Miss Stickney, Miss Barrett, Lady Blessington, Miss Smith, Mrs. Austin, Miss Austen, &c., form exceptions to this rule; and glad am I to offer per favour of this note a humble tribute of admiration to those ladies.

yesterday, a huge Briton, with sandy whiskers and a double chin, was swallowing patties and cherry-brandy, and all the while making remarks to a friend similarly employed. They were talking about English and French ships.

“ Hang me, Higgins,” says Sandy-whiskers, “ if I’d ever go into one of their cursed French ships ! I should be afraid of sinking at the very first puff of wind ! ”

What Higgins replied does not matter. But think what a number of Sandy-whiskerses there are in our nation,—fellows who are proud of this stupid mistrust,—who think it a mark of national spirit to despise French skill, bravery, cookery, seamanship, and what not. Swallow your beef and porter, you great fat-paunched man ; enjoy your language and your country, as you have been bred to do ; but don’t fancy yourself, on account of these inheritances of yours, superior to other people of other ways and language. You have luck, perhaps, if you will, in having such a diet and dwelling-place, but no *merit*. . . . And with this little discursive essay upon national prejudices let us come back to the pictures, and finish our walk through the gallery.

In that agreeable branch of the art for which we have I believe no name, but which the French call *genre*, there are at Paris several eminent professors ; and as upon the French stage the costume-pieces are far better produced than with us, so also are French costume-pictures much more accurately and characteristically handled than are such subjects in our own country. You do not see Cimabue and Giotto in the costume of Francis I., as they appeared (depicted by Mr. Simpson, I think) in the Royal Academy Exhibition of last year ; but the artists go to some trouble in collecting their antiquarian stuff, and paint it pretty scrupulously.

Monsieur Jacquard has some pretty small pictures *de genre* ; a very good one, indeed, of fat “ Monks granting Absolution from Fasting ; ” of which the details are finely and accurately painted, a task more easy for a French artist than an English one, for the former’s studio (as may be seen by a picture in this exhibition) is generally a magnificent curiosity shop ; and for old carvings, screens, crockery, armour, draperies, &c., the painter here has but to look to his own walls and copy

away at his ease. Accordingly Jacquard's monks, especially all the properties of the picture, are admirable.

Monsieur Baron has "The Youth of Ribera," a merry Spanish beggar-boy, among a crowd of his like, drawing sketches of them under a garden wall. The figures are very prettily thought and grouped; there is a fine terrace, and palace, and statues in the background, very rich and luxurious; perhaps too pretty and gay in colours, and too strong in details.

But the king of the painters of small history subjects is Monsieur Robert Fleury; a great artist indeed, and I trust heartily he may be induced to send one or two of his pieces to London, to show our people what he can do. His mind, judging from his works, is rather of a gloomy turn; and he deals somewhat too much, to my taste, in the horrible. He has this year "A Scene in the Inquisition." A man is howling and writhing with his feet over a fire; grim inquisitors are watching over him; and a dreadful executioner, with fierce eyes peering from under a mysterious capuchin, is doggedly sitting over the coals. The picture is downright horror, but admirably and honestly drawn; and in effect rich, sombre, and simple.

"Benvenuto Cellini" is better still; and the critics have lauded the piece as giving a good idea of the fierce fantastic Florentine sculptor; but I think Monsieur Fleury has taken him in too grim a mood, and made his ferocity too downright. There was always a dash of the ridiculous in the man, even in his most truculent moments; and I fancy that such simple rage as is here represented scarcely characterises him. The fellow never cut a throat without some sense of humour, and here we have him greatly too majestic to my taste.

"Old Michael Angelo watching over the Sick-bed of his servant Urbino" is a noble painting; as fine in feeling as in design and colour. One can't but admire in all these the *manliness* of the artist. The picture is painted in a large, rich, massive, vigorous manner; and it is gratifying to see that this great man, after resolute seeking for many years, has found the full use of his hand at last, and can express himself as he would. The picture is fit to hang in the very best

gallery in the world ; and a century hence will no doubt be worth five times as many crowns as the artist asks or has had for it.

Being on the subject of great pictures, let us here mention, 712. "Portrait of a Lady," by Hippolyte Flandrin.

Of this portrait all I can say is, that if you take the best portraits by the best masters—a head of Sebastian or Michael Angelo, a head of Raphael, or one of those rarer ones of Andrea del Sarto—not one of them, for lofty character and majestic nobleness and simplicity, can surpass this magnificent work.

This seems, doubtless, very exaggerated praise, and people reading it may possibly sneer at the critic who ventures to speak in such a way. To all such I say, Come and see it. You who admire Sir Thomas and the "Books of Beauty" will possibly not admire it ; you who give ten thousand guineas for a blowsy Murillo will possibly not relish Monsieur Flandrin's manner ; but you who love simplicity and greatness come and see how an old lady, with a black mantilla and dark eyes, and grey hair and a few red flowers in her cap, has been painted by Monsieur Flandrin of Lyons. If I were Louis Philippe, I would send a legion-of-honour cross, of the biggest sort, to decorate the bosom of the painter who has executed this noble piece.

As for portraits (with the exception of this one, which no man in England can equal, not even Mr. Samuel Lawrence, who is trying to get to this point, but has not reached it yet) our English painters keep the lead still, nor is there much remarkable among the hundreds in the gallery. There are vast numbers of English faces staring at you from the canvases ; and among the miniatures especially one can't help laughing at the continual recurrence of the healthy, vacant, simpering, aristocratic English type. There are black velvets and satins, ladies with birds of paradise, deputies on sofas, and generals and marshals in the midst of smoke and cannon-balls. Nothing can be less to my taste than a pot-bellied swaggering Marshal Soult, who rests his bâton on his stomach, and looks at you in the midst of a dim cloud of war. The Duchesse de Nemours is done by Monsieur Winterhalter, and

has a place of honour, as becomes a good portrait ; and, above all, such a pretty lady. She is a pretty, smiling, buxom blonde, with plenty of hair, and rather too much hands, not to speak disrespectfully ; and a slice of lace which goes across the middle of her white satin gown seems to cut the picture very disagreeably in two. There is a beautiful head in a large portrait of a lad of eighteen, painted by himself ; and here may be mentioned two single figures in pastel by an architect, remarkable for earnest *spirituel* beauty ; likewise two heads in chalk by De Rudder ; most charming sketches, full of delicacy, grace, and truth.

The only one of the acknowledged great who has exhibited this year is Monsieur Delacroix, who has a large picture relative to the siege of Constantinople, that looks very like a piece of crumpled tapestry, but that has nevertheless its admirers and its merits, as what work of his has not ?

His two smaller pieces are charming. "A Jewish Wedding at Tangiers" is brilliant with light and merriment ; a particular sort of merriment, that is, that makes you gloomy in the very midst of the heyday : and his "Boat" is awful. A score of shipwrecked men are in this boat, on a great, wide, swollen, interminable sea—no hope, no speck of sail—and they are drawing lots which shall be killed and eaten. A burly seaman, with a red beard, has just put his hand into the hat and is touching his own to the officer. One fellow sits with his hands clasped, and gazing—gazing into the great void before him. By Jupiter, his eyes are unfathomable ! he is looking at miles and miles of lead-coloured, bitter, pitiless, brine ! Indeed one can't bear to look at him long ; nor at that poor woman, so sickly and so beautiful, whom they may as well kill at once, or she will save them the trouble of drawing straws ; and give up to their maws that poor, white, faded, delicate, shrivelled carcass. Ah, what a thing it is to be hungry ! Oh, Eugenius Delacroix ! how can you manage, with a few paint-bladders, and a dirty brush, and a careless hand, to dash down such savage histories as these, and fill people's minds with thoughts so dreadful ? Ay, there it is ; whenever I go through that part of the gallery where Monsieur Delacroix's picture is, I always turn away now, and look at a

fat woman with a parroquet opposite. For what's the use of being uncomfortable?

Another great picture is one of about four inches square—"The Chess-Players," by Monsieur Meissonier—truly an astonishing piece of workmanship. No silly tricks of effect, and abrupt startling shadow and light, but a picture painted with the minuteness and accuracy of a daguerréotype, and as near as possible perfect in its kind. Two men are playing at chess, and the chess-men are no bigger than pin-heads; every one of them an accurate portrait, with all the light, shadow, roundness, character, and colour belonging to it.

Of the landscapes it is very hard indeed to speak, for professors of landscape almost all execute their art well; but few so well as to strike one with especial attention, or to produce much remark. Constable has been a great friend to the new landscape-school in France, who have laid aside the slimy weak manner formerly in vogue, and perhaps have adopted in its place a method equally reprehensible—that of plastering their pictures excessively. When you wish to represent a piece of old timber, or a crumbling wall, or the ruts and stones in a road, this impasting method is very successful; but here the skies are trowelled on; the light-vapouring distances are as thick as plum-pudding, the cool clear shadows are mashed-down masses of sienna and indigo. But it is undeniable that, by these violent means, a certain power is had, and noonday effects of strong sunshine are often dashing rendered.

How much pleasanter is it to see a little quiet grey waste of David Cox than the very best and smartest of such works! Some men from Düsseldorf have sent very fine scientific faithful pictures, that are a little heavy, but still you see that they are portraits drawn respectfully from the great, beautiful, various, divine face of Nature.

In the statue-gallery there is nothing worth talking about; and so let us make an end of the Louvre, and politely wish a good morning to everybody.

MR. MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.*

WE have but a word or two to say this week as a welcome to the reappearance of these noble essays. No critic has a right to judge them hurriedly, and we hope that they may afford to the readers of this paper many hours of entertainment yet. For power and variety of memory, for vividness of painting, and for delightful grace of scholarship, there is no English author of our days who has equalled Mr. Macaulay; and the charm of his style is, that it is as warm and kindly as it is bright, and engages the reader's heart by its affectionate sympathy, as it delights his taste by its brilliancy, poetry, and wit.

Of course, in volumes embracing such a vast range of reading, and treating of little less than literature and history from their beginning until now, every reader who, in the course of his own humble pursuits, may encounter this active, untiring, bright-eyed inquirer, may have many a point to argue with him, and may not subscribe to many of the opinions which with such astounding prodigality are poured from him. But, whether one agree or not, one is always forced to admire; and the most uninformed reader of Mr. Macaulay's works will do this as well as the gravest student. It requires no more science than may be had from a circulating library or a Scott's novel to be delighted with narratives not less exciting than the best fictions of the novelist; while the reader who seeks for profit and study more than amusement, will better see the extraordinary powers of this brilliant intellect and the amazing variety and extent of learning which must have gone to the preparation of essays which all may so easily read.

* "Critical and Historical Essays," contributed to *The Edinburgh Review*. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. In three volumes. London: Longman. 1843.

And no small thanks are due to this accomplished scholar from the unlettered public, that,—unlike many a pedant, whose reputation is founded upon a tithe of Mr. Macaulay's learning, who fences round his stock of scholarship with hard words and dull phrases and old scholastic impediments, and from his old-world lore has a huge college gate to keep the public out, and a watchful porter with a cane to drive the vulgar from the prim old walks and grass-plats of his college-garden,—no small thanks do we owe Mr. Macaulay for laying open his learning to all, and bidding the humble and the great alike welcome to it.

This generous and kindly system characterises his political as well as his literary career.

A man of letters and of the world, too, there is no man whose public life has better shown how the one and the other pursuit may be followed to the advantage of both; and his very success is as useful to both the causes which he has at heart as his talents and character have been. He had no other friend at the commencement of his career but his own genius; he never became the follower of any patron, or truckled to great man or mob; he never swerved from any principle with which he set out; he made no party sacrifice to win his honours; and the very publication of these volumes shows how he bears them. Allied with a party, he always bore himself above it; and has made his reputation and calling as a man of letters his title to honour, as others do their birth, their influence, or their money.

He is the first literary man in this country who has made himself honourably and worthily the equal of the noblest and wealthiest in it; this may be no cause for respect with the reader, perhaps, but with every *writer* it should be, who is glad to see in another his own profession advanced, and success and honour bestowed at last upon one of a body of men who were but a few score years since begging guineas from my lord for a dedication; the bye-word for poverty, the theme for sneering wits.

But the review, the newspaper addressed to no party merely, a clique of *litterati* or politicians, have made the nation and the man of letters directly acquainted; and it

begins to reward him as it does all the rest of its servants. As it receives instruction from him, it will take care that at least he shall be respected, and will treat him as it does any other man of any other liberal profession who labours in its advantage. And it is as a proof that the literary man's claim is a good one, and at last an acknowledged one, too, that we the more gladly welcome Mr. Macaulay's success. What was done once may be done again, and what his genius attained for itself his precedent and example will make easier for others. The mere party man has some reason to be grateful to Mr. Macaulay. He has made more converts to Liberalism than any mere politician ever could. He has brought thousands and thousands to interest themselves with literature, to sympathise, that is, with truth, wherever it comes from, or from what rank of men ; and to acknowledge (as who shall not that ever read in a history book ?) the constant progress of the world, and how at the close of every century, it is in something, at least, more free, wise, or happy than at the beginning. The bitterest attack on its opponents will not bring so many recruits to the Liberal party, nor will the best places be given away.

And this is the part of the work of progress that is to be done *by the man of letters* ; the rest is but the humble duty of officials and tape-men.

(*The Pictorial Times*, April 1, 1843.)

JEROME PATUROT.

WITH CONSIDERATIONS ON NOVELS IN GENERAL—IN A
LETTER FROM M. A. TITMARSH.

PARIS: *July 20th.*

IF I had been his Majesty Louis Philippe, and the caricaturist had made fun of me ever so, I would, for the sake of the country, have put up with the insult—ay, perhaps gone a little farther, and encouraged it. I would be a good king, and give a premium to any fellow who, for a certain number of hours, could make a certain number of my subjects laugh. I would take the Salle des Pas Perdus, and have an exhibition of caricature-cartoons, with a dozen of handsome prizes for the artists who should invent the dozen ugliest likenesses of me. But, wise as the French King proverbially is, he has not attained this degree of wisdom. Let a poor devil but draw the royal face like a pear now, or in the similitude of a *brioche*, and he, his printer, and publisher, are clapped into prison for months, severe fines are imposed upon them, their wives languish in their absence, their children are deprived of their bread, and, pressing round the female author of their days, say sadly, “Maman, où est notre père?”

It ought not to be so. Laughing never did harm to anyone yet; or if laughing does harm, and kings’ majesties suffer from the exhibition of caricatures, let them suffer. Mon Dieu! it is the lesser evil of the two. Majesties are to be had any day; but many a day passes without a good joke. Let us cherish those that come.

Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the opinion commonly held about the *gaieté Française* is no more than a mystification, a vulgar practical joke of the sort which the benevolent

mind abhors. For it is a shame to promise us something pleasant, and then disappoint us. Men and children feel in this matter alike. To give a child an egg-shell, under pretence that it is an egg, is a joke; but the child roars in reply, and from such joking the gentle spirit turns away abashed, disgusted.

So about the *gaieté Française*. We are told that it still exists, and are invited by persons to sit down and make a meal of it. But it is almost all gone. Somebody has scooped out all the inside and swallowed it, and left only the shell behind. I declare, for my part, I know few countries where there is less joking than in France; it is of a piece with the boasted amenity and politeness of the Gauls. Really and truly, there is more real and true politeness in Wapping than in the Champs Elysées. People whom the stranger addresses give him civil answers, and they are leaving off this in France. Men in Wapping do not jostle ladies off the street, and this they do in France, where the charcoal-man, drinking at the corner of the wine-shop, will let a lady's muslin slip into the gutter rather than step aside an inch to allow her to pass.

In the matter of novels especially, the national jocularità has certainly passed away. Paul de Kock writes now in such a way as not to make you laugh, but to make you blush for the intolerable vulgarity of the man. His last book is so little humorous, that even the English must give him up—the English, whose island is said after dinner to be “the home of the world,” and who certainly gave Monsieur Paul a very hearty welcome. In his own country this prophet has never been much honoured. People sneer at his simple tricks for exciting laughter, and detect a vulgarity of style which the foreigner is not so ready to understand. And as one has seen many a vulgar fellow who dropped his *h*'s, and came from Hislington, received with respect by foreigners, and esteemed as a person of fashion, so we are on our side slow in distinguishing the real and sham foreign gentleman.

Besides Paul de Kock, there is another humorous writer of a very different sort, and whose works have of late found a considerable popularity among us—Monsieur de Bernard. He was first discovered by one Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who

wrote a critique on one of his works, and pilfered one of his stories. Mrs. Gore followed him by "editing" Bernard's novel of "Gerfaut," which was badly translated, and pronounced by the press to be immoral. It may be so in certain details, but it is not immoral in tendency. It is full of fine observation and gentle feeling; it has a gallant sense of the absurd, and is written—rare quality for a French romance—in a gentlemanlike style.

Few celebrated modern French romance-writers can say as much for themselves. Monsieur Sue has tried almost always, and, in "Mathilde," very nearly succeeded, in attaining a tone of *bonne compagnie*. But his respect for lacqueys, furniture, carpets, titles, *bouquets*, and such aristocratic appendages, is too great. He slips quietly over the carpet, and peers at the silk hangings, and looks at Lafleur handing about the tea-tray with too much awe for a gentleman. He is in a flutter in the midst of his marquesses and princes—happy, clever, smiling, but uneasy. As for De Balzac, he is not fit for the *salon*. In point of gentility, Dumas is about as genteel as a courier; and Frédéric Soulié as elegant as a *huissier*.

These are hard words. But a hundred years hence (when, of course, the frequenters of the circulating library will be as eager to read the works of Soulié, Dumas, and the rest, as now), a hundred years hence, what a strange opinion the world will have of the French society of to-day! Did all married people, we may imagine they will ask, break a certain commandment?—They all do in the novels. Was French society composed of murderers, of forgers, of children without parents, of men consequently running the daily risk of marrying their grandmothers by mistake; of disguised princes, who lived in the friendship of amiable cut-throats and spotless prostitutes; who gave up the sceptre for the *savate*, and the stars and pigtails of the court for the chains and wooden shoes of the galleys? All these characters are quite common in French novels, and France in the nineteenth century was the politest country in the world. What must the rest of the world have been?

Indeed, in respect to the reading of novels of the present

day, I would be glad to suggest to the lovers of these instructive works the simple plan of always looking at the end of a romance, to see what becomes of the personages, before they venture upon the whole work, and become interested in the characters described in it. Why interest oneself in a personage who you know must, at the end of the third volume, die a miserable death? What is the use of making oneself unhappy needlessly, watching the consumptive symptoms of Leonora as they manifest themselves, or tracing Antonio to his inevitable assassination?

Formerly, whenever I came to one of these fatally virtuous characters in a romance (ladies are very fond of inventing such suffering angels in their novels, pale, pious, pulmonary, crossed in love of course; hence I do not care to read ladies' novels, except those of Mesdames Gore and Trollope)—whenever I came to one of those predestined creatures, and saw from the complexion of the story that the personage in question was about to occupy a good deal of the reader's attention, I always closed the book at once, and in disgust, for my feelings are much too precious to be agitated at three-pence per volume. Even then it was often too late. One may have got through half a volume before the ultimate fate of Miss Trevanion was made clear to one. In that half volume, one may have grown to be exceedingly interested in Miss Trevanion; and hence one has all the pangs of parting with her, which were not worth incurring for the brief pleasure of her acquaintance. *Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*. It is well to say, I never loved a young gazelle to glad me with his dark blue eye, but when he came to know me well he was sure to die; and to add, that I never loved a tree or flower but 'twas the first to fade away. Is it not better, instead of making yourself unhappy, as you inevitably must be, to spare yourself the trouble of this bootless affection? Do not let us give up our affections rashly to young gazelles, or trees, or flowers; but confine our tenderness to creatures that are more long-lived.

Therefore, I say, it is much better to look at the end of a novel; and when I read, "There is a fresh green mound in Brentford churchyard, and a humble stone, on which is

inscribed the name of ‘Anna Maria;’” or “Le jour après on voyait sur les dalles humides de la terrible Morgue le corps virginal et ruisselant de Bathilde;” or a sentence to that effect, I shut the book at once, declining to agitate my feelings needlessly; for at that stage I do not care a fig for Anna Maria’s consumption or Bathilde’s suicide: I have not the honour of their acquaintance, nor will I make it. If you had the gift of prophecy, and people proposed to introduce you to a man who you knew would borrow money of you, or would be inevitably hanged, or would subject you to some other annoyance, would you not decline the proposed introduction? So with novels. The Book of Fate of the heroes and heroines is to be found at the end of Vol. III. One has but to turn to it to know whether one shall make their acquaintance or not. For my part, I heartily pardon the man who brought Cordelia to life (was it Cibber, or Sternhold and Hopkins?) I would have the stomach-pump brought for Romeo at the fifth act; for Mrs. Macbeth I am not in the least sorry; but, as for the general, I would have him destroy that swaggering Macduff (who always looks as if he had just slipped off a snuff-shop), or, if not, cut him in pieces, disarm him, pink him certainly; and then I would have Mrs. Macduff and all her little ones come in from the slips, stating that the account of their murder was a shameful fabrication of the newspapers, and that they were all of them perfectly well and hearty. The entirely wicked you may massacre without pity; and I have always admired the German Red Riding-Hood on this score, which is a thousand times more agreeable than the ferocious English tale, because, when the wolf has gobbled up Red Riding-Hood and her grandmother, in come two foresters, who cut open the wolf, and out step the old lady and the young one quite happy.

So I recommend all people to act with regard to lugubrious novels, and eschew them. I have never read the *Nelly* part of the “Old Curiosity Shop” more than once; whereas, I have Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness by heart; and, in like manner, with regard to “*Oliver Twist*,” it did very well to frighten one in numbers; but I am not going to look on at Nancy’s murder, and to writhe and twist under the Jew’s nightmare again. No!

no ! give me Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick for a continuance. Which are read most—"The Pirate" and "The Bride of Lammermoor," or "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward"?—The former may be preferred by scowling Frenchmen, who pretend to admire Lord Byron. But, if we get upon the subject of Lord Byron, Heaven knows how far we may go. Let us return to the Frenchmen, and ask pardon for the above digression.

The taste for horrors in France is so general, that one can really get scarcely any novels to read in the country (and so much the better, no doubt, say you ; the less of their immoralities any man reads the better) ; hence (perfectly disregarding the interruption of the reader), when a good, cheerful, clever, kind-hearted, merry, smart, bitter, sparkling romance falls in the way, it is a great mercy ; and of such a sort is the "Life of Jerome Paturot." It will give any reader who is familiar with Frenchmen a couple of long summer evenings' laughter, and any person who does not know the country a curious insight into some of the social and political humbugs of the great nation.

Like many an idle honest fellow who is good for nothing else, honest Paturot commences life as a literary man. And here, but that a man must not abuse his own trade, would be a fair opportunity for a tirade on the subject of literary characters—those doomed poor fellows of this world whose pockets Fate has ordained shall be perpetually empty. Pray, all parents and guardians, that your darlings may not be born with literary tastes ! If so endowed, make up your minds that they will be idle at school, and useless at college ; if they have a profession, they will be sure to neglect it ; if they have a fortune, they will be sure to spend it. How much money has all the literature of England in the Three per Cents ? That is the question ; and any bank-clerk could calculate accurately the advantage of any other calling over that of the pen. Is there any professional penman who has laid by five thousand pounds of his own earnings ? Lawyers, doctors, and all other learned persons, save money ; tradesmen and warriors save money ; the Jew-boy who sells oranges at the coach-door, the burnt-umber Malay who sweeps crossings, save money ; there is but Vates in the world who does not seem to know the art

of growing rich, and, as a rule, leaves the world with as little coin about him as he had when he entered it.

So, when it is said that honest Paturot begins life by publishing certain volumes of poems, the rest is understood. You are sure he will come to the parish at the end of the third volume ; that he will fail in all he undertakes ; that he will not be more honest than his neighbours, but more idle and weak ; that he will be a thriftless, vain, kind-hearted, irresolute, devil-may-care fellow, whose place is marked in this world ; whom bankers sneer at, and tradesmen hold in utter discredit.

Jerome spends his patrimony, then, first, in eating, drinking, and making merry ; secondly, in publishing four volumes of poems, four copies of which were sold ; and he wondered to this day who bought them : and so, having got to the end of his paternal inheritance, he has to cast about for means of making a livelihood. There is his uncle Paturot, the old hosier, who has sold flannel and cotton nightcaps with credit for this half-century past. “ Come and be my heir, and sell flannels, Jerome,” says this excellent uncle (alas ! it is only in novels that these uncles are found,—living literary characters have no such lucky relationships). But Jerome’s soul is above nightcaps. How can you expect a man of genius to be anything but an idiot ?

The events of his remarkable history are supposed to take place just after the late glorious Revolution. In the days of his *bombance*, Jerome had formed a connection with one of those interesting young females with whom the romances of Paul de Kock have probably made some readers acquainted,—a connection sanctified by everything except the magistrate and the clergyman,—a marriage to all intents and purposes, the ceremony only being omitted.

The lovely Malvina, the typification of the grisette, as warm an admirer of Paul de Kock as any in the three kingdoms, comes to Jerome’s aid, after he has spent his money and pawned his plate, and while (with the energy peculiar to the character of persons who publish poems in four volumes) he sits with his hands in his pocket bemoaning his fate, Malvina has bethought herself of a means of livelihood, and says, “ My Jerome, let us turn Saint-Simonians.”

So Saint-Simonians they become. For some time, strange as it may seem, Saint-Simonianism was long a flourishing trade in this strange country; and the two new disciples were admitted into the community *chacun selon sa capacité*.

[A long extract from the book relating their experiences among the Saint-Simonians is omitted.]

The funds of the religion, as history has informed us, soon began to fail; and the high-priestess, little relishing the meagre diet on which the society was now forced to subsist, and likewise not at all approving of the extreme devotion which some of the priests manifested for her, quitted the Saint-Simonians, and established herself once more very contentedly in her garret, and resumed her flower-making. As for Paturot, he supported the falling cause as long as strength was left him, and for a while blacked the boots of the fraternity very meekly. But he was put upon a diet of sour grapes, which by no means strengthened his constitution, and at last, by the solicitations of his Malvina, was induced to recant, and come back again into common life.

Now begin new plans of advancement. Malvina makes him the treasurer of the Imperial Morocco Bitumen Company, which ends in the disappearance of the treasury with its manager, the despair and illness of the luckless treasurer. He is thrown on the world yet again, and resumes his literary labours. He becomes editor of that famous journal the *Aspick*; which, in order to gather customers round it, proposes to subscribers a journal and a pair of boots, a journal and a great-coat, a journal and a leg of mutton, according to the taste of the individual. Then we have him as a dramatic critic, then a writer of romances, then the editor of a Government paper; and all these numerous adventures of his are told with capital satire and hearty fun. The book is, in fact, a course of French humbug, commercial, legal, literary, political; and, if there be any writer in England who has knowledge and wit sufficient, he would do well to borrow the Frenchman's idea, and give a similar satire in our own country.

The novel in numbers is known with us, but the daily *Feuilleton* has not yet been tried by our newspapers, the proprietors of some of which would, perhaps, do well to consider the matter. Here is Jerome's theory on the subject, offered for the consideration of all falling journals, as a means whereby they may rise once more into estimation :—

“ You must recollect, sir, that the newspaper, and, in consequence, the *Feuilleton*, is a family affair. The father and mother read the story first, from their hands it passes to the children, from the children to the servants, from the servants to the house porter, and becomes at once a part of the family. They cannot do without the story, sir, and, in consequence, must have the journal which contains it. Suppose, out of economy, the father stops the journal ; mamma is sulky, the children angry, the whole house is in a rage ; in order to restore peace to his family, the father must take in the newspaper again. It becomes as necessary as their coffee in a morning or as their soup for dinner.

“ Well, granting that the *Feuilleton* is a necessity nowadays, what sort of a *Feuilleton* must one write in order to please all these various people ?

“ My dear sir, nothing easier. After you have written a number or two, you will see that you can write seventy or a hundred at your will. For example, you take a young woman, beautiful, persecuted, and unhappy. You add, of course, a brutal tyrant of a husband or father ; you give the lady a perfidious friend, and introduce a lover, the pink of virtue, valour, and manly beauty. What is more simple ? You mix up your characters well, and can serve them out hot in a dozen or fourscore numbers as you please.

“ And it is the manner of cutting your story into portions to which you must look especially. One portion must be bound to the other, as one of the Siamese twins to his brother, and at the end of each number there must be a mysterious word, or an awful situation, and the hero perpetually before your public. They never tire of the hero, sir, they get acquainted with him, and the more they do so the more they like him, and you may keep up the interest for years. For instance, I will show you a specimen of the interesting in number-writing, made by a young man, whom I educated and formed myself, and whose success has been prodigious. It is a story of a mysterious castle.

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“ ‘Ethelgida was undressed for the night. Her attendant had retired, and the maiden was left in her vast chamber alone. She sat before the dressing-glass, revolving the events of the day, and particularly thinking over the strange and mysterious words which Alfred had uttered to her in the shrubbery. Other thoughts succeeded and chased through her agitated brain. The darkness of the apartment filled with tremor the sensitive and romantic soul of the young girl. Dusky old tapestries waved on the wall, against which a huge crucifix of ivory and ebony presented its image of woe and gloom. It seemed to her as if, in the night-silence, groans passed through the chamber, and a noise, as of chains clanking in the distance, jarred on her frightened ear. The tapers flickered, and seemed to burn blue. Ethelgida retired to bed with a shudder, and, drawing the curtains round her, sought to shut out the ghostly scene. But what was the maiden’s terror when, from the wall at her bedside, she saw thrust forward a naked hand and arm, the hand was clasping by its clotted hair a living, bloody head! What was that hand!!!!—what was that head!!!!!!

‘(To be continued in our next).’ ”

This delightful passage has been translated for the benefit of literary men in England, who may learn from it a profitable lesson. The terrible and mysterious style has been much neglected with us of late, and if, in the recess of Parliament, some of our newspapers are at a loss to fill their double sheets, or inclined to treat for a story in this *genre*, an eminent English hand, with the aid of Dumas, or Frédéric Soulié, might be got to transcribe such a story as would put even Mr. O’Connell’s Irish romances out of countenance.

Having gone through all the phases of literary quackery, and succeeded in none, honest Jerome, driven to despair, has nothing for it, at the end of the first volume of his adventures, but to try the last quackery of all, the charcoal-pan and suicide. But in this juncture the providential uncle (by means of Malvina, who is by no means disposed to quit this world, unsatisfactory as it is), the uncle of the cotton nightcaps steps in, and saves the unlucky youth, who, cured henceforth of his literary turn, submits to take his place behind the counter, performs all the ceremonies which were necessary for making

his union with Malvina perfectly legal, and settles down into the light of common day.

May, one cannot help repeating, may all literary characters, at the end of the first volume of their lives, find such an uncle ! but, alas ! this is the only improbable part of the book. There is no such blessed resource for the penny-a-liner in distress. All he has to do is to write more lines, and get more pence, and wait for grim Death, who will carry him off in the midst of a penny, and, lo ! where is he ? You read in the papers that yesterday, at his lodgings in Grub Street, “died Thomas Smith, Esq., the ingenious and delightful author, whose novels have amused us all so much. This eccentric and kind-hearted writer has left a wife and ten children, who, we understand, are totally unprovided for, but we are sure that the country will never allow them to want.” Smith is only heard of once or twice again. A publisher discovers a novel left by that lamented and talented author ; on which another publisher discovers another novel by the same hand : and “Smith’s last work,” and “the last work of Smith,” serve the bibliopolists’ turn for a week, and then are found entirely stupid by the public ; and so Smith, and his genius, and his wants, and his works, pass away out of this world for ever. The paragraph in the paper next to that which records Smith’s death announces the excitement created by the forthcoming work of the admirable Jones ; and so to the end of time. But these considerations are too profoundly melancholic, and we had better pass on to the second tome of Jerome Paturot’s existence.

One might fancy that, after Monsieur Paturot had settled down in his nightcap and hosiery shop, he would have calmly enveloped himself in lambswool stockings and yards of flannel, and, so protected, that Fortune would have had no more changes for him. Such, probably, is the existence of an English hosier : but in “the empire of the middle classes” matters are very differently arranged, and the *bonnetier de France peut aspirer à tout*. The defunct Paturot whispered that secret to Jerome before he departed this world, and our honest tradesman begins presently to be touched by ambition, and to push forward towards the attainment of those dignities which the Revolution of July has put in his reach.

The first opportunity for elevation is offered him in the ranks of that cheap defence of nations, the National Guard. He is a warm man, as the saying is ; he is looked up to in his quarter, he is a member of a company ; why should he not be its captain too ? A certain Oscar, painter in ordinary to His Majesty, who paints spinach-coloured landscapes, and has an orange-coloured beard, has become the bosom friend of the race of Paturot, and is the chief agent of the gallant hosier in his attempts at acquiring the captain's epaulettes.

[An extract from the novel relates his election to the National Guard.]

Thus happily elected, the mighty Paturot determines that the eyes of France are on his corps of voltigeurs, and that they shall be the model of all National Guardsmen. He becomes more and more like Napoleon. He pinches the sentinels with whom "he is content" by the ear ; he swears every now and then with much energy ; he invents a costume (it was in the early days when the fancy of the National Guardsman was allowed to luxuriate over his facings and pantaloons at will) ; and in a grand review before Marshal Soban the Paturot company turns out in its splendid new uniform, yellow facings, yellow-striped trousers, brass buckles and gorgets—the most brilliant company ever seen. But, though these clothes were strictly military and unanimously splendid, the wearers had not been bred up in those soldatesque habits which render much inferior men more effective on parade. They failed in some manœuvre which the old soldier of the Empire ordered them to perform—the front and rear ranks were mingled in hopeless confusion. "Ho, porter !" shouted the old general to the guard of the Carrousel gate, "shut the gates, porter ! these canaries will fly off if you don't."

Undismayed by this little check, and determined, like all noble spirits, to repair it, Captain Paturot now laboured incessantly to bring his company into discipline, and brought them not only to march and to countermarch, but to fire with great precision, until, on an unlucky day, the lieutenant, being in advance of his men, a certain voltigeur, who had forgotten to withdraw his ramrod from his gun, discharged the rod into

the fleshy part of the lieutenant's back, which accident caused the firing to abate somewhat afterwards.

Ambition, meanwhile, had seized upon the captain's wife, who too was determined to play her part in the world, and had chosen the world of fashion for her sphere of action. A certain Russian Princess, of undoubted grandeur, had taken a great fancy to Madame Paturot, and, under the auspices of that illustrious hyperborean chaperon, she entered into the genteel world.

Among the fashionable public of Paris, we are led by Monsieur Paturot's memoirs to suppose that they mingle virtue with their pleasure, and, so that they can aid in a charitable work, are ready to sacrifice themselves and dance to any extent. It happened that a part of the Borysthenes in the neighbourhood of the Princess Flibustikopfkoi's estate overflowed, and the Parisian public came forward as sympathisers, as they did for suffering Ireland and Prince O'Connell the other day. A great *fête* was resolved on, and Madame de Paturot became one of the ladies patronesses.

And at this *fête* we are presented to a great character, in whom the *habitué* of Paris will perhaps recognise a certain likeness to a certain celebrity of the present day, by name Monsieur Hector Berlioz, the musician and critic.

"The great artist promised his assistance. All the wind instruments in Paris were engaged in advance, and all the brass bands, and all the fiddles possible.

"'Princess,' said the artist, agitating his locks, 'for your sake I would find the hymn of the creation that has been lost since the days of the deluge.'

"The day of the festival arrived. The artist would allow none but himself to conduct his own *chef-d'œuvre*; he took his place at a desk five metres above the level of the waves of the orchestra, and around him were placed the most hairy and romantic musicians of the day, who were judged worthy of applauding at the proper place. The artist himself, the utterer of the musical apocalypse, cast his eyes over the assembly, seeking to dominate the multitude by that glance, and also to keep in order a refractory lock of hair which would insist upon interrupting it. I had more than once heard of the plan of this great genius, which consists in setting public and private life to music. A thousand extraordinary anecdotes are

recorded of the extraordinary power which he possessed for so doing ; among others is the story of the circumstance which occurred to him in a tavern. Having a wish for a dish of fricandeau and sorrel, the genius took a flageolet out of his pocket, and modulated a few notes.

‘ Tum-tiddle-di-tum-tiddle-de,’ &c.

The waiter knew at once what was meant, and brought the fricandeau and the sauce required. Genius always overcomes its detractors in this way.

“ I am not able to give a description of the wonderful *morceau* of music now performed. With it the festival terminated. The hero of the evening sat alone at his desk, vanquished by his emotions, and half-drowned in a lock of hair, which has previously been described. The music done, the hairy musicians round about rushed towards the maestro with the idea of carrying him in triumph to his coach, and of dragging him home in the same. But he, modestly retiring by a back-door, called for his cloak and his clogs, and walked home, where he wrote a critique for the newspapers of the music which he had composed and directed previously. It is thus that modern genius is made ; it is sufficient for all duties, and can swallow any glory you please.”

Whether this little picture is a likeness or not, who shall say ? but it is a good caricature of a race in France, where geniuses *poussent* as they do nowhere else ; where poets are prophets, where romances have revelations. It was but yesterday I was reading in a Paris newspaper some account of the present state of things in Spain. “ Battles in Spain are mighty well,” says the genius ; “ but what does Europe care for them ? *A single word* spoken in France has more influence than a pitched battle in Spain.” So stupendous a genius is that of the country !

The nation considers, then, its beer the strongest that ever was brewed in the world ; and so with individuals. This has his artistical, that his musical, that his poetical beer, which frothy liquor is preferred before that of all other taps ; and the musician above has a number of brethren in other callings.

Jerome’s high fortunes are yet to come. From being captain of his company he is raised to be lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, and as such has the honour to be invited to

the palace of the Tuileries with Madame Paturot. This great event is described in the following eloquent manner :—

[Here follows a description of a ball at the Tuileries.]

If the respected reader, like the writer of this, has never had the honour of figuring at a ball at the Tuileries (at home, of course, we are as regular at Pimlico as Lord Melbourne used to be), here is surely in a couple of pages a description of the affair so accurate, that, after translating it, I for my part feel as if I were quite familiar with the palace of the French king. I can see Louis Philippe grinning endlessly, ceaselessly bobbing his august head up and down. I can see the footmen in red, the *officiers d'ordonnance* in stays, the spindle-shanked young princes frisking round to the sound of the brass bands. The chandeliers, the ambassadors, the flaccid Germans with their finger-rings, the Spaniards looking like gilded old clothesmen; here and there a deputy lieutenant, of course, and one or two hapless Britons in their national court suits, that make the French mob, as the Briton descends from his carriage, exclaim, “Oh, ce marquis!” Fancy besides fifteen hundred women, of whom fourteen hundred and fifty are ugly—it is the proportion in France. And how much easier is it to enjoy this Barmecide dance in the description of honest Paturot than to dress at midnight, and pay a guinea for a carriage, and keep out of one's wholesome bed, in order to look at King Louis Philippe smiling! What a mercy it is not to be a gentleman! What a blessing it is not to be obliged to drive a cab in white kid gloves, nor to sit behind a great floundering racing-tailed horse in Rotten Row, expecting momentarily that he will jump you into the barouche full of ladies just ahead! What a mercy it is not to be obliged to wear tight lacquered boots, nor to dress for dinner, nor to go to balls at midnight, nor even to be a member of the House of Commons, nor to be prevented from smoking a cigar if you are so minded! All which privileges of poverty may Fortune long keep to us! Men do not know half their luck, that is the fact. If the real truth were known about things, we should have their Graces of Sutherland and Devonshire giving up

their incomes to the national debt, and saying to the country, "Give me a mutton chop and a thousand a year!"

In the fortunes of honest Paturot this wholesome moral is indicated with much philosophic acumen, as those will allow who are inclined from the above specimen of their quality to make themselves acquainted with the further history of his fortunes. Such persons may read how Jerome, having become a colonel of the National Guards, becomes, of course, a member of the Legion of Honour, how he is tempted to aspire to still further dignities, how he becomes a deputy, and how his constituents are served by him; how, being deputy, he has perhaps an inclination to become minister, but that one fine day he finds that his house cannot meet certain bills which are presented for payment, and so the poor fellow becomes a bankrupt.

He gets a little place, he retires with Malvina into a country town; she is exceedingly fond of canaries and dominoes, and Jerome cultivates cabbages and pinks with great energy and perfect contentment. He says he is quite happy. Ought he not to be so who has made a thousand readers happy, and perhaps a little wiser?

I have just heard that "Jerome Paturot" is a political novel: one of the Reviews despatches this masterpiece in a few growling lines, and pronounces it to be a failure. Perhaps it is a political novel, perhaps there is a great deal of sound thinking in this careless, familiar, sparkling narrative, and a vast deal of reflection hidden under Jerome's ordinary cotton nightcap; certainly it is a most witty and entertaining story, and as such is humbly recommended by the undersigned to all lovers of the Pantagruelian philosophy. It is a great thing now-a-days to get a funny book which makes you laugh, to read three volumes of satire in which there is not a particle of bad blood, and to add to one's knowledge of the world, too, as one can't help doing by the aid of this keen and good-humoured wit. The author of "Jerome Paturot" is Monsieur Reybaud, understood to be a grave man, dealing in political economy, in Fourierism, and other severe sciences. There is a valuable work by the late Mr. Henry Fielding, the police-magistrate, upon the prevention of thieving in the metropolis, and

some political pamphlets of merit by the same author ; but it hath been generally allowed that the history of Mr. THOMAS JONES by the same Mr. Fielding is amongst the most valuable of the scientific works of this author. And in like manner, whatever may be the graver works of Monsieur Reybaud, I heartily trust that he has some more of the Paturot kind in his brain or his portfolio, for the benefit of the lazy, novel-reading, unscientific world.

M. A. TITMARSH.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, September 1843.)

*MAY GAMBOLS; OR, TITMARSH IN THE
PICTURE GALLERIES.*

THE readers of this miscellany may, perhaps, have remarked that always, at the May season and the period of the exhibitions, our eccentric correspondent Titmarsh seems to be seized with a double fit of eccentricity, and to break out into such violent fantastical gambols as might cause us to be alarmed did we not know him to be harmless, and induce us to doubt of his reason but that the fit is generally brief, and passes off after the first excitement occasioned by visiting the picture galleries. It was in one of these fits, some years since, that he announced in this Magazine his own suicide, which we know to be absurd, for he has drawn many hundred guineas from us since:—on the same occasion he described his debts and sojourn at a respectable hotel, in which it seems he has never set his foot. But these hallucinations pass away with May, and next month he will, no doubt, be calmer, or, at least, not more absurd than usual. Some disappointments occurring to himself, and the refusal of his great picture of “Heliogabalus” in the year 1803 (which caused his retirement from practice as a painter), may account for his extreme bitterness against some of the chief artists in this or any other school or country. Thus we have him in these pages abusing Raphael; in the very last month he fell foul of Rubens, and in the present paper he actually pooh-poohs Sir Martin Shee and some of the Royal Academy. This is too much. “Cælum ipsum,” as Horace says, “petimus stultitiâ.” But we will quote no more the well-known words of the Epicurean bard.

We only add that we do not feel in the least bound by any one of the opinions here brought forward, from most of which, except where the writer contradicts himself and so saves us the trouble, we cordially dissent; and perhaps the reader had best pass on to the next article, omitting all perusal of this, excepting, of course, the editorial notice of—O. Y.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, HAMPSTEAD: *May 25.*

THIS is written in the midst of a general desolation and discouragement of the honest practitioners who dwell in the dingy first-floors about Middlesex Hospital and Soho. The long-haired ones are tearing their lanky locks: the velvet-coated sons of genius are plunged in despair; the law has ordered the suppression of Art-Unions, and the wheel of Fortune has suddenly and cruelly been made to stand still. When the dreadful news came that the kindly harmless Art-lottery was to be put an end to, although Derby-lotteries are advertised in every gin-shop in London, and every ruffian in the City may gamble at his leisure, the men of the brush and palette convoked a tumultuous meeting, where, amidst tears, shrieks, and wrath, the cruelty of their case was debated. Wyse of Waterford calmly presided over the stormy bladder-squeezers, the insulted wielders of the knife and maulstick. Wyse soothed their angry spirits with words of wisdom and hope. He stood up in the assembly of the legislators of the land and pointed out their wrongs. The painters' friend, the kind old Lansdowne, lifted up his cordial voice among the peers of England, and asked for protection for the children of Raphael and Apelles. No one said nay. All pitied the misfortune of the painters; even Lord Brougham was stilled into compassion, and the voice of Vaux was only heard in sobs.

These are days of darkness, but there is hope in the vista; the lottery-subscription lies in limbo, but it shall be released therefrom and flourish, exuberantly revived, in future years. Had the ruin been consummated, this hand should have withered rather than have attempted to inscribe jokes concerning it. No, *Fraser* is the artists' friend, their mild parent. While His Royal Highness Prince Albert dines with

the Academicians, the rest of painters, less fortunate, are patronised by Her Majesty REGINA.

Yes, in spite of the Art-Union accident, there is hope for the painters. Sir Martin Archer Shee thinks that the Prince's condescension in dining with the Academy will do incalculable benefit to the art. Henceforth its position is assured in the world. This august patronage, the President says, evincing the sympathy of the higher classes, must awaken the interest of the low: and the public (the ignorant rogues!) will thus learn to appreciate what they have not cared for hitherto. Interested! Of course they will be. O Academicians! ask the public to dinner, and you will see how much interested they will be. We are authorised to state that next year any person who will send in his name will have a cover provided; Trafalgar Square is to be awned in, plates are to be laid for 250,000, one of the new basins is to be filled with turtle and the other with cold punch. The President and the *élite* are to sit upon Nelson's pillar, while rows of benches, stretching as far as the Union Club, Northumberland House, and Saint Martin's Church, will accommodate the vulgar. Mr. Toole is to have a speaking-trumpet; and a twenty-four-pounder to be discharged at each toast.

There are other symptoms of awakening interest in the public mind. The readers of newspapers will remark this year that the leaders of public opinion have devoted an unusually large space and print to reviews of the fine arts. They have been employing critics who, though they contradict each other a good deal, are yet evidently better acquainted with the subject than critics of old used to be, when gentlemen of the profession were instructed to report on a fire, or an Old Bailey trial, or a Greek play, or an opera, or a boxing-match, or a picture gallery, as their turn came. Read now the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, the *Post* (especially the *Post*, of which the painting critiques have been very good), and it will be seen that the critic knows his business, and from the length of his articles it may be conjectured that the public is interested in knowing what he has to say. This is all, probably, from the Prince having dined at the Academy. The nation did not care for pictures until then,—until the

nobility taught us ; gracious nobility ! Above all, what a compliment to the public !

As one looks round the rooms of the Royal Academy, one cannot but deplore the fate of the poor fellows who have been speculating upon the Art-Unions ; and yet in the act of grief there is a lurking satisfaction. The poor fellows can't sell their pieces ; that is a pity. But why did the poor fellows paint such fiddle-faddle pictures ? They catered for the *bourgeois*, the sly rogues ! They know honest John Bull's taste, and simple admiration of namby-pamby, and so they supplied him with an article that was just likely to suit him. In like manner savages are supplied with glass beads ; children are accommodated with toys and trash, by dexterous speculators who know their market. Well, I am sorry that the painting speculators have had a stop put to their little venture, and that the ugly law against lotteries has stepped in and seized upon the twelve thousand pounds, which was to furnish many a hungry British Raphael with a coat and a beefsteak. Many a Mrs. Raphael, who was looking out for a new dress, or a trip to Margate or Boulogne for the summer, must forego the pleasure, and remain in dingy Newman Street. Many little ones will go back to Turnham Green academies and not carry the amount of last half-year's bill in the trunk ; many a landlord will bully about the non-payment of the rent ; and a vast number of frame-makers will look wistfully at their carving and gilding as it returns after the exhibition to Mr. Tinto, Charlotte Street, along with poor Tinto's picture from the "Vicar of Wakefield" that he made sure of selling to an Art-Union prizeman. This is the pathetic side of the question. My heart is tender, and I weep for the honest painters peering dismally at the twelve thousand pounds like hungry boys do at a tart-shop.

But—here stern justice interposes, and the MAN having relented, the CRITIC raises his inexorable voice—but, I say, the enemies of Art-Unions have had some reason for their complaints, and I fear it is too true that the effect of those institutions, as far as they have gone hitherto, has not been mightily favourable to the cause of art. One day, by custom, no doubt, the public taste will grow better, and as the man

who begins by intoxicating himself with a glass of gin finishes sometimes by easily absorbing a bottle ; as the law student, who at first is tired with a chapter of Blackstone, will presently swallow you down with pleasure a whole volume of Chitty ; as EDUCATION, in a word, advances, it is humbly to be hoped that the great and generous British public will not be so easily satisfied as at present, and will ask for a better article for its money.

Meanwhile, their taste being pitiable, the artists supply them with poor stuff—pretty cheap tawdry toys and gimcracks in place of august and beautiful objects of art. It is always the case. I do not mean to say that the literary men are a bit better. Poor fellows of the pen and pencil ! we must live. The public likes light literature and we write it. Here am I writing magazine jokes and follies, and why ? Because the public like such, will purchase no other. Otherwise, as Mr. Nickisson, and all who are acquainted with M. A. Titmarsh in private, know, my real inclinations would lead me to write works upon mathematics, geology, and chemistry, varying them in my lighter hours with little playful treatises on questions of political economy, epic poems, and essays on the *Æolic digamma*. So, in fact, these severe rebukes with which I am about to belabour my neighbour must be taken, as they are given, in a humble and friendly spirit ; they are not actuated by pride, but by deep sympathy. Just as we read in holy Mr. Newman's life of Saint Stephen Harding, that it was the custom among the godly Cistercian monks (in the good old times, which holy Newman would restore) to assemble every morning in full chapter ; and there, after each monk had made his confession, it was free to—nay, it was strictly enjoined on—any other brother to rise and say, "Brother So-and-so hath not told all his sins ; our dear brother has forgotten that yesterday he ate his split-peas with too much gormandise ;" or, "This morning he did indecently rejoice over his water-gruel," or what not—these real Christians were called upon to inform, not only of themselves, but to be informers over each other ; and, the information being given, the brother informed again thanked his brother the informer, and laid himself down on the desk,

and was flagellated with gratitude. Sweet friends! be you like the Cistercians! Brother Michael Angelo is going to inform against you. Get ready your garments and prepare for flagellation. Brother Michael Angelo is about to lay on and spare not.

Brother Michael lifts up his voice against the young painters collectively in the first place, afterwards individually, when he will also take leave to tickle them with the wholesome stripes of the flagellum. In the first place, then (and my heart is so tender that, rather than begin the operation, I have been beating about the bush for more than a page, of which page the reader is cordially requested to omit the perusal, as it is not the least to the purpose), I say that the young painters of England, whose uprise this Magazine and this critic were the first to hail, asserting loudly their superiority over the pompous old sham classical big-wigs of the Academy—the young painters of England *are not doing their duty*. They are going backwards, or rather, they are flinging themselves under the wheels of that great golden Juggernaut of an Art-Union. The thought of the money is leading them astray; they are poets no longer, but money-hunters. They paint down to the level of the public intelligence, rather than seek to elevate the public to them. Why do these great geniuses fail in their duty of instruction? Why, knowing better things, do they serve out such awful twaddle as we have from them? Alas! it is not for art they paint, but for the Art-Union.

The first dear brother I shall take the liberty to request to get ready for operation is brother Charles Landseer. Brother Charles has sinned. He has grievously sinned. And we will begin with this miserable sinner, and administer to him admonition in a friendly, though most fierce and cutting, manner.

The subject of brother Charles Landseer's crime is this. The sinner has said to himself, "The British public likes domestic pieces. They will have nothing but domestic pieces. I will give them one, and of a new sort. Suppose I paint a picture that must make a hit. My picture will have every sort of interest. It shall interest the religious public; it shall

interest the domestic public ; it shall interest the amateur for the cleverness of its painting ; it shall interest little boys and girls, for I will introduce no end of animals, camels, monkeys, elephants, and cockatoos ; it shall interest sentimental young ladies, for I will take care to have a pretty little episode for them. I will take the town by storm, in a word." This is what I conceive was passing in brother Charles Landseer's sinful soul when he conceived and executed his NOAH'S ARK IN A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.

Noah and his family (with some supplemental young children, very sweetly painted) are seated in the ark, and a port-hole is opened, out of which one of the sons is looking at the now peaceful waters. The sunshine enters the huge repository of the life of the world, and the dove has just flown in with an olive-branch and nestles in the bosom of one of the daughters of Noah ; the patriarch and his aged partner are lifting up their venerable eyes in thankfulness ; the children stand around, the peaceful labourer and the brown huntsman each testifying his devotion after his fashion. The animals round about participate in the joyful nature of the scene, their instinct seems to tell them that the hour of their deliverance is near.

There, the picture is described romantically and in the best of language. Now let us proceed to examine the poetry critically and to see what its claims are. Well, the ark is a great subject. The history from which we have our account of it, from a poet surely demands a reverent treatment ; a blacksmith roaring from the desk of a conventicle may treat it familiarly, but an educated artist ought surely to approach such a theme with respect. The point here is only urged æsthetically. As a matter of *taste*, then (and the present humble writer has no business to speak on any other), such a manner of treating the subject is certainly reprehensible. The ark is vulgarised here and reduced to the proportions of a Calais steamer. The passengers are rejoicing : they are glad to get away. Their live animals are about them no more nor less sublime than so many cattle or horses in loose boxes. The parrots perched on the hoop yonder have as little signification as a set of birds in a cage at the Zoological Gardens ; the very dove becomes

neither more nor less than the *pet* of the pretty girl represented in the centre of the picture. All the greatness of the subject is lost; and, putting the historical nature of the personages out of the question, they have little more interest than a group of any emigrants in the hold of a ship, who rouse and rally at the sound of "Land ho!"

Why, if all great themes of poetry are to be treated in this way, the art would be easy. We might have Hector shaving himself before going out to fight Achilles, as, undoubtedly, the Trojan hero did; Priam in a cotton nightcap asleep in a four-poster on the night of the sack of Troy, Hecuba, of course, by his side, with curl-papers, and her *tour de tête* on the toilet-glass. We might have Dido's maid coming after her mistress in the shower with pattens and an umbrella; or Cleopatra's page guttling the figs in the basket which had brought the asp that killed the mistress of Antony. Absurd trivialities, or pretty trivialities, are nothing to the question; those I have adduced here are absurd, but they are just as poetical as prettiness, not a whit less degrading and commonplace. No painter has a right to treat great historical subjects in such a fashion; and though the public are sure to admire, and young ladies, in raptures, look on at the darling of a dove, and little boys in delight cry, "Look, papa, at the parroquets!"—"Law, ma, what big trunks the elephants have!" it yet behoves the critic to say this is an unpoetical piece, and severely to reprehend the unhappy perpetrator thereof.

I know brother Charles will appeal. I know it will be pleaded in his favour that the picture is capitally painted, some of the figures very pretty; two, that of the old woman and the boy looking out, quite grand in drawing and colour; the picture charming for its silvery tone and agreeable pleasantry of colour. All this is true. But he has sinned, he has greatly sinned; let him acknowledge his fault in the presence of the chapter, and receive the customary and wholesome reward thereof.

Frazer Redgrave is the next malefactor whose sins deserve a reprobation. In the namby-pamby line his errors are very sad. Has he not been already warned in this very miscellany of his propensity to small sentiment? Has he corrected

himself of that grievous tendency? No: his weakness grows more and more upon him, and he is now more sinful than ever. One of his pictures is taken from the most startling lyric in our language, the "Song of the Shirt," a song as bitter and manly as it is exquisitely soft and tender, a song of which the humour draws tears.*

Mr. Redgrave has illustrated everything except the humour, the manliness, and the bitterness of the song. He has only depicted the tender good-natured part of it. It is impossible to quarrel with the philanthropy of the painter. His shirt-maker sits by her little neat bed, work, working away. You may see how late it is, for the candle is nearly burnt out, the clock (capital poetic notion!) says what o'clock it is, the grey-streaked dawn is rising over the opposite house seen through the cheerless casement, and where (from a light which it has in its window) you may imagine that another poor shirt-maker is toiling too. The one before us is pretty, pale, and wan; she turns up the whites of her fine fatigued eyes to the little ceiling. She is ill, as the artist has shown us by a fine stroke of genius—a parcel of medicine-bottles on the mantel-piece! The picture is carefully and cleverly painted—extremely popular—gazed at with vast interest by most spectators. Is it, however, a poetical subject? Yes, Hood has shown that it can be made one, but by surprising turns of thought brought to bear upon it, strange, terrible, unexpected lights of humour which he has flung upon it. And, to "trump" this tremendous card, Mr. Redgrave gives us this picture; his points being the clock, which tells the time of day, the vials which show the poor girl takes physic, and such other vast labours of intellect!

Mr. Redgrave's other picture, the "Marriage Morning," is also inspired by that milk-and-water of human kindness, the flavour of which is so insipid to the roast-beef intellect. This is a scene of a marriage morning; the bride is taking leave of her mamma after the ceremony, and that amiable lady, reclining in an easy-chair, is invoking benedictions upon the parting

* How is it that none of the papers have noticed the astonishing poem by Mr. Hood in the May number of his magazine, to which our language contains no parallel?—M. A. T.

couple, and has a hand of her daughter and her son-in-law clasped in each of hers. She is smiling sadly, restraining her natural sorrow, which will break out so soon as the postchaise you see through the window, and on which the footman is piling the nuptial luggage, shall have driven off to Salt Hill, or Rose Cottage, Richmond, which I recommend. The bride's father, a venerable bald-headed gentleman, with a most benignant, though slow-coachish look, is trying to console poor Anna Maria, the unmarried sister, who is losing the companion of her youth. Never mind, Anna Maria, my dear, your turn will come too; there is a young gentleman making a speech in the parlour to the health of the new-married pair, who, I lay a wager, will be struck by your fine eyes, and be for serving you as your sister has been treated. This small fable is worked out with great care in a picture in which there is much clever and conscientious painting, from which, however, I must confess I derive little pleasure. The sentiment and colour of the picture somehow coincide; the eye rests upon a variety of neat tints of pale drab, pale green, pale brown, pale puce colour, of a sickly warmth, not pleasant to the eye. The drawing is feeble, the expression of the faces pretty, but lackadaisical. The penance I would order Mr. Redgrave should be a pint of port-wine to be taken daily, and a devilled kidney every morning for breakfast before beginning to paint.

A little of the devil, too, would do Mr. Frank Stone no harm. He, too, is growing dangerously sentimental. His picture, with a quotation from Horace, "*Mæcenatavis edite regibus*," represents a sort of game of tender cross-purposes, very difficult to describe in print. Suppose two lads, Jocky and Tommy, and two lasses, Jenny and Jessamy. They are placed thus:—

Jessamy.	Jenny. A dog.	Tommy. Jocky.
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Now Jocky is making love to Jenny in an easy off-hand sort of way, and though, or, perhaps, *because* he doesn't care for

her much, is evidently delighting the young woman. She looks round, with a pleased smile on her fresh plump cheeks, and turns slightly towards heaven a sweet little *retroussé* nose, and twiddles her fingers (most exquisitely these hands are drawn and painted, by the way) in the most contented way. But, ah! how little does she heed Tommy, who, standing behind Jocky, reclining against a porch, is looking and longing for this light-hearted Jenny! And, oh! why does Tommy cast such sheep's eyes upon Jenny, when by her side sits *Jessamy*, the tender and romantic, the dark-eyed and raven-haired being, whose treasures of affection are flung at heedless Tommy's feet? All the world is interested in *Jessamy*; her face is beautiful, her look of despairing love is so exquisitely tender, that it touches every spectator; and the ladies are unanimous in wondering how Tommy can throw himself away upon that simpering Jenny, when such a superior creature as *Jessamy* is to be had for the asking. But such is the way of the world, and Tommy will marry, simply because everybody tells him not.

Thus far for the sentiment of the picture. The details are very good; there is too much stippling and show of finish, perhaps, in the handling, and the painting might have been more substantial and lost nothing. But the colour is good, the group very well composed, and the variety of expression excellent. There is great passion, as well as charming delicacy, in the disappointed maiden's face; much fine appreciation of character in the easy smiling triumph of the rival; and, although this sentence was commenced with the express determination of rating Mr. Stone soundly, lo! it is finished without a word of blame. Well, let's vent our anger on the dog. That is very bad, and seems to have no more bones than an apple-dumpling. It is only because the artist has been painting disappointed lovers a great deal of late, that one is disposed to grumble, not at the work, but at the want of variety of subject.

As a sentimental picture, the best and truest, to my taste, is that by Mr. Webster, the "Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Webster," painted to celebrate their fiftieth wedding-day. Such a charming old couple were never seen. There is delightful grace, sentiment, and purity in these two gentle

kindly heads ; much more sentiment and grace than even in Mr. Eastlake's "Héloïse," a face which the artist has painted over and over again ; a beautiful woman, but tiresome, unearthly, unsubstantial, and no more like Héloïse than like the Duke of Wellington. If the late Mr. Pope's epistle be correct, Eloisa was a most unmistakable woman ; this is a substanceless, passionless, solemn, mystical apparition ; but I doubt if a woman be not the more poetical being of the two.

Being on the subject of sentimental pictures, Monsieur Delaroche's great "Holy Family" must be mentioned here ; and, if there is reason to quarrel with the unsatisfactory nature of English sentiment, in truth it appears that the French are not much better provided with the high poetical quality. This picture has all the outside of poetry, all the costume of religion, all the prettiness and primness of the new German dandy-pietistical school. It is an agreeable compound of Correggio and Raphael, with a strong dash of Overbeck ; it is painted as clean and pretty as a tulip on a dessert-plate, the lines made out so neatly that none can mistake them ; the drawing good, the female face as pretty and demure as can be, her drapery of spotless blue, and the man's of approved red, the infant as pink as strawberries and cream, every leaf of the tree sweetly drawn, and the trunk of the most delicate dove-coloured grey. All these merits the picture has ; it is a well-appointed picture. But is that all ? Is that enough to make a poet ? There are lines in the Oxford prize poems that are smooth as Pope's ; and it is notorious that, for colouring, there is no painting like the Chinese. But I hope the French artists have better men springing up among them than the President of the French Academy at Rome.

Biard, the Hogarthian painter, whose slave-trade picture was so noble, has sent us a couple of pieces, which both, in their way, possess merit. The one is an Arabian caravan moving over a brickdust-coloured desert, under a red arid sky. The picture is lifelike, and so far poetical that it seems to tell the truth. Then there is a steamboat disaster, with every variety of sea-sickness, laughably painted. Shuddering soldiery, sprawling dandies, Englishmen, Savoyards, guitars, lovers, monkeys,—a dreadful confusion of qualmish people,

whose agonies will put the most misanthropic observer into good-humour. Biard's "Havre Packet" is much more praiseworthy in my mind than Delaroche's "Holy Family;" for I deny the merit of failing greatly in pictures—the great merit is to succeed. There is no greater error, surely, than that received dictum of the ambitious, to aim at high things; it is best to do what you mean to do; better to kill a crow than to miss an eagle.

As the French artists are sending in their works from across the water, why, for the honour of England, will not some of our painters let the Parisians know that here, too, are men whose genius is worthy of appreciation? They may be the best draughtsmen in the world, but they have no draughtsman like Maclise, they have no colourist like Etty, they have no painter like MULREADY, above all, whose name I beg the printer to place in the largest capitals, and to surround with a wreath of laurels. Mr. Mulready was crowned in this Magazine once before. Here again he is proclaimed. It looks like extravagance, or flattery, for the blushing critic to tell his real mind about the "Whistonian Controversy."

And yet, as the truth must be told, why not say it now at once? I believe this to be one of the finest cabinet pictures in the world. It seems to me to possess an assemblage of excellences so rare, to be in drawing so admirable, in expression so fine, in finish so exquisite, in composition so beautiful, in humour and beauty of expression so delightful, that I can't but ask where is a good picture if this be not one? And, in enumerating all the above perfections, I find I have forgotten the greatest of all, the colour; it is quite original this,—brilliant, rich, astonishingly luminous, and intense. The pictures of Van Eyck are not more brilliant in tone than this magnificent combination of blazing reds, browns, and purples. I know of no scheme of colour like it, and heartily trust that time will preserve it; when this little picture, and some of its fellows, will be purchased as eagerly as a Hemlinck or a Gerard Douw is bought nowadays. If Mr. Mulready has a mind to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, he has but to send this picture to Paris next year, and, with the recommendation of *Fraser's Magazine*, the affair is settled.

Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that the artist (although his work will fetch ten times as much money a hundred years hence) has not been ill rewarded, as times go, for his trouble and genius.

We have another great and original colourist among us, as luscious as Rubens, as rich almost as Titian—Mr. Etty; and every year the exhibition sparkles with magnificent little canvases, the works of this indefatigable strenuous admirer of nude Beauty. The form is not quite so sublime as the colour in this artist's paintings; the female figure is often rather too expansively treated, it swells here and there to the proportions of the Caffrarian, rather than the Medicean, Venus; but, in colour, little can be conceived that is more voluptuously beautiful. This year introduces to us one of the artist's noblest compositions, a classical and pictorial *orgy*, as it were,—a magnificent vision of rich colours and beautiful forms,—a grand feast of sensual poetry. The verses from “Comus,” which the painter has taken to illustrate, have the same character:—

“ All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree,
Along the crisped shades and bowers,
Revels the spruce and jocund spring.
Beds of hyacinths and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian Queen;
But far above in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced.”

It is a dream rather than a reality, the words and images purposely indistinct and incoherent. In the same way the painter has made the beautiful figures sweep before us in a haze of golden sunshine. This picture is one of a series to be painted in fresco, and to decorate the walls of a summer-house in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, for which edifice Mr. Maclise and Mr. Leslie have also made paintings.

That of Mr. Leslie's is too homely. He is a prose painter. His kind buxom young lass has none of the look of Milton's lady, that charming compound of the saint and the fine lady—that sweet impersonation of the chivalric mythology—an angel, but with her sixteen quarterings—a countess descended from the skies. Leslie's lady has no such high breeding, the Comus above her looks as if he might revel on ale; a rustic seducer, with an air of rude hobnailed health. Nor are the demons and fantastic figures introduced imaginative enough; they are fellows with masks from Covent Garden. Compare the two figures at the sides of the picture with the two Cupids of Mr. Etty. In the former there is no fancy. The latter are two flowers of poetry; there are no words to characterise those two delicious little figures, no more than to describe a little air of Mozart, which, once heard, remains with you for ever; or a new flower, or a phrase of Keats or Tennyson, which blooms out upon you suddenly, astonishing as much as it pleases. Well, in endeavouring to account for his admiration, the critic pumps for words in vain; if he uses such as he finds, he runs the risk of being considered intolerably pert and affected; silent pleasure, therefore, best beseems him; but this I know, that were my humble recommendations attended to at Court, when the pictures are put in the pleasure-house, her sacred Majesty, giving a splendid banquet to welcome them and the painter, should touch Mr. Etty on the left shoulder and say, "Rise, my knight of the Bath, for painting the left-hand Cupid;" and the Emperor of Russia (being likewise present) should tap him on the right shoulder, exclaiming, "Rise, my knight of the Eagle, for the right-hand Cupid."

Mr. Maclise's "Comus" picture is wonderful for the variety of its design, and has, too, a high poetry of its own. All the figures are here still and solemn as in a tableau; the lady still on her unearthly snaky chair, Sabrina still stooping over her. On one side the brothers, and opposite the solemn attendant spirit; round these interminable groups and vistas of fairy beings, twining in a thousand attitudes of grace, and sparkling white and bloodless against a leaden blue sky. It is the most poetical of the artist's pictures, the most

extraordinary exhibition of his proper skill. Is it true that the artists are only to receive three hundred guineas apiece for these noble compositions? Why, a print-seller would give more, and artists should not be allowed to paint simply for the honour of decorating a Royal summer-house.

Among the poetical pictures of the exhibition should be mentioned with especial praise Mr. Cope's delightful "Charity," than the female figures in which Raphael scarce painted anything more charmingly beautiful. And Mr. Cope has this merit, that his work is no prim imitation of the stiff old Cimabue and Giotto manner, no aping of the crisp draperies and hard outlines of the missal illuminations, without which the religious artist would have us believe religious expression is impossible. It is pleasant after seeing the wretched caricatures of old-world usages which stare us in the face in every quarter of London now—little dumpy Saxon chapels built in raw brick, spick and span *bandbox* churches of the pointed Norman style for Cockneys in zephyr coats to assemble in, new old painted windows of the twelfth century, tessellated pavements of the Byzantine school, gimcrack imitations of the Golden Legend printed with red letters, and crosses, and quaint figures stolen out of Norman missals—to find artists aiming at the Beautiful and Pure without thinking it necessary to resort to these paltry archæological quackeries, which have no Faith, no Truth, no Life in them; but which give us ceremony in lieu of reality, and insist on forms as if they were the conditions of belief.

Lest the reader should misunderstand the cause of this anger, we beg him to take the trouble to cross Pall Mall to Saint James's Street, where objects of art are likewise exhibited; he will see the reason of our wrath. Here are all the ornamental artists of England sending in their works, and what are they?—All imitations. The Alhambra here; the Temple Church there; here a Gothic saint; yonder a Saxon altar-rail; farther on a sprawling rococo of Louis XV.; all worked neatly and cleverly enough, but with no originality, no honesty of thought. The twelfth century revived in Mr. Crockford's bazaar, forsooth! with examples of every century except our own. It would be worth while for someone to

write an essay, showing how astonishingly Sir Walter Scott* has influenced the world; how he changed the character of novelists, then of historians, whom he brought from their philosophy to the study of pageantry and costume: how the artists then began to fall back into the middle ages and the architects to follow; until now behold we have Mr. Newman and his congregation of Littlemore marching out with taper and crosier, and falling down to worship Saint Willibald, and Saint Winnibald, and Saint Walberga the Saxon virgin. But Mr. Cope's picture is leading the reader rather farther than a critique about exhibitions has any right to divert him, and let us walk soberly back to Trafalgar Square.

Remark the beautiful figures of the children in Mr. Cope's picture (276), the fainting one, and the golden-haired infant at the gate. It is a noble and touching Scripture illustration. The artist's other picture, "Geneviève," is not so successful; the faces seem to have been painted from a dirty palette, the evening tints of the sky are as smoky as a sunset in Saint James's Park; the composition unpleasant, and not enough to fill the surface of canvas.

Mr. Herbert's picture of "The Trial of the Seven Bishops" is painted with better attention to costume than most English painters are disposed to pay. The characters in our artists' history-pieces, as indeed on our theatres, do not look commonly accustomed to the dresses which they assume; wear them awkwardly, take liberties of alteration and adjustment, and spoil thereby the truth of the delineation. The French artists, on the canvas or the boards, understand this branch of their art much better. Look at Monsieur Biard's "Mecca Pilgrims," how carefully and accurately they are attired; or go to the French play and see Cartigny in a Hogarthian dress. He wears it as though he had been born a hundred years back—looks the old marquess to perfection. In this attention to dress Mr. Herbert's picture is very praiseworthy; the men are quite at home in their quaint coats and periwigs of James II.'s time; the ladies at ease in their stiff long-waisted

* Or more properly Goethe. "Goetz von Berlichingen" was the father of the Scottish romances, and Scott remained constant to that mode, while the greater artist tried a thousand others.

gowns, their fans, and their queer caps and patches. And the picture is pleasing from the extreme brightness and cleanliness of the painting. All looks as neat and fresh as Sam Pepys when he turned out in his new suit, his lady in her satin and brocade. But here the praise must stop. The great concourse of people delineated, the bishops and the jury, the judges and the sheriffs, the halberdiers and the fine ladies, seem very little interested in the transaction in which they are engaged, and look as if they were assembled rather for show than business. Nor, indeed, is the artist much in fault. Painters have not fair-play in these parade pictures. It is only with us that Reform-banquets, or views of the House of Lords at the passing of the Slopperton Railway Bill, or Coronation Processions, obtain favour ; in which vast numbers of public characters are grouped unreally together, and politics are made to give an interest to art.

Mr. Herbert's picture of "Sir Thomas More and his Daughter watching from the prisoner's room in the Tower four Monks led away to Execution," is not the most elaborate, perhaps, but the very best of this painter's works. It is full of grace, and sentiment, and religious unction. You see that the painter's heart is in the scenes which he represents. The countenances of the two figures are finely conceived ; the sorrowful anxious beauty of the daughter's face, the resigned humility of the martyr at her side, and the accessories or properties of the pious little drama are cleverly and poetically introduced ; such as mystic sentences of hope and trust inscribed by former sufferers on the walls, the prisoner's rosary and book of prayers to the Virgin that lie on his bed. These types and emblems of the main story are not obtruded, but serve to increase the interest of the action ; just as you hear in a concerted piece of music a single instrument playing its little plaintive part alone, and yet belonging to the whole.

If you want to see a picture where costume is *not* represented, behold Mr. Lauder's "Claverhouse ordering Morton to Execution." There sits Claverhouse in the centre in a Kean wig and ringlets, such as was never worn in any age of this world, except at the theatre in 1816, and he scowls with a true melodramatic ferocity ; and he lifts a signpost of a finger

towards Morton, who forthwith begins to writhe and struggle into an attitude in the midst of a group of subordinate, cuirassed, buff-coated gentry. Morton is represented in tights, slippers, and a tunic ; something after the fashion of Retzsch's figures in "Faust" (which are refinements of costumes worn a century and a half before the days when Charles disported at Tillietudlem) ; and he, too, must proceed to scowl and frown "with a flashing eye and a distended nostril," as they say in the novels,—as Gomersal scowls at Widdicomb before the combat between those two chiefs begins ; and while they are measuring each other according to the stage wont, from the toe of the yellow boot up to the tip of the stage-wig. There is a tragedy heroine in Mr. Lauder's picture, striking her attitude, too, to complete the scene. It is entirely unnatural, theatrical, of the Davidgian, nay, Richardsonian drama, and all such attempts at effect must be reprehended by the stern critic. When such a cool practitioner as Claverhouse ordered a gentleman to be shot, he would not put himself into an attitude : when such a quiet gentleman as Morton received the unpleasant communication in the midst of a company of grenadiers who must overpower him, and of ladies to whom his resistance would be unpleasant, he would act like a man and go out quietly, not stop to rant and fume like a fellow in a booth. I believe it is in Mr. Henningsen's book that there is a story of Zumalacarreguy, Don Carlos's Dundee, who, sitting at the table with a Christino prisoner, smoking cigars and playing piquet very quietly, received a communication which he handed over to the Christino. "Your people," says he, "have shot one of my officers, and I have promised reprisals ; I am sorry to say, my dear general, that I must execute you in twenty minutes !" And so the two gentlemen finished their game at piquet, and parted company—the one to inspect his lines, the other for the courtyard hard by, where a file of grenadiers was waiting to receive his excellency—with mutual politeness and regret. It was the fortune of war. There was no help for it ; no need of ranting and stamping, which would ill become any person of good breeding.

The Scotch artists have a tragic taste ; and we should

mention with especial praise Mr. Duncan's picture with the agreeable epigraph, "She set the bairn on the ground and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him with her plaid, and laid down and wept over him." The extract is from Walker's "Life of Peden;" the martyrdom was done on the body of a boy by one of those bloody troopers whom we have seen in Mr. Lauder's picture carrying off poor shrieking Morton. Mr. Duncan's picture is very fine,—dark, rich, and deep in sentiment; the woman is painted with some of Rubens's swelling lines (such as may be seen in some of his best Magdalens), and with their rich tones of grey. If a certain extremely heavy Cupid poising in the air by a miracle be the other picture of Mr. Duncan's, it can be only said that his tragedy is better than his lightsome compositions—an arrow from yonder lad would bruise the recipient black and blue.

Another admirable picture of a Scotch artist is 427, "The Highland Lament," by Alexander Johnston. It is a shame to put such a picture in such a place. It hangs on the ground almost invisible, while dozens of tawdry portraits are staring at you on the line. Could Mr. Johnston's picture be but seen properly, its great beauty and merit would not fail to strike hundreds of visitors who pass it over now. A Highland piper comes running forward, playing some wild lament on his dismal instrument; the women follow after, wailing and sad; the mournful procession winds over a dismal moor. The picture is as clever for its fine treatment and colour, for the grace and action of the figure, as it is curious as an illustration of national manners.

In speaking of the Scotch painters, the Wilkie-like pictures of Mr. Fraser, with their peculiar *smeary* manner, their richness of tone, and their pleasant effect and humour, should not be passed over; while those of Mr. Geddes and Sir William Allan may be omitted with perfect propriety. The latter presents Her Majesty and Prince Albert perched on a rock; the former has a figure from Walter Scott, of very little interest to any but the parties concerned.

Among the Irish painters we remark two portraits by Mr. Crowley, representing Mrs. Aikenhead, *superioress* of the Sisters of Charity in Ireland, who gives a very favourable

picture of the Society—for it is impossible to conceive an abbess more comfortable, kind, and healthy-looking; and a portrait of Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, not a good picture of a fine, benevolent, and venerable head. We do not know whether the painter of 149, “An Irish Peasant awaiting her Husband’s Return,” Mr. Anthony, is an Irishman; but it is a pretty sad picture, which well characterises the poverty, the affection, and the wretchedness of the poor Irish cabin, and tells sweetly and modestly a plaintive story. The largest work in the exhibition is from the pencil of an Irishman, Mr. Leahy, “Lady Jane Grey praying before Execution.” One cannot but admire the courage of artists who paint great works upon these tragic subjects; great works quite unfitted for any private room, and scarcely suited to any public one. But, large as it is, it may be said (without any playing upon words) that the work grows upon estimation. The painting is hard and incomplete; but the principal figure excellent: the face especially is finely painted, and full of great beauty. Also, in the Irish pictures may be included Mr. Solomon Hart’s Persian gentleman smoking a *calahan*,—a sly hit at the learned Serjeant member for Cork, who has often done the same thing.

Mr. Maclise’s little scene from “Undine” does not seem to us German in character, as some of the critics call it, because it is clear and hard in line. What German artist is there who can draw with this astonishing vigour, precision, and variety of attitude? The picture is one of admirable and delightful fancy. The swarms of solemn little fairies crowding round Undine and her somewhat theatrical lover may keep a spectator for hours employed in pleasure and wonder. They look to be the real portraits of the little people, sketched by the painter in some visit to their country. There is, especially, on a branch in the top corner of the picture, a conversation going on between a fairy and a squirrel (who is a fairy too), which must have been taken from nature, or Mother Bunch’s delightful super-nature. How awful their great glassy blue eyes are! How they peer out from under grass, and out of flowers, and from twigs and branches, and swing off over the tree-top, singing shrill little

fairy choruses ! We must have the Fairy Tales illustrated by this gentleman, that is clear ; he is the only person, except Tieck, of Dresden, who knows anything about them.—Yes, there *is* someone else ; and a word may be introduced here in welcome to the admirable young designer, whose hand has lately been employed to illustrate the columns of our facetious friend (and the friend of everybody) *Punch*. This young artist (who has avowed his name, a very well-known one, that of Doyle) has poured into *Punch's* columns a series of drawings quite extraordinary for their fancy, their variety, their beauty, and fun. It is the true genius of fairyland, of burlesque which never loses sight of beauty. Friend *Punch's* very wrapper is quite a marvel in this way, at which we can never look without discovering some new little quip of humour or pleasant frolic of grace.

And if we have had reason to complain of Mr. Leslie's "Comus" as deficient in poetry, what person is there that will not welcome "Sancho," although we have seen him before almost in the same attitude, employed in the same way, recounting his adventures to the kind smiling duchess, as she sits in state ? There is only the sour old duenna who refuses to be amused, and nothing has ever amused her these sixty years. But the ladies are all charmed, and tittering with one another ; the black slave who leans against the pillar has gone off in an honest fit of downright laughter. Even the little dog, the wonderful little Blenheim, by the lady's side, would laugh if she could (but, alas ! it is impossible), as the other little dog is said to have done on the singular occasion when "the cow jumped over the moon."* The glory of dulness is in Sancho's face. I don't believe there is a man in the world—no, not even in the House of Commons—so stupid as that. On the Whig side there is, certainly,—but no, it is best not to make comparisons which fall short of the mark. This is, indeed, the Sancho that Cervantes drew.

Although the editor of this Magazine had made a solemn condition with the writer of this notice that no pictures taken from the "Vicar of Wakefield" or "Gil Blas" should, by any

* "Qualia prospiciens Catulus ferit æthera risu
Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua Vacca salit."—**Lucretius**.

favour or pretence, be noticed in the review; yet, as the great picture of Mr. Mulready compelled the infraction of the rule, rushing through our resolve by the indomitable force of genius, we must, as the line is broken, present other Vicars, Thornhills, and Olivias, to walk in and promenade themselves in our columns, in spite of the vain placards at the entrance, "VICARS OF WAKEFIELD NOT ADMITTED." In the first place, let the Reverend Doctor Primrose and Miss Primrose walk up in Mr. Hollins's company. The Vicar is mildly expostulating with his daughter regarding the attentions of Squire Thornhill. He looks mild, too mild; she looks ill-humoured, very sulky. Is it about the scolding, or the Squire? The figures are very nicely painted; but they do not look accustomed (the lady especially) to the dresses they wear. After them come Mrs. Primrose, the Misses and the young Masters Primrose, presented by Mr. Frith in his pretty picture (491). Squire Thornhill sits at his ease, and recounts his town adventures to the ladies; the beautiful Olivia is quite lost in love with the slim red-coated dandy; her sister is listening with respect; but, above all, the old lady and children hearken with wonder. These latter are charming figures, as indeed are all in the picture. As for *Gil Blas*,—but we shall be resolute about *him*. Certain *Gil Blas* there are in the exhibition eating olla-podridas, and what not. Not a word, however, shall be said regarding any one of them.

Among the figure-pieces Mr. Ward's "Lafleur" must not be forgotten, which is pleasant, lively, and smartly drawn and painted; nor Mr. Gilbert's "Pear-tree Well," which contains three graceful classical figures, which are rich in effect and colour; nor Mr. MacInnes's good picture of Luther listening to the sacred ballad (the performer is shut up in the Octagon-Room); nor a picture of Oliver Goldsmith on his rambles, playing the flute at a peasant's door, in which the colour is very pretty; the character of the French peasants not French at all, and the poet's figure easy, correct, and well drawn.

Among more serious subjects may be mentioned with praise Mr. Dyce's two fierce figures, representing King Joash shooting the arrow of deliverance, which if the critic call "French," because they are well and carefully drawn, Mr.

Dyce may be proud of being a Frenchman. Mr. Lauder's "Wise and Foolish Virgins" is a fine composition; the colour sombre and mysterious; some of the figures extremely graceful, and the sentiment of the picture excellent. This is a picture which would infallibly have had a chance of a prize, if the poor dear Art-Union were free to act.

Mr. Elmore's "Rienzi addressing the People" is one of the very best pictures in the gallery. It is well and agreeably coloured, bright, pleasing, and airy. A group of people are gathered round the tribune, who addresses them among Roman ruins under a clear blue sky. The grouping is very good; the figures rich and picturesque in attitude and costume. There is a group in front of a mother and child who are thinking of anything but Rienzi and liberty; who, perhaps, ought not to be so prominent, as they take away from the purpose of the picture, but who are beautiful wherever they are. And the picture is further to be remarked for the clear, steady, and honest painting which distinguishes it.

What is to be said of Mr. Poole's "Moors beleaguered in Valencia"? A clever hideous picture in the very worst taste; disease and desperation characteristically illustrated. The Spaniards beleaguer the town, and everybody is starving. Mothers with dry breasts unable to nourish infants; old men, with lean ribs and bloodshot eyes, moaning on the pavement; brown young skeletons pacing up and down the rampart, some raving, all desperate. Such is the agreeable theme which the painter has taken up. It is worse than last year, when the artist only painted the plague of London. Some *did* recover from that. All these Moors will be dead before another day, and the vultures will fatten on their lean carcasses, and pick out their red-hot eyeballs. Why do young men indulge in these horrors? Young poets and romancers often do so, and fancy they are exhibiting "power;" whereas nothing is so easy. Any man with mere instinct can succeed in the brutal in art. The coarse fury of Zurbaran and Morales is as far below the sweet and beneficent calm of Murillo as a butcher is beneath a hero. Don't let us have any more of these hideous exhibitions—these ghoulish festivals. It may be remembered that Amina in the "Arabian Nights,"

who liked churchyard suppers, could only eat a grain of rice when she came to natural food. There is a good deal of sly satire in the apologue which might be applied to many (especially French) literary and pictorial artists of the convulsionary school.

We must not take leave of the compositions without mentioning Mr. Landseer's wonderful "Shoeing" and Stag; the latter the most poetical, the former the most dexterous, perhaps, of the works of this accomplished painter. The latter picture, at a little distance, expands almost into the size of nature. The enormous stag by the side of a great blue northern lake stalks over the snow down to the shore, whither his mate is coming through the water to join him. Snowy mountains bend round the lonely landscape, the stars are shining out keenly in the deep icy blue overhead; in a word, your teeth begin to chatter as you look at the picture, and it can't properly be seen without a great-coat. The donkey and the horse in the shoeing picture are prodigious imitations of nature; the blacksmith only becomes impalpable. There is a charming portrait in the Great Room by the same artist in which the same defect may be remarked. A lady is represented with two dogs in her lap; the dogs look real; the lady a thin unsubstantial vision of a beautiful woman. You ought to see the landscape through her.

Amongst the landscape-painters, Mr. Stanfield has really painted this year better than any former year—a difficult matter. The pictures are admirable, the drawing of the water wonderful, the look of freshness and breeze and motion conveyed with delightful skill. All Mr. Creswick's pictures will be seen with pleasure, especially the delicious "Summer Evening;" the most airy and clear, and also the most poetical of his landscapes. The fine "Evening Scene" of Danby also seems to have the extent and splendour, and to suggest the solemn feelings of a vast mountain-scene at sunset. The admirers of Sir Augustus Callcott's soft golden landscapes will here find some of his most delightful pieces. Mr. Roberts has painted his best in his Nile scene, and his French architectural pieces are of scarce inferior merit. Mr. Lee, Mr. Witherington, and Mr. Leitch have contributed works, showing all their

well-known qualities and skill. And as for Mr. Turner, he has out-prodigied almost all former prodigies. He has made a picture with real rain, behind which is real sunshine, and you expect a rainbow every minute. Meanwhile, there comes a train down upon you, really moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and which the reader had best make haste to see, lest it should dash out of the picture, and be away up Charing Cross through the wall opposite. All these wonders are performed with means not less wonderful than the effects are. The rain, in the astounding picture called "Rain—Steam—Speed," is composed of dabs of dirty putty *slapped* on to the canvas with a trowel; the sunshine scintillates out of very thick smeary lumps of chrome yellow. The shadows are produced by cool tones of crimson lake, and quiet glazings of vermilion. Although the fire in the steam-engine *looks* as if it were red, I am not prepared to say that it is not painted with cobalt and pea-green. And as for the manner in which the "*Speed*" is done, of that the less said the better,—only it is a positive fact that there is a steam-coach going fifty miles an hour. The world has never seen anything like this picture.

In respect of the portraits of the exhibition, if Royal Academicians will take the word of the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Spectator*, and, far above all, of *Fraser's Magazine*, they will pause a little before they hang such a noble portrait as that of W. Conyngham, Esquire, by Samuel Lawrence, away out of sight, while some of their own paltry canvases meet the spectator nose to nose. The man with the glove of Titian in the Louvre has evidently inspired Mr. Lawrence, and his picture is so far an imitation; but what then? it is better to imitate great things well than to imitate a simpering barber's dummy, like No. 10000, let us say, or to perpetrate yonder horrors—weak, but, oh! how heavy, smeared, flat, pink and red, grinning, ill-drawn portraits (such as Nos. 99999 and 99999^d) which the old Academicians perpetrate! You are right to keep the best picture in the room out of the way, to be sure; it would sternly frown your simpering unfortunates out of countenance; but let us have at least a chance of seeing the good pictures. Have one room, say, for the Academicians, and another for the clever artists.

Diminish your number of exhibited pictures to six, if you like, but give the young men a chance. It is pitiful to see their works pushed out of sight, and to be offered what you give us in exchange.

This does not apply to all the esquires who paint portraits ; but, with regard to the names of the delinquents, it is best to be silent, lest a showing up of them should have a terrible effect on the otherwise worthy men, and drive them to an untimely desperation. So I shall say little about the portraits, mentioning merely that Mr. Grant has one or two, a small one especially, of great beauty and ladylike grace ; and one very bad one, such as that of Lord Forrester. Mr. Pickersgill has some good heads ; the little portrait of Mr. Ainsworth by Mr. Maclise is as clever and like as the artist knows how to make it. Mr. Middleton has some female heads especially beautiful. Mrs. Carpenter is one of the most manly painters in the exhibition ; and if you walk into the miniature-room, you may look at the delicious little gems from the pencil of Sir William Ross, those still more graceful and poetical by Mr. Thorburn, and the delightful coxcombries of Mr. Chalon. I have found out a proper task for that gentleman, and hereby propose that he should illustrate "Coningsby."

In the statue-room, Mr. Gibson's classic group attracts attention and deserves praise ; and the busts of Parker, Macdonald, Behnes, and other well-known portrait-sculptors, have all their usual finish, skill, and charm.

At the Water-Colour Gallery the pleased spectator lingers as usual delighted, surrounded by the pleasantest drawings and the most genteel company. It requires no small courage to walk through that avenue of plush breeches with which the lobby is lined, and to pass two files of whiskered men in canes and huge calves, who contemptuously regard us poor fellows with Bluchers and gingham umbrellas. But these passed, you are in the best society. Bishops, I have remarked, frequent this gallery in venerable numbers ; likewise dignified clergymen with rosettes ; Quakeresses, also, in dove-coloured silks meekly changing colour ; squires and their families from the country ; and it is a fact, that you never can enter the

Gallery without seeing a wonderfully pretty girl. This fact merits to be generally known, and is alone worth the price of this article.

I suspect that there are some people from the country who admire Mr. Prout still; those fresh, honest, unalloyed country appetites! There are the Prout Nurembergs and Venices still; the awnings, the water-posts, and the red-capped barge-men drawn with a reed pen; but we *blasés* young *roués* about London get tired of these simple dishes, and must have more excitement. There, too, are Mr. Hill's stags with pink stomachs, his spinach pastures and mottled farmhouses; also innumerable windy downs and heaths by Mr. Copley Fielding:—in the which breezy flats I have so often wandered before with burnt-sienna ploughboys, that the walk is no longer tempting.

Not so, however, the marine pieces of Mr. Bentley. That gentleman, to our thinking, has never painted so well. Witness his "Indiaman towed up the Thames" (53), his "Signalling the Pilot" (161), and his admirable view of "Mont Saint Michel" (127), in which the vessel quite dances and falls on the water. He deserves to divide the prize with Mr. Stanfield at the Academy.

All the works of a clever young landscape-painter, Mr. G. A. Fripp, may be looked at with pleasure; they show great talent, no small dexterity, and genuine enthusiastic love of nature. Mr. Alfred Fripp, a figure-painter, merits likewise very much praise; his works are not complete as yet, but his style is thoughtful, dramatic, and original.

Mr. Hunt's dramas of one or two characters are as entertaining and curious as ever. His "Outcast" is amazingly fine, and tragic in character. His "Sick Cigar-boy," a wonderful delineation of nausea. Look at the picture of the toilette, in which, with the parlour-tongs, Betty, the housemaid, is curling little miss's hair: there is a dish of yellow soap in that drawing, and an old comb and brush, the fidelity of which make the delicate beholder shudder. On one of the screens there are some "bird's-nests," out of which I am surprised no spectator has yet stolen any of the eggs—you have but to stoop down and take them.

Mr. Taylor's delightful drawings are even more than

ordinarily clever. His "Houseless Wanderers" is worthy of Hogarth in humour; most deliciously coloured and treated. "The Gleaner" is full of sunshine; the larder quite a curiosity, as showing the ease, truth, and dexterity with which the artist washes in his flowing delineations from nature. In his dogs, you don't know which most to admire, the fidelity with which the animals are painted, or the ease with which they are done.

This gift of facility Mr. Cattermole also possesses to an amazing extent. As pieces of effect, his "Porch" and "Rook-shooting" are as wonderful as they are pleasing. His large picture of "Monks in a Refectory" is very fine; rich, original, and sober in colour; excellent in sentiment and general grouping; in individual attitude and drawing not sufficiently correct. As the figures are much smaller than those in the refectory, these faults are less visible in the magnificent "Battle for the Bridge," a composition, perhaps, the most complete that the artist has yet produced. The landscape is painted as grandly as Salvator; the sky wonderfully airy, the sunshine shining through the glades of the wood, the huge trees rocking and swaying as the breeze rushes by them; the battling figures are full of hurry, fire, and tumult. All these things are rather indicated by the painter than defined by him; but such hints are enough from such a genius. The charmed and captivated imagination is quite ready to supply what else is wanting.

Mr. Frederick Nash has some unpretending, homely, exquisitely faithful scenes in the Rhine country, "Boppard," "Bacharach," &c., of which a sojourner in those charming districts will always be glad to have a reminiscence. Mr. Joseph Nash has not some of the cleverest of his mannerisms, nor Mr. Lake Price the best of his smart, dandified, utterly unnatural exteriors. By far the best designs of this kind are the Windsor and Buckingham Palace sketches of Mr. Douglas Morison, executed with curious fidelity and skill. There is the dining-hall in Buckingham Palace, with all the portraits, all the candles in all the chandeliers; the China gimcracks over the mantelpiece, the dinner-table set out, the napkins folded mitrewise, the round water-glasses, the sherry-glasses, the champagne ditto, and all in a space not so big as two pages

of this Magazine. There is the Queen's own chamber at Windsor, Her Majesty's piano, her Royal writing-table, an escritoire with pigeon-holes, where the august papers are probably kept; and very curious, clever, and ugly all these pictures of furniture are too, and will be a model for the avoidance of upholsterers in coming ages.

Mr. John William Wright's sweet female figures must not be passed over; nor the pleasant Stothard-like drawings of his veteran namesake. The "Gipsies" of Mr. Oakley will also be looked at with pleasure; and this gentleman may be complimented as likely to rival the Richmonds and the Chalons "in another place," where may be seen a very good full-length portrait drawn by him.

The exhibition of the New Society of Water-Colour Painters has grown to be quite as handsome and agreeable as that of its mamma, the old Society in Pall Mall East. Those who remember this little band of painters, to whom the gates of the elder Gallery were hopelessly shut, must be glad to see the progress the younger branch has made; and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that, instead of one pleasant exhibition annually, the amateur can recreate himself now with two. Many of the pictures here are of very great merit.

Mr. Warren's Egyptian pictures are clever, and only need to be agreeable where he takes a pretty subject, such as that of the "Egyptian Lady" (150); his work is pretty sure to be followed by that welcome little ticket of emerald green in the corner, which announces that a purchaser has made his appearance. But the eye is little interested by views of yellow deserts and sheikhs, and woolly-headed warriors with ugly wooden swords.

And yet mere taste, grace, and beauty won't always succeed; witness Mr. Absolon's drawings, of which few—far too few—boast the green seal and which are one and all of them charming. There is one in the first room from the "V-c-r of W-kef—ld" (we are determined not to write that name again), which is delightfully composed, and a fresh, happy picture of a country fête. "The Dartmoor Turf-gatherers" (87) is still better; the picture is full of air, grace,

pretty drawing, and brilliant colour, and yet no green seal. "A Little Sulky;" "The Devonshire Cottage-door;" "The Widow on the Stile;" "The Stocking-knitter;" are all, too, excellent in their way, and bear the artist's *cachet* of gentle and amiable grace. But the drawings, in point of execution, do not go far enough; they are not sufficiently bright to attract the eyes of that great and respectable body of amateurs who love no end of cobalt, carmine, stippling, and plenty of emerald green and vermilion; they are not made out sufficiently in line to rank as pictures.

Behold how Mr. Corbould can work when he likes—how *he* can work you off the carmine stippling! In his large piece, "The Britons deploring the Departure of the Romans," there is much very fine and extraordinary cleverness of pencil. Witness the draperies of the two women, which are painted with so much cleverness and beauty, that, indeed, one regrets that one of them has not got a little drapery more. The same tender regard pervades the bosom while looking at that of Joan of Arc, "While engaged in the servile offices of her situation as a menial at an inn, ruminating upon the distressing state of France." Her "servile situation" seems to be that of an ostler at the establishment in question, for she is leading down a couple of animals to drink; and as for the "distressing state of France," it ought not, surely, to affect such a fat little comfortable simple-looking undressed body. Bating the figure of Joan, who looks as pretty as a young lady out of the last novel, bating, I say, baiting Joan, who never rode horses, depend on't, in that genteel way, the picture is exceedingly skilful, and much better in colour than Mr. Corbould's former works.

Mr. Wehnert's great drawing is a failure, but an honourable defeat. It shows great power and mastery over the material with which he works. He has two pretty German figures in the fore-room: "The Innkeeper's Daughter" (38); and "Perdita and Florizel" (316). Perhaps he is the author of the pretty arabesques with which the Society have this year ornamented their list of pictures; he has a German name, and *English* artists can have no need to be copying from Düsseldorf's embellishments to decorate the catalogues.

Mr. Haghe's great drawing of the "Death of Zурbaran" is not interesting from any peculiar fineness of expression in the faces of the actors who figure in this gloomy scene; but it is largely and boldly painted, in deep sombre washes of colours, with none of the niggling prettinesses to which artists in water-colours seem forced to resort in order to bring their pictures to a high state of finish. Here the figures and the draperies look as if they were laid down at once with a bold yet careful certainty of hand. The effect of the piece is very fine, the figures grandly grouped. Among all the water-colour painters we know of none who can wield the brush like Mr. Haghe, with his skill, his breadth, and his certainty.

Mr. Jenkins's beautiful female figure in the drawing called "Love" (123) must be mentioned with especial praise; it is charming in design, colour, and sentiment. Another female figure, "The Girl at the Stile," by the same artist, has not equal finish, roundness, and completeness, but the same sentiment of tender grace and beauty.

Mr. Bright's landscape-drawings are exceedingly clever, but there is too much of the drawing-master in the handling, too much dash, skurry, sharp cleverness of execution. Him Mr. Jutsum follows with cleverness not quite equal, and mannerism still greater. After the performance of which the eye reposes gratefully upon some pleasant evening scenes by Mr. Duncan (3, 10); and the delightful "Shady Land" of Mr. Youngman. Mr. Boys's pictures will be always looked at and admired for the skill and correctness of a hand which, in drawing, is not inferior to that of Canaletto.

As for Suffolk Street, that delicious retreat may or may not be still open. I have been there, but was frightened from the place by the sight of Haydon's Napoleon, with his vast head, his large body, and his little legs, staring out upon the Indigo sea, in a grass-green coat. Nervous people avoid that sight, and the Emperor remains in Suffolk Street as lonely as at Saint Helena.

*PICTURE GOSSIP: IN A LETTER FROM
MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.*

ALL' ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR, IL MIO SIGNOR COLENDISSIMO,
AUGUSTO HA ARVÉ, PITTORE IN ROMA.

I AM going to fulfil the promise, my dear Augusto, which I uttered, with a faltering voice and streaming eyes, before I stepped into the jingling old courier's vehicle, which was to bear me from Rome to Florence. Can I forget that night—that parting? Gaunter stood by so affected, that for the last quarter of an hour he did not swear once; Flake's emotion exhibited itself in audible sobs; Jellyson said nought, but thrust a bundle of Torlonia's four-baiocchi cigars into the hand of the departing friend; and you yourself were so deeply agitated by the event, that you took four glasses of absinthe to string up your nerves for the fatal moment. Strange vision of past days!—for vision it seems to me now. And have I been in Rome really and truly? Have I seen the great works of my Christian namesake of the Buonarroti family, and the light arcades of the Vatican? Have I seen the glorious Apollo, and that other divine fiddle-player whom Raphael painted? Yes—and the English dandies swaggering on the Pincian Hill! Yes—and have eaten woodcocks and drank Orvieto hard by the huge broad-shouldered Pantheon Portico, in the comfortable parlours of the “Falcone.” Do you recollect that speech I made at Bertini's in proposing the health of the Pope of Rome on Christmas-day?—do you remember it? *I don't.* But His Holiness, no doubt, heard of the oration, and was flattered by the compliment of the illustrious English traveller.

I went to the exhibition of the Royal Academy lately, and all these reminiscences rushed back on a sudden with affecting volubility; not that there was anything in or out of the gallery which put me specially in mind of sumptuous and liberal Rome; but in the great room was a picture of a fellow in a broad Roman hat, in a velvet Roman coat, and large yellow mustachios, and that prodigious scowl which young artists assume when sitting for their portraits—he was one of our set at Rome; and the scenes of the winter came back pathetically to my mind, and all the friends of that season,—Orifice and his sentimental songs; Father Giraldo and his poodle, and MacBrick, the trump of bankers. Hence the determination to write this letter; but the hand is crabbed, and the postage is dear, and instead of despatching it by the mail, I shall send it to you by means of the printer, knowing well that *Fraser's Magazine* is eagerly read at Rome, and not (on account of its morality) excluded in the *Index Expurgatorius*.

And it will be doubly agreeable to me to write to you regarding the fine arts in England, because I know, my dear Augusto, that you have a thorough contempt for my opinion—indeed, for that of all persons, excepting, of course, one whose name is already written in this sentence. Such, however, is not the feeling respecting my critical powers in this country; *here* they know the merit of Michael Angelo Titmarsh better, and they say, “He paints so badly, that, hang it! he *must* be a good judge;” in the latter part of which opinion, of course, I agree.

You should have seen the consternation of the fellows at my arrival!—of our dear brethren who thought I was safe at Rome for the season, and that their works, exhibited in May, would be spared the dreadful ordeal of my ferocious eye. When I entered the club-room in Saint Martin's Lane, and called for a glass of brandy-and-water like a bomb-shell, you should have seen the terror of some of the artists assembled! They knew that the frightful projectile just launched into their club-room must *burst* in the natural course of things. Who would be struck down by the explosion? was the thought of everyone. Some of the hypocrites welcomed me meanly

back, some of the timid trembled, some of the savage and guilty muttered curses at my arrival. You should have seen the ferocious looks of Daggerly, for example, as he scowled at me from the supper-table, and clutched the trenchant weapon with which he was dissevering his toasted cheese.

From the period of my arrival until that of the opening of the various galleries, I maintained with the artists every proper affability, but still was not too familiar. It is the custom of their friends before their pictures are sent in to the exhibitions, to visit the painters' works at their private studios, and there encourage them by saying, "Bravo, Jones" (I don't mean Jones, R.A., for I defy any man to say bravo to *him*, but Jones in general)! "Tomkins, this is your greatest work!" "Smith, my boy, they must elect you an Associate for this!"—and so forth. These harmless banalities of compliment pass between the painters and their friends on such occasions. I, myself, have uttered many such civil phrases in former years under like circumstances. But it is different now. Fame has its privations as well as its pleasures. The friend may see his companions in private, but the JUDGE must not pay visits to his clients. I stayed away from the *ateliers* of all the artists (at least, I only visited one, kindly telling him that he didn't count as an artist at all), and would only see their pictures in the public galleries, and judge them in the fair race with their neighbours. This announcement and conduct of mine filled all the Berners Street and Fitzroy Square district with terror.

As I am writing this, after having had my fill of their works as publicly exhibited, in the country, at a distance from catalogues, my only book of reference being an orchard whereof the trees are now bursting into full blossom,—it is probable that my remarks will be rather general than particular, that I shall only discourse about those pictures which I especially remember, or, indeed, upon any other point suitable to my humour and your delectation.

I went round the galleries with a young friend of mine, who, like yourself at present, has been a student of "High Art" at Rome. He had been a pupil of Monsieur Ingres, at Paris. He could draw rude figures of eight feet high to a

nicety, and had produced many heroic compositions of that pleasing class and size, to the great profit of the paper-stretchers both in Paris and Rome. He came back from the latter place a year since, with his beard and mustachios of course. He could find no room in all Newman Street and Soho big enough to hold him and his genius, and was turned out of a decent house because, for the purposes of art, he wished to batter down the partition-wall between the two drawing-rooms he had. His great cartoon last year (whether it was "Caractacus before Claudius," or a scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," I won't say) failed somehow. He was a good deal cut up by the defeat, and went into the country to his relations, from whom he returned after awhile, with his mustachios shaved, clean linen, and other signs of depression. He said (with a hollow laugh) he should not commence on his great canvas this year, and so gave up the completion of his composition of "Boadicea addressing the Iceni:" quite a novel subject, which, with that ingenuity and profound reading which distinguish his brethren, he had determined to take up.

Well, sir, this youth and I went to the exhibitions together, and I watched his behaviour before the pictures. At the tragic, swaggering, theatrical-historical pictures, he yawned; before some of the grand flashy landscapes, he stood without the least emotion; but before some quiet scenes of humour or pathos, or some easy little copy of nature, the youth stood in pleased contemplation, the nails of his highlows seemed to be screwed into the floor there, and his face dimpled over with grins.

"These little pictures," said he, on being questioned, "are worth a hundred times more than the big ones. In the latter you see signs of ignorance of every kind, weakness of hand, poverty of invention, carelessness of drawing, lamentable imbecility of thought. Their heroism is borrowed from the theatre, their sentiment is so maudlin that it makes you sick. I see no symptoms of thought or of minds strong and genuine enough to cope with elevated subjects. No individuality, no novelty, the decencies of costume" (my friend did not mean that the figures we were looking at were naked, like Mr. Etty's, but that they were dressed out of all historical

propriety) "are disregarded; the people are striking attitudes, as at the Coburg. There is something painful to me in this *naïve* exhibition of incompetency, this imbecility that is so unconscious of its own failure. If, however, the aspiring men don't succeed, the modest do; and what they have really seen or experienced, our artists can depict with successful accuracy and delightful skill. Hence," says he, "I would sooner have So-and-so's little sketch ('A Donkey on a Common') than What-d'ye-call-'em's enormous picture ('Sir Walter Manny and the Crusaders discovering Nova Scotia'), and prefer yonder unpretending sketch, 'Shrimp Catchers, Morning' (how exquisitely the long and level sands are touched off! how beautifully the morning light touches the countenances of the fishermen, and illumines the rosy features of the shrimps!), to yonder pretentious illustration from Spenser, 'Sir Botibol rescues Una from Sir Uglimore in the Cave of the Enchantress Ichthyosaura.'"

I am only mentioning another's opinion of these pictures, and would not of course, for my own part, wish to give pain by provoking comparisons that must be disagreeable to some persons. But I could not help agreeing with my young friend and saying, "Well, then, in the name of goodness, my dear fellow, if you only like what is real, and natural, and unaffected—if upon such works you gaze with delight, while from more pretentious performances you turn away with weariness, why the deuce must *you* be in the heroic vein? Why don't you *do* what you like?" The young man turned round on the iron heel of his highlows, and walked downstairs clinking them sulkily.

There is a variety of classes and divisions into which the works of our geniuses may be separated. There are the heroic pictures, the theatrical-heroic, the religious, the historical-sentimental, the historical-familiar, the namby-pamby, and so forth.

Among the heroic pictures of course Mr. Haydon's ranks the first, its size and pretensions call for that place. It roars out to you as it were with a Titanic voice from among all the competitors to public favour, "Come and look at me." A broad-shouldered, swaggering, hulking archangel, with those

rolling eyes and distending nostrils which belong to the species of sublime caricature, stands scowling on a sphere from which the devil is just descending bound earthwards. Planets, comets, and other astronomical phenomena, roll and blaze round the pair and flame in the new blue sky. There is something burly and bold in this resolute genius which will attack only enormous subjects, which will deal with nothing but the epic, something respectable even in the defeats of such characters. I was looking the other day at Southampton at a stout gentleman in a green coat and white hat, who a year or two since fully believed that he could walk upon the water, and set off in the presence of a great concourse of people upon his supermarine journey. There is no need to tell you that the poor fellow got a wetting and sank amidst the jeers of all his beholders. I think somehow they should not have laughed at that honest ducked gentleman, they should have respected the faith and simplicity which led him unhesitatingly to venture upon that watery experiment; and so, instead of laughing at Haydon, which you and I were just about to do, let us check our jocularities, and give him credit for his great earnestness of purpose. I begin to find the world growing more pathetic daily, and laugh less every year of my life. Why laugh at idle hopes, or vain purposes, or utter blundering self-confidence? Let us be gentle with them henceforth; who knows whether there may not be something of the sort *chez nous*? But I am wandering from Haydon and his big picture. Let us hope somebody will buy. Who, I cannot tell; it will not do for a chapel; it is too big for a house; I have it—it might answer to hang up over a caravan at a fair, if a travelling orrery were exhibited inside.

This may be sheer impertinence and error, the picture may suit some tastes—it does the *Times* for instance, which pronounces it to be a noble work of the highest art; whereas the *Post* won't believe a bit, and passes it by with scorn. What a comfort it is that there are different tastes then, and that almost all artists have thus a chance of getting a livelihood somehow! There is Martin, for another instance, with his brace of pictures about Adam and Eve, which I would venture to place in the theatrical-heroic class. One looks at those strange

pieces and wonders how people can be found to admire, and yet they do. Grave old people, with chains and seals, look dumbfounded into those vast perspectives, and think the apex of the sublime is reached there. In one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels there is a passage to that effect. I forget where, but there is a new edition of them coming out in single volumes, and I am positive you will find the sentiment somewhere; they come up to his conceptions of the sublime, they answer to his ideas of beauty, or the Beautiful as he writes it with a large B. He is himself an artist and a man of genius. What right have we poor devils to question such an authority? Do you recollect how we used to laugh in the Capitol at the Domenichino Sibyl which this same author praises so enthusiastically? a wooden, pink-faced, goggle-eyed, ogling creature, we said it was, with no more beauty or sentiment than a wax doll. But this was our conceit, dear Augusto. On subjects of art, perhaps, there is no reasoning after all: or who can tell why children have a passion for lollipops, and this man worships beef while t'other adores mutton? To the child lollipops may be the truthful and beautiful, and why should not some men find Martin's pictures as much to their taste as Milton?

Another instance of the blessed variety of tastes may be mentioned here advantageously; while, as you have seen, the *Times* awards the palm to Haydon, and Sir Lytton exalts Martin as the greatest painter of the English school, the *Chronicle*, quite as well informed, no doubt, says that Mr. Eddis is the great genius of the present season, and that his picture of Moses's mother parting with him before leaving him in the bulrushes is a great and noble composition.

This critic must have a taste for the neat and agreeable, that is clear. Mr. Eddis's picture is nicely coloured; the figures in fine clean draperies, the sky a bright clean colour; Moses's mother is a handsome woman: and as she holds her child to her breast for the last time, and lifts up her fine eyes to heaven, the beholder may be reasonably moved by a decent *bourgeois* compassion; a handsome woman parting from her child is always an object of proper sympathy; but as for the greatness of the picture as a work of art, that is another question of tastes again. This picture seemed to me to be

essentially a prose composition, not a poetical one. It tells you no more than you can see. It has no more wonder or poetry about it than a police-report or a newspaper paragraph, and should be placed, as I take it, in the historic-sentimental school, which is pretty much followed in England—nay, as close as possible to the namby-pamby quarter.

Of the latter sort there are some illustrious examples; and as it is the fashion for critics to award prizes, I would for my part cheerfully award the prize of a new silver teaspoon to Mr. Redgrave, the champion of suffering female innocence, for his “Governess.” That picture is more decidedly *spoony* than, perhaps, any other of this present season: and the subject seems to be a favourite with the artist. We have had the “Governess” one year before, or a variation of her under the name of the “Teacher,” or *vice versâ*. The Teacher’s young pupils are at play in the garden, she sits sadly in the schoolroom; there she sits, poor dear!—the piano is open beside her, and (oh, harrowing thought!) “Home, sweet home!” is open in the music-book. She sits and thinks of that dear place, with a sheet of black-edged note-paper in her hand. They have brought her her tea and bread and butter on a tray. She has drunk the tea, *she has not tasted the bread and butter*. There is pathos for you! there is art! This is, indeed, a love for lollipops with a vengeance, a regular babyhood of taste, about which a man with a manly stomach may be allowed to protest a little peevishly, and implore the public to give up such puling food.

There is a gentleman in the Octagon Room who, to be sure, runs Mr. Redgrave rather hard, and should have a silver papspoon at any rate, if the teaspoon is irrevocably awarded to his rival. The Octagon Room prize is a picture called the “Arrival of the Overland Mail.” A lady is in her bedchamber, a portrait of her husband, Major Jones (cherished lord of that bridal apartment, with its drab-curtained bed), hangs on the wainscot in the distance, and you see his red coat and mustachios gleaming there between the wardrobe and the washhand-stand. But where is his lady? She is on her knees by the bedside, her face has sunk into the feather-bed; her hands are clasped agonisingly together; a most tre-

mendous black-edged letter has just arrived by the overland mail. It is all up with Jones. Well, let us hope she will marry again, and get over her grief for poor J.

Is not there something *naïve* and simple in this downright way of exciting compassion? I saw people looking at this pair of pictures evidently with yearning hearts. The great geniuses who invented them have not, you see, toiled in vain. They can command the sympathies of the public, they have gained Art-Union prizes let us hope, as well as those humble imaginary ones which I have just awarded, and yet my heart is not naturally hard, though it refuses to be moved by such means as are here employed.

If the simple statement of a death is to harrow up the feelings, or to claim the tributary tear, *mon Dieu!* a man ought to howl every morning over the newspaper obituary. If we are to cry for every governess who leaves home, what a fund of pathos the *Times* advertisements would afford daily; we might weep down whole columns of close type. I have said before I am growing more inclined to the pathetic daily, but let us in the name of goodness make a stand somewhere, or the namby-pamby of the world will become unendurable; and we shall melt away in a deluge of blubber. This drivelling hysterical sentimentality it is surely the critic's duty to grin down, to shake any man roughly by the shoulder who seems dangerously affected by it, and, not sparing his feelings in the least, tell him he is a fool for his pains, to have no more respect for those who invent it, but expose their error with all the downrightness that is necessary.

By far the prettiest of the maudlin pictures is Mr. Stone's "Premier Pas." It is that old, pretty, rococo, fantastic Jenny and Jessamy couple, whose loves the painter has been chronicling any time these five years, and whom he has spied out at various wells, porches, &c. The lad is making love with all his might, and the maiden is in a pretty confusion—her heart flutters, and she only seems to spin. She drinks in the warm words of the young fellow with a pleasant conviction of the invincibility of her charms. He appeals nervously, and tugs at a pink which is growing up the porch-side. It is that pink, somehow, which has saved the picture from being

decidedly namby-pamby. There is something new, fresh, and delicate about the little incident of the flower. It redeems Jenny, and renders that young prig Jessamy bearable. The picture is very nicely painted, according to the careful artist's wont. The neck and hands of the girl are especially pretty. The lad's face is effeminate and imbecile, but his velveteen breeches are painted with great vigour and strength.

This artist's picture of the "Queen and Ophelia" is in a much higher walk of art. There may be doubts about Ophelia. She is too pretty to my taste. Her dress (especially the black bands round her arms) too elaborately conspicuous and coquettish. The Queen is a noble dramatic head and attitude. Ophelia seems to be looking at us, the audience, and in a pretty attitude expressly to captivate us. The Queen is only thinking about the crazed girl, and Hamlet, and her own gloomy affairs, and has quite forgotten her own noble beauty and superb presence. The colour of the picture struck me as quite new, sedate, but bright and very agreeable; the chequered light and shadow is made cleverly to aid in forming the composition; it is very picturesque and good. It is by far the best of Mr. Stone's works, and in the best line. Good-bye, Jenny and Jessamy; we hope never to see you again—no more rococo rustics, no more namby-pamby: the man who can paint the Queen of "Hamlet" must forsake henceforth such fiddle-faddle company.

By the way, has any Shakspearian commentator ever remarked how fond the Queen really was of her second husband, the excellent Claudius? How courteous and kind the latter was always towards her? So excellent a family-man ought to be pardoned a few errors in consideration of his admirable behaviour to his wife. He *did* go a little far, certainly, but then it was to possess a jewel of a woman.

More pictures indicating a fine appreciation of the tragic sentiment are to be found in the exhibition. Among them may be mentioned specially Mr. Johnson's picture of "Lord Russell taking the Communion in Prison before Execution." The story is finely told here, the group large and noble. The figure of the kneeling wife, who looks at her husband meekly engaged in the last sacred office, is very good indeed; and the

little episode of the gaoler, who looks out into the yard indifferent, seems to me to give evidence of a true dramatic genius. In "Hamlet," how those indifferent remarks of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, at the end, bring out the main figures and deepen the surrounding gloom of the tragedy!

In Mr. Frith's admirable picture of the "Good Pastor," from Goldsmith, there is some sentiment of a very quiet, refined, Sir-Roger-de-Coverley-like sort—not too much of it—it is indicated rather than expressed. "Sentiment, sir," Walker of the "Original" used to say—"sentiment, sir, is like garlic in made dishes: it should be felt everywhere and seen nowhere."

Now, I won't say that Mr. Frith's sentiment is like garlic, or provoke any other savoury comparison regarding it; but say, in a word, this is one of the pictures I would like to have sent abroad to be exhibited at a European congress of painters, to show what an English artist can do. The young painter seems to me to have had a thorough comprehension of his subject and his own abilities. And what a rare quality is this, to know what you can do! An ass will go and take the grand historic walk, while, with lowly wisdom, Mr. Frith prefers the lowly path where there are plenty of flowers growing, and children prattling along the walks. This is the sort of picture that is good to paint nowadays—kindly, beautiful, inspiring delicate sympathies, and awakening tender good-humour. It is a comfort to have such a companion as that in a study to look up at when your eyes are tired with work, and to refresh you with its gentle quiet good-fellowship. I can see it now, as I shut my own eyes, displayed faithfully on the camera obscura of the brain—the dear old parson with his congregation of old and young clustered round him; the little ones plucking him by the gown, with wondering eyes, half-roguery, half-terror; the smoke is curling up from the cottage chimneys in a peaceful Sabbath sort of way; the three village quidnuncs are chattering together at the churchyard stile; there's a poor girl seated there on a stone, who has been crossed in love evidently, and looks anxiously to the parson for a little doubtful consolation. That's the real sort of sentiment—there's no need of a great, clumsy, black-edged letter to

placard her misery, as it were, after Mr. Redgrave's fashion ; the sentiment is only the more sincere for being unobtrusive, and the spectator gives his compassion the more readily because the unfortunate object makes no coarse demands upon his pity.

The painting of this picture is exceedingly clever and dexterous. One or two of the foremost figures are painted with the breadth and pearly delicacy of Greuze. The three village politicians, in the background, might have been touched by Teniers, so neat, brisk, and sharp is the execution of the artist's facile brush.

Mr. Frost (a new name, I think, in the catalogue) has given us a picture of "Sabrina," which is so pretty that I heartily hope it has not been purchased for the collection from "Comus," which adorns the Buckingham Palace summer-house. It is worthy of a better place and price than our Royal patrons appear to be disposed to give for the works of English artists. What victims have those poor fellows been of this awful patronage ! Great has been the commotion in the pictorial world, dear Augusto, regarding the fate of those frescoes which Royalty was pleased to order, which it condescended to purchase at a price that no poor amateur would have the face to offer. Think of the greatest patronage in the world giving forty pounds for pictures worth four hundred—condescending to buy works from humble men who could not refuse, and paying for them below their value ! Think of august powers and principalities ordering the works of such a great man as Etty to be hacked out of the palace wall—that was a slap in the face to every artist in England ; and I can agree with the conclusion come to by an indignant poet of *Punch's* band, who says, for his part—

" I will not toil for Queen and crown,
If princely patrons spurn me down ;
I will not ask for Royal job—
Let my Mæcenæ be A SNOB ! "

This is, however, a delicate, an awful subject, over which loyal subjects like you and I had best mourn in silence ; but the fate of Etty's noble picture of last year made me tremble

lest Frost should be similarly nipped : and I hope more genuine patronage for this promising young painter. His picture is like a mixture of very good Hilton and Howard raised to a state of genius. There is sameness in the heads, but great grace and beauty—a fine sweeping movement in the composition of the beautiful fairy figures, undulating gracefully through the stream, while the lilies lie gracefully overhead. There is another submarine picture of “Nymphs cajoling young Hylas,” which contains a great deal of very clever imitations of Boucher.

That youthful Goodall, whose early attempts promised so much, is not quite realising those promises I think, and is cajoled, like Hylas before mentioned, by dangerous beauty. His “Connemara Girls going to Market” are a vast deal too clean and pretty for such females. They laugh and simper in much too genteel a manner ; they are washing such pretty white feet as I don’t think are common about Leenane or Ballynahinch, and would be better at ease in white satin slippers than trudging up Croaghpatrick. There is a luxury of geographical knowledge for you ! I have not done with it yet. Stop till we come to Roberts’s “View of Jerusalem,” and Muller’s pictures of “Rhodes,” and “Xanthus,” and “Telmessus.” This artist’s sketches are excellent ; like nature, and like Decamps, that best of painters of Oriental life and colours. In the pictures the artist forgets the brilliancy of colour which is so conspicuous in his sketches, and “Telmessus” looks as grey and heavy as Dover in March.

Mr. Pickersgill (not the Academician, by any means) deserves great praise for two very poetical pieces ; one from Spenser, I think (Sir Botibol let us say, as before, with somebody in some hag’s cave) ; another called the “Four Ages,” which has still better grace and sentiment. This artist, too, is evidently one of the disciples of Hilton ; and another, who has also, as it seems to me, studied with advantage that graceful and agreeable English painter, Mr. Hook, whose “Song of the Olden Time” is hung up in the Octagon Closet, and makes a sunshine in that exceedingly shady place. The female figure is faulty, but charming (many charmers have their little faults, it is said) ; the old bard who is singing the

song of the olden time a most venerable, agreeable, and handsome old minstrel. In Alnaschar-like moods a man fancies himself a noble patron, and munificent rewarder of artists; in which case I should like to possess myself of the works of these two young men, and give them four times as large a price as the — gave for pictures five times as good as theirs.

I suppose Mr. Eastlake's composition from "Comus" is the contribution in which *he* has been mulcted, in company with his celebrated brother artists, for the famous Buckingham Palace pavilion. Working for nothing is very well: but to work for a good, honest, remunerating price is, perhaps, the best way, after all. I can't help thinking that the artist's courage has failed him over his "Comus" picture. Time and pains he has given, that is quite evident. The picture is prodigiously laboured, and hatched, and tickled up with a Chinese minuteness; but there is a woeful lack of *vis* in the work. That poor labourer has kept his promise, has worked the given number of hours; but he has had no food all the while, and has executed his job in a somewhat faint manner. This face of the lady is pure and beautiful; but we have seen it at any time these ten years, with its red transparent shadows, its mouth in which butter wouldn't melt, and its beautiful brown-madder hair. She is getting rather tedious, that sweet irreproachable creature, that is the fact. She may be an angel; but sky-blue, my wicked senses tell me, is a feeble sort of drink, and men require stronger nourishment.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is a prim, mystic, cruciform composition. The lady languishes in the middle; an angel is consoling her, and embracing her with an arm out of joint; little rows of cherubs stand on each side the angels and the lady,—wonderful little children, with blue or brown beady eyes, and sweet little flossy curly hair, and no muscles or bones, as becomes such supernatural beings, no doubt. I have seen similar little darlings in the toy-shops in the Lowther Arcade for a shilling, with just such pink cheeks and round eyes, their bodies formed out of cotton-wool, and their extremities veiled in silver paper. Well; it is as well, perhaps, that Etty's jovial nymphs should not come into such

a company. Good Lord ! how they would astonish the weak nerves of Mr. Eastlake's *précieuse* young lady !

Quite unabashed by the squeamishness exhibited in the highest quarter (as the newspapers call it), Mr. Etty goes on rejoicing in his old fashion. Perhaps he is worse than ever this year, and despises *nec dulces amores nec choreas*, because certain great personages are offended. Perhaps, this year, his ladies and Cupids are a little *hasardés* ; his Venuses expand more than ever in the line of Hottentot beauty ; his drawing and colouring are still more audacious than they were ; patches of red shine on the cheeks of his blowsy nymphs ; his idea of form goes to the verge of monstrosity. If you look at the pictures closely (and, considering all things, it requires some courage to do so), the forms disappear ; feet and hands are scumbled away, and distances appear to be dabs and blotches of lake and brown and ultramarine. It must be confessed that some of these pictures would *not* be suitable to hang up everywhere—in a young ladies' school, for instance. But, how rich and superb is the colour ! Did Titian paint better, or Rubens as well ? There is a nymph and child in the left corner of the Great Room, sitting, without the slightest fear of catching cold, in a sort of moonlight, of which the colour appears to me to be as rich and wonderful as Titian's best—"Bacchus and Ariadne," for instance—and better than Rubens's. There is a little head of a boy in a blue dress (for once in a way) which kills every picture in the room, out-stares all the red-coated generals, out-blazes Mrs. Thwaites and her diamonds (who has the place of honour) ; and has that unmistakable, inestimable, indescribable mark of the GREAT painter about it, which makes the soul of a man kindle up as he sees it and owns that there is Genius. How delightful it is to feel that shock, and how few are the works of art that can give it !

The author of that sibylline book of mystic rhymes, the unrevealed bard of the "Fallacies of Hope," is as great as usual, vibrating between the absurd and the sublime, until the eye grows dazzled in watching him, and can't really tell in what region he is. If Etty's colour is wild and mysterious, looking here as if smeared with the finger, and there with the

palette-knife, what can be said about Turner? Go up and look at one of his pictures, and you laugh at yourself and at him, and at the picture, and that wonderful amateur who is invariably found to give a thousand pounds for it, or more—some sum wild, prodigious, unheard-of, monstrous, like the picture itself. All about the author of the “Fallacies of Hope” is a mysterious extravaganza; price, poem, purchaser, picture. Look at the latter for a little time, and it begins to affect you too,—to mesmerise you. It is revealed to you; and as it is said in the East the magicians make children see the sultauns, carpet-bearers, tents, &c., in a spot of ink in their hands, so the magician Joseph Mallord makes you see what he likes on a board, that to the first view is merely dabbed over with occasional streaks of yellow, and flicked here and there with vermilion. The vermilion blotches become little boats full of harpooners and gondolas with a deal of music going on on board. That is not a smear of purple you see yonder, but a beautiful whale, whose tail has just slapped a half-dozen whale-boats into perdition; and as for what you fancied to be a few zig-zag lines spattered on the canvas at haphazard, look! they turn out to be a ship with all her sails; the captain and his crew are clearly visible in the ship’s bows: and you may distinctly see the oil-casks getting ready under the superintendence of that man with the red whiskers and the cast in his eye; who is, of course, the chief mate. In a word, I say that Turner is a great and awful mystery to me. I don’t like to contemplate him too much, lest I should actually begin to believe in his poetry as well as his paintings, and fancy the “Fallacies of Hope” to be one of the finest poems in the world.

Now Stanfield has no mysticism or oracularity about him. You can see what he means at once. His style is as simple and manly as a seaman’s song. One of the most dexterous, he is also one of the most careful of painters. Every year his works are more elaborated, and you are surprised to find a progress in an artist who had seemed to reach his acme before. His battle of frigates this year is a brilliant sparkling pageant of naval war; his great picture of the “Mole of Ancona,” fresh, healthy, and bright as breeze and sea can

make it. There are better pieces still by this painter, to my mind ; one in the first room, especially,—a Dutch landscape, with a warm sunny tone upon it, worthy of Cuyp and Callcott. Who is G. Stanfield, an exhibitor, and evidently a pupil of the Royal Academician ? Can it be a son of that gent ? If so, the father has a worthy heir to his name and honours. G. Stanfield's Dutch picture may be looked at by the side of his father's.

Roberts has also distinguished himself and advanced in skill, great as his care had been and powerful his effects before. "The Ruins of Karnac" is the most poetical of this painter's works, I think. A vast and awful scene of gloomy Egyptian ruin ! the sun lights up tremendous lines of edifices, which were only parts formerly of the enormous city of the hundred gates ; long lines of camels come over the reddening desert, and camps are set by the side of the glowing pools. This is a good picture to gaze at, and to fill your eyes and thoughts with grandiose ideas of Eastern life.

This gentleman's large picture of "Jerusalem" did not satisfy me so much. It is yet very faithful ; anybody who has visited this place must see the careful fidelity with which the artist has mapped the rocks and valleys, and laid down the lines of the buildings ; but the picture has, to my eyes, too green and trim a look ; the mosques and houses look fresh and new, instead of being mouldering, old, sun-baked edifices of glaring stone rising amidst wretchedness and ruin. There is not, to my mind, that sad fatal aspect, which the city presents from whatever quarter you view it, and which haunts a man who has seen it ever after with an impression of terror. Perhaps in the spring for a little while, at which season the sketch for this picture was painted, the country round about may look very cheerful. When we saw it in autumn, the mountains that stand round about Jerusalem were not green, but ghastly piles of hot rock, patched here and there with yellow weedy herbage. A cactus or a few bleak olive-trees made up the vegetation of the wretched gloomy landscape ; whereas in Mr. Roberts's picture the valley of Jehoshaphat looks like a glade in a park, and the hills, up to the gates, are carpeted with verdure.

Being on the subject of Jerusalem, here may be mentioned with praise Mr. Hart's picture of a Jewish ceremony, with a Hebrew name I have forgotten. This piece is exceedingly bright and pleasing in colour, odd and novel as a representation of manners and costume, a striking and agreeable picture. I don't think as much can be said for the same artist's "Sir Thomas More going to Execution." Miss More is crying on papa's neck, pa looks up to heaven, halberdiers look fierce, &c.: all the regular adjuncts and property of pictorial tragedy are here brought into play. But nobody cares, that is the fact; and one fancies the designer himself cannot have cared much for the orthodox historical group whose misfortunes he was depicting.

These pictures are like boys' hexameters at school. Every lad of decent parts in the sixth form has a knack of turning out great quantities of respectable verse, without blunders, and with scarce any mental labour; but these verses are not the least like poetry, any more than the great Academical paintings of the artists are like great painting. You want something more than a composition, and a set of costumes and figures decently posed and studied. If these were all, for instance, Mr. Charles Landseer's picture of "Charles I. before the Battle of Edge Hill" would be a good work of art. Charles stands at a tree before the inn-door, officers are round about, the little princes are playing with a little dog, as becomes their youth and innocence, rows of soldiers appear in red coats, nobody seems to have anything particular to do, except the Royal martyr, who is looking at a bone of ham that a girl out of the inn has hold of.

Now this is all very well, but you want something more than this in an historic picture, which should have its parts, characters, varieties, and climax like a drama. You don't want the *Deus intersit* for no other purpose than to look at a knuckle of ham; and here is a piece well composed and (bating a little want of life in the figures) well drawn, brightly and pleasantly painted, as all this artist's works are, all the parts and accessories studied and executed with care and skill, and yet meaning nothing—the part of Hamlet omitted. The King in this attitude (with the bâton in his hand,

simpering at the bacon aforesaid) has no more of the heroic in him than the pork he contemplates, and he deserves to lose every battle he fights. I prefer the artist's other still-life pictures to this. He has a couple more, professedly so called, very cleverly executed and capital cabinet pieces.

Strange to say, I have not one picture to remark upon taken from the "Vicar of Wakefield." Mr. Ward has a very good Hogarthian work, with some little extravagance and caricature, representing Johnson waiting in Lord Chesterfield's ante-chamber, among a crowd of hangers-on and petitioners, who are sulky, or yawning, or neglected, while a pretty Italian singer comes out, having evidently had a very satisfactory interview with his Lordship, and who (to lose no time) is arranging another rendezvous with another admirer. This story is very well, coarsely, and humorously told, and is as racy as a chapter out of Smollett. There is a yawning chaplain, whose head is full of humour; and a pathetic episode of a widow and pretty child, in which the artist has not succeeded so well.

There is great delicacy and beauty in Mr. Herbert's picture of "Pope Gregory teaching Children to Sing." His Holiness lies on his sofa languidly beating time over his book. He does not look strong enough to use the scourge in his hands, and with which the painter says he used to correct his little choristers. Two ghostly aides-de-camp in the shape of worn, handsome, shaven ascetic friars, stand behind the pontiff demurely; and all the choristers are in full song, with their mouths as wide open as a nest of young birds when the mother comes. The painter seems to me to have acquired the true spirit of the middle-age devotion. All his works have unction; and the prim, subdued, ascetic face, which forms the charm and mystery of the missal-illuminations, and which has operated to convert some imaginative minds from the new to the old faith.

And, by way of a wonder, behold a devotional picture from Mr. Edwin Landseer, "A Shepherd Praying at a Cross in the Fields." I suppose the Sabbath church-bells are ringing from the city far away in the plain. Do you remember the beautiful lines of Uhland?—

“Es ist der Tag des Herrn :
 Ich bin allein auf weitem Flur,
 Noch eine Morgenglocke nur,
 Und Stille nah und fern.

“Anbetend knie ich hier.
 O süßes Graun, geheimes Wehn,
 Als knieten Viele ungesehen
 Und beteten mit mir.”

Here is a noble and touching pictorial illustration of them—of Sabbath repose and *recueillement*—an almost endless flock of sheep lies around the pious pastor: the sun shines peacefully over the vast fertile plain; blue mountains keep watch in the distance; and the sky above is serenely clear. I think this is the highest flight of poetry the painter has dared to take yet. The numbers and variety of attitude and expression in that flock of sheep quite startle the spectator as he examines them. The picture is a wonder of skill.

How richly the good pictures cluster at this end of the room! There is a little Mulready, of which the colour blazes out like sapphires and rubies; a pair of Leslies—one called the “Heiress”—one a scene from Molière—both delightful:—these are flanked by the magnificent nymphs of Etty, before mentioned. What school of art in Europe, or what age, can show better painters than these in their various lines? The young men do well, but the eldest do best still. No wonder the English pictures are fetching their thousands of guineas at the sales. They deserve these great prices as well as the best works of the Hollanders.

I am sure that three such pictures as Mr. Webster’s “Dame’s School” ought to entitle the proprietor to pay the income-tax. There is a little caricature in some of the children’s faces; but the schoolmistress is a perfect figure, most admirably natural, humorous, and sentimental. The picture is beautifully painted, full of air, of delightful harmony and tone.

There are works by Creswick that can hardly be praised too much. One particularly, called “A Place to be Remembered,” which no lover of pictures can see and forget. Danby’s

great "Evening Scene" has portions which are not surpassed by Cuypp or Claude; and a noble landscape of Lee's, among several others—a height with some trees and a great expanse of country beneath.

From the fine pictures you come to the class which are very nearly being fine pictures. In this I would enumerate a landscape or two by Collins; Mr. Leigh's "Polyphemus," of which the landscape part is very good, and only the figure questionable; and let us say Mr. Elmore's "Origin of the Guelf and Ghibelline Factions," which contains excellent passages, and admirable drawing and dexterity, but fails to strike as a whole somehow. There is not sufficient purpose in it, or the story is not enough to interest, or, though the parts are excellent, the whole is somewhere deficient.

There is very little comedy in the exhibition, most of the young artists tending to the sentimental rather than the ludicrous. Leslie's scene from Molière is the best comedy. Collins's "Fetching the Doctor" is also delightful fun. The greatest farce, however, is Chalon's picture with an Italian title, "B. Virgine col," &c. Impudence never went beyond this. The infant's hair has been curled into ringlets, the mother sits on her chair with painted cheeks and a Haymarket leer. The picture might serve for the oratory of an opera-girl.

Among the portraits, Knight's and Watson Gordon's are the best. A "Mr. Pigeon" by the former hangs in the place of honour usually devoted to our gracious Prince, and is a fine rich state picture. Even better are there by Mr. Watson Gordon: one representing a gentleman in black silk stockings whose name has escaped the memory of your humble servant; another, a fine portrait of Mr. De Quincey, the opium-eater. Mr. Lawrence's heads, solemn and solidly painted, look out at you from their frames, though they be ever so high placed, and push out of sight the works of more flimsy but successful practitioners. A portrait of great power and richness of colour is that of Mr. Lopez by Linnell. Mr. Grant is a favourite; but a very unsound painter to my mind, painting like a brilliant and graceful amateur rather than a serious artist. But there is a quiet refinement and beauty about his female heads, which no other painter can perhaps give, and charms in spite of many

errors. Is it Count d'Orsay, or is it Mr. Ainsworth, that the former has painted? Two peas are not more alike than these two illustrious characters.

In the miniature-room, Mr. Richmond's drawings are of so grand and noble a character, that they fill the eye as much as full-length canvases. Nothing can be finer than Mrs. Fry and the grey-haired lady in black velvet. There is a certain severe, respectable, Exeter-Hall look about most of this artist's pictures, that the observer may compare with the Catholic physiognomies of Mr. Herbert: see his picture of Mr. Pugin, for instance; it tells of chants and cathedrals, as Mr. Richmond's work somehow does of Clapham Common and the May Meetings. The genius of Mayfair fires the bosom of Chalon, the tea-party, the quadrille, the hairdresser, the tailor, and the flunkey. All Ross's miniatures sparkle with his wonderful and minute skill; Carrick's are excellent; Thorburn's almost take the rank of historical pictures. In his picture of two sisters, one has almost the most beautiful head in the world; and his picture of Prince Albert, clothed in red and leaning on a turquoise sabre, has ennobled that fine head, and given His Royal Highness's pale features an air of sunburnt and warlike vigour. Miss Corbaux, too, has painted one of the loveliest heads ever seen. Perhaps this is the pleasantest room of the whole, for you are sure to meet your friends here; kind faces smile at you from the ivory; and features of fair creatures, oh! how——

* * * * *

[Here the eccentric author breaks into a rhapsody of thirteen pages regarding No. 2576, Mrs. Major Blogg, who was formerly Miss Poddy of Cheltenham, whom it appears that Michael Angelo knew and admired. The feelings of the Poddy family might be hurt, and the jealousy of Major Blogg aroused, were we to print Titmarsh's rapturous description of that lady; nor, indeed, can we give him any further space, seeing that this is nearly the last page of the Magazine. He concludes by a withering denunciation of most of the statues in the vault where they are buried; praising, however, the children, Paul and Virginia, the head of Baily's nymph, and

M·Dowall's boy. He remarks the honest character of the English countenance as exhibited in the busts, and contrasts it with Louis Philippe's head by Jones, on whom, both as a sculptor and a singer, he bestows great praise. He indignantly remonstrates with the committee for putting by far the finest female bust in the room, No 1434, by Powers of Florence, in a situation where it cannot be seen ; and, quitting the gallery finally, says he must go before he leaves town and give one more look at Hunt's "Boy at Prayers," in the Water-Colour Exhibition, which he pronounces to be the finest serious work of the year.]

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1845.)

*A BROTHER OF THE PRESS ON THE HISTORY
OF A LITERARY MAN, LAMAN BLANCHARD,
AND THE CHANCES OF THE LITERARY PRO-
FESSION.*

IN A LETTER TO THE REVEREND FRANCIS SYLVESTER AT ROME,
FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQUIRE.

LONDON: *Feb.* 20, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our good friend and patron, the publisher of this Magazine, has brought me your message from Rome, and your demand to hear news from the *other* great city of the world. As the forty columns of the *Times* cannot satisfy your reverence's craving, and the details of the real great revolution of England which is actually going on do not sufficiently interest you, I send you a page or two of random speculations upon matters connected with the literary profession: they were suggested by reading the works and the biography of a literary friend of ours, lately deceased, and for whom every person who knew him had the warmest and sincerest regard. And no wonder. It was impossible to help trusting a man so thoroughly generous and honest, and loving one who was so perfectly gay, gentle, and amiable.

A man can't enjoy everything in the world; but what delightful gifts and qualities are these to have! Not having known Blanchard as intimately as some others did, yet, I take it, he had in his life as much pleasure as falls to most men; the kindest friends, the most affectionate family, a heart to enjoy both; and a career not undistinguished, which I hold to be the smallest matter of all. But we have a cowardly dislike, or compassion for, the fact of a man dying poor.

Such a one is rich, bilious, and a curmudgeon, without heart or stomach to enjoy his money, and we set him down as respectable: another is morose or passionate, his whole view of life seen blood-shot through passion, or jaundiced through moroseness: or he is a fool who can't see, or feel, or enjoy anything at all, with no ear for music, no eye for beauty, no heart for love, with nothing except money: we meet such people every day, and respect them somehow. That donkey browses over five thousand acres; that madman's bankers come bowing him out to his carriage. You feel secretly pleased at shooting over the acres, or driving in the carriage. At any rate, nobody thinks of compassionating their owners. We are a race of flunkeys, and keep our pity for the poor.

I don't mean to affix the plush personally upon the kind and distinguished gentleman and writer who has written Blanchard's Memoir; but it seems to me that it is couched in much too despondent a strain; that the lot of the hero of the little story was by no means deplorable; and that there is not the least call at present to be holding up literary men as martyrs. Even that prevailing sentiment which regrets that means should not be provided for giving them leisure, for enabling them to perfect great works in retirement, that they should waste away their strength with fugitive literature, &c., I hold to be often uncalled for and dangerous. I believe, if most men of letters were to be pensioned, I am sorry to say I believe they wouldn't work at all; and of others, that the labour which is to answer the calls of the day is the one quite best suited to their genius. Suppose Sir Robert Peel were to write to you, and enclosing a cheque for 20,000*l.*, instruct you to pension any fifty deserving authors, so that they might have leisure to retire and write "great" works, on whom would you fix?

People in the big-book interest, too, cry out against the fashion of fugitive literature, and no wonder, For instance,—

The *Times* gave an extract the other day from a work by one Doctor Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, who attended his Royal master on his recent visit to England, and has written a book concerning the journey. Among other London lions, the illustrious traveller condescended to

visit one of the largest and most remarkable, certainly, of metropolitan roarers—the *Times* printing-office; of which, the Doctor, in his capacity of a man of science, gives an exceedingly bad, stupid, and blundering account.

Carus was struck with “disgust,” he says, at the prodigious size of the paper, and at the thought which suggested itself to his mind from this enormity. There was as much printed every day as would fill a thick volume. It required ten years of life to a philosopher to write a volume. The issuing of these daily tomes was unfair upon philosophers, who were put out of the market; and unfair on the public, who were made to receive (and, worse still, to get a relish for) crude daily speculations, and frivolous ephemeral news, when they ought to be fed and educated upon stronger and simpler diet.

We have heard this outcry a hundred times from the big-wig body. The world gives up a lamentable portion of its time to fleeting literature; authors who might be occupied upon great works fritter away their lives in producing endless hasty sketches. Kind, wise, and good Doctor Arnold deplored the fatal sympathy which the “*Pickwick Papers*” had created among the boys of his school; and it is a fact that *Punch* is as regularly read among the boys at Eton as the Latin Grammar.

Arguing for liberty of conscience against any authority, however great—against Doctor Arnold himself, who seems to me to be the greatest, wisest, and best of men, that has appeared for eighteen hundred years; let us take a stand at once, and ask, why should not the day have its literature? Why should not authors make light sketches? Why should not the public be amused daily or frequently by kindly fictions? It is well and just for Arnold to object. Light stories of Jingle and Tupman, and Sam Weller quips and cranks, must have come with but a bad grace before that pure and lofty soul. The trivial and familiar are out of place there; the harmless joker must walk away abashed from such a presence, as he would be silent and hushed in a cathedral. But all the world is not made of that angelic stuff. From his very height and sublimity of virtue he could but look down

and deplore the ways of small men beneath him. I mean, seriously, that I think the man was of so august and sublime a nature, that he was not a fair judge of us, or of the ways of the generality of mankind. One has seen a delicate person sicken and faint at the smell of a flower; it does not follow that the flower was not sweet and wholesome in consequence; and I hold that laughing and honest story-books are good, against all the doctors.

Laughing is not the highest occupation of a man, very certainly; or the power of creating it the height of genius. I am not going to argue for that. No more is the blacking of boots the greatest occupation. But it is done, and well and honestly, by persons ordained to that calling in life, who arrogate to themselves (if they are straightforward and worthy shoeblacks) no especial rank or privilege on account of their calling; and not considering boot-brushing the greatest effort of earthly genius, nevertheless select their Day and Martin, or Warren, to the best of their judgment; polish their upper-leathers as well as they can; satisfy their patrons; and earn their fair wage.

I have chosen the unpolite shoeblack comparison, not out of disrespect to the trade of literature; but it is as good a craft as any other to select. In some way or other, for daily bread and hire, almost all men are labouring daily. Without necessity they would not work at all, or very little, probably. In some instances you reap Reputation along with Profit from your labour, but Bread, in the main, is the incentive. Do not let us try to blink this fact, or imagine that the men of the press are working for their honour and glory, or go onward impelled by an irresistible afflatus of genius. If only men of genius were to write, Lord help us! how many books would there be? How many people are there even capable of appreciating genius? Is Mr. Wakley's or Mr. Hume's opinion about poetry worth much? As much as that of millions of people in this honest stupid empire; and they have a right to have books supplied for them as well as the most polished and accomplished critics have. The literary man gets his bread by providing goods suited to the consumption of these. This man of letters contributes a police-report; that, an article con-

taining some downright information ; this one, as an editor, abuses Sir Robert Peel, or lauds Lord John Russell, or *vice versa* ; writing to a certain class who coincide in his views, or are interested by the question which he moots. The literary character, let us hope or admit, writes quite honestly ; but no man supposes he would work perpetually but for money. And as for immortality, it is quite beside the bargain. Is it reasonable to look for it, or to pretend that you are actuated by a desire to attain it ? Of all the quill-drivers, how many have ever drawn that prodigious prize ? Is it fair even to ask that many should ? Out of a regard for poor dear posterity and men of letters to come, let us be glad that the great immortality number comes up so rarely. Mankind would have no time otherwise, and would be so gorged with old masterpieces, that they could not occupy themselves with new, and future literary men would have no chance of a livelihood.

To do your work honestly, to amuse and instruct your reader of to-day, to die when your time comes, and go hence with as clean a breast as may be ; may these be all yours and ours, by God's will. Let us be content with our *status* as literary craftsmen, telling the truth as far as may be, hitting no foul blow, condescending to no servile puffery, filling not a very lofty, but a manly and honourable part. Nobody says that Doctor Locock is wasting his time because he rolls about daily in his carriage, and passes hours with the nobility and gentry, his patients, instead of being in his study wrapt up in transcendental medical meditation. Nobody accuses Sir Fitzroy Kelly of neglecting his genius because he will take anybody's brief, and argue it in court for money, when he might sit in chambers with his oak sported, and give up his soul to investigations of the nature, history, and improvement of law. There is no question but that either of these eminent persons, by profound study, might increase their knowledge in certain branches of their profession ; but in the meanwhile the practical part must go on—causes come on for hearing, and ladies lie in, and someone must be there. The commodities in which the lawyer and the doctor deal are absolutely required by the public, and liberally paid for ; every day, too, the public requires more literary handicraft done ;

the practitioner in that trade gets a better pay and place. In another century, very likely, his work will be so necessary to the people, and his market so good, that his prices will double and treble; his social rank rise; he will be getting what they call "honours," and dying in the bosom of the genteel. Our calling is only sneered at because it is not well paid. The world has no other criterion for respectability. In heaven's name, what made people talk of setting up a statue to Sir William Follett? What had he done? He had made 300,000*l.* What has George IV. done that he, too, is to have a brazen image? He was an exemplar of no greatness, no good quality, no duty in life; but a type of magnificence, of beautiful coats, carpets, and gigs, turtle-soup, chandeliers, cream-coloured horses, and delicious Maraschino,—all these good things he expressed and represented: and the world, respecting them beyond all others, raised statues to "the first gentleman in Europe." Directly the men of letters get rich, they will come in for their share of honour too; and a future writer in this miscellany may be getting ten guineas where we get one, and dancing at Buckingham Palace while you and your humble servant, dear Padre Francesco, are glad to smoke our pipes in quiet over the sanded floor of the little D——.

But the happy *homme de lettres*, whom I imagine in futurity kicking his heels *vis-à-vis* to a duchess in some fandango at the Court of Her Majesty's grandchildren, will be in reality no better or honester, or more really near fame, than the quill-driver of the present day, with his doubtful position and small gains. Fame, that guerdon of high genius, comes quite independent of Berkeley Square, and is a republican institution. Look around in our own day among the holders of the pen: begin (without naming names, for that is odious) and count on your fingers those whom you will back in the race for immortality. How many fingers have you that are left untold? It is an invidious question. Alas! dear ——, and dear **, and dear † †, you who think you are safe, there is futurity, and limbo, and blackness for you, beloved friends! *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*: there's no use denying it, or shirking the fact; in we must go, and disappear for ever and ever.

And after all, what is this Reputation, the cant of our trade, the goal that every scribbling penny-a-liner demurely pretends that he is hunting after? Why should we get it? Why can't we do without it? We only fancy we want it. When people say of such and such a man who is dead, "He neglected his talents; he frittered away in fugitive publications time and genius, which might have led to the production of a great work;" this is the gist of Sir Bulwer Lytton's kind and affecting biographical notice of our dear friend and comrade Laman Blanchard, who passed away so melancholily last year.

I don't know anything more dissatisfactory and absurd than that insane test of friendship which has been set up by some literary men—viz., admiration of their works. Say that this picture is bad, or that poem poor, or that article stupid, and there are certain authors and artists among us who set you down as an enemy forthwith, or look upon you as a *faux-frère*. What is there in common with the friend and his work of art? The picture or article once done and handed over to the public, is the latter's property, not the author's, and to be estimated according to its honest value; and so, and without malice, I question Sir Bulwer Lytton's statement about Blanchard—viz. that he would have been likely to produce with leisure, and under favourable circumstances, a work of the highest class. I think his education and habits, his quick easy manner, his sparkling hidden fun, constant tenderness, and brilliant good-humour were best employed as they were. At any rate he had a duty, much more imperative upon him than the preparation of questionable great works,—to get his family their dinner. A man must be a very Great man, indeed, before he can neglect this precaution.

His three volumes of essays, pleasant and often brilliant as they are, give no idea of the powers of the author, or even of his natural manner, which, as I think, was a thousand times more agreeable. He was like the good little child in the fairy tale, his mouth dropped out all sorts of diamonds and rubies. His wit, which was always playing and frisking about the company, had the wonderful knack of never hurting anybody. He had the most singular art of discovering good

qualities in people; in discoursing of which the kindly little fellow used to glow and kindle up, and emphasise with the most charming energy. Good-natured actions of others, good jokes, favourite verses of friends, he would bring out fondly, whenever they met, or there was question of them; and he used to toss and dandle their sayings or doings about, and hand them round to the company, as the delightful Miss Slowboy does the baby in the last Christmas Book. What was better than wit in his talk was, that it was so genial. He *enjoyed* thoroughly, and chirped over his wine with a good-humour that could not fail to be infectious. His own hospitality was delightful: there was something about it charmingly brisk, simple, and kindly. How he used to laugh! As I write this, what a number of pleasant hearty scenes come back! One can hear his jolly, clear laughter; and see his keen, kind, beaming Jew face,—a mixture of Mendelssohn and Voltaire.

Sir Bulwer Lytton's account of him will be read by all his friends with pleasure, and by the world as a not uncurious specimen of the biography of a literary man. The memoir savours a little too much of the funeral oration. It might have been a little more particular and familiar, so as to give the public a more intimate acquaintance with one of the honestest and kindest of men who ever lived by pen; and yet, after a long and friendly intercourse with Blanchard, I believe the praises Sir Lytton bestows on his character are by no means exaggerated: it is only the style in which they are given, which is a little too funereally encomiastic. The memoir begins in this way, a pretty and touching design of Mr. Kenny Meadows heading the biography:—

“To most of those who have mixed generally with the men who, in our day, have chosen literature as their profession, the name of Laman Blanchard brings recollections of peculiar tenderness and regret. Amidst a career which the keenness of anxious rivalry renders a sharp probation to the temper and the affections, often yet more embittered by that strife of party, of which, in a Representative Constitution, few men of letters escape the eager passions and the angry prejudice—they recall the memory of a competitor, without envy; a partisan, without gall; firm as the

firmest in the maintenance of his own opinions ; but gentle as the gentlest in the judgment he passed on others.

“ Who, among our London brotherhood of letters, does not miss that simple cheerfulness—that inborn and exquisite urbanity—that childlike readiness to be pleased with all—that happy tendency to panegyrise every merit, and to be lenient to every fault ? Who does not recall that acute and delicate sensibility—so easily wounded, and therefore so careful not to wound—which seemed to infuse a certain intellectual fine breeding, of forbearance and sympathy, into every society where it insinuated its gentle way ? Who, in convivial meetings, does not miss, and will not miss for ever, the sweetness of those unpretending talents—the earnestness of that honesty which seemed unconscious it was worn so lightly—the mild influence of that exuberant kindness which softened the acrimony of young disputants, and reconciled the secret animosities of jealous rivals ? Yet few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author’s hardening ordeal of narrow circumstance, of daily labour, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of ambition, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmatured resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling ; and this with a constitution singularly finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination ; is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, depending less upon a power purely intellectual, than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman’s nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good.

“ It is, regarded thus, that the character of Laman Blanchard assumes an interest of a very elevated order. He was a choice and worthy example of the professional English men of letters, in our day. He is not to be considered in the light of the man of daring and turbulent genius, living on the false excitement of vehement calumny and uproarious praise. His was a career not indeed obscure, but sufficiently quiet and unnoticed to be solaced with little of the pleasure with which, in aspirants of a noisier fame, gratified and not ignoble vanity rewards the labour and stimulates the hope. For more than twenty years he toiled on through the most fatiguing

paths of literary composition, mostly in periodicals, often anonymously; pleasing and lightly instructing thousands, but gaining none of the prizes, whether of weighty reputation or popular renown, which more fortunate chances, or more pretending modes of investing talent, have given in our day to men of half his merits."

Not a feature in this charming character is flattered, as far as I know. Did the subject of the memoir feel disappointment in the higher aims of ambition? Was his career not solaced with pleasure? Was his noble calling a thankless one? I have said before, his calling was not thankless; his career, in the main, pleasant; his disappointment, if he had one of the higher aims of ambition, one that might not uneasily be borne. If every man is disappointed because he cannot reach supreme excellence, what a mad misanthropical world ours would be! Why should men of letters aim higher than they can hit, or be "disappointed" with the share of brains God has given them? Nor can you say a man's career is unpleasant who was so heartily liked and appreciated as Blanchard was, by all persons of high intellect, or low, with whom he came in contact. He had to bear with some, but not unbearable poverty. At home he had everything to satisfy his affection: abroad, every sympathy and consideration met this universally esteemed, good man. Such a calling as his is *not* thankless, surely. Away with this discontent and morbid craving for renown! A man who writes (Tennyson's) "Ulysses," or "Comus," *may* put in his claim for fame if you will, and demand and deserve it: but it requires no vast power of intellect to write most sets of words, and have them printed in a book:—To write this article, for instance, or the last novel, pamphlet, book of travels. Most men with a decent education and practice of the pen could go and do the like, were they so professionally urged. Let such fall into the rank and file, and shoulder their weapons, and load and fire cheerfully. An every-day writer has no more right to repine because he loses the great prizes, and can't write like Shakspeare, than he has to be envious of Sir Robert Peel, or Wellington, or King Hudson, or Taglioni. Because the sun shines above, is a man to warm himself and admire; or to despond because he can't in his person flare up like the sun? I don't

believe that Blanchard was by any means an amateur martyr, but was, generally speaking, very decently satisfied with his condition.

Here is the account of his early history—a curious and interesting one:—

“Samuel Laman Blanchard was born of respectable parents in the middle class at Great Yarmouth, on the 15th of May, 1803. His mother’s maiden name was Mary Laman. She married first Mr. Cowell, at Saint John’s Church, Bermondsey, about the year 1796; he died in the following year. In 1799, she was married again, to Samuel Blanchard, by whom she had seven children, but only one son, the third child, christened Samuel Laman.

“In 1805, Mr. Blanchard (the father) appears to have removed to the metropolis, and to have settled in Southwark as a painter and glazier. He was enabled to give his boy a good education—an education, indeed, of that kind which could not but unfit young Laman for the calling of his father; for it developed the abilities and bestowed the learning, which may be said to lift a youth morally out of trade, and to refine him at once into a gentleman. At six years old he was entered a scholar of Saint Olave’s School, then under the direction of the Reverend Doctor Blenkorn. He became the head Latin scholar, and gained the chief prize in each of the last three years he remained at the academy. When he left, it was the wish of the master and trustees that he should be sent to College, one boy being annually selected from the pupils, to be maintained at the University, for the freshman’s year, free of expense; for the charges of the two remaining years the parents were to provide. So strong, however, were the hopes of the master for his promising pupil, that the trustees of the school consented to depart from their ordinary practice, and offered to defray the collegiate expenses for two years. Unfortunately, the offer was not accepted. No wonder that poor Laman regretted in after life the loss of this golden opportunity. The advantages of a University career to a young man in his position, with talents and application, but without interest, birth, and fortune, are incalculable. The pecuniary independence afforded by the scholarship and the fellowship is in itself no despicable prospect; but the benefits which distinction, fairly won at those noble and unrivalled institutions, confers, are the greatest where least obvious: they tend usually to bind the vagueness of youthful ambition to the secure reliance on some professional career, in which they smooth the difficulties and

abridge the novitiate. Even in literature a College education not only tends to refine the taste, but to propitiate the public. And in all the many walks of practical and public life, the honours gained at the University never fail to find well-wishers amongst powerful contemporaries, and to create generous interest in the fortunes of the aspirant.

“But my poor friend was not destined to have one obstacle smoothed away from his weary path.* With the natural refinement of his disposition, and the fatal cultivation of his intellectual susceptibilities, he was placed at once in a situation which it was impossible that he could fill with steadiness and zeal. Fresh from classical studies, and his emulation warmed by early praise and schoolboy triumph, he was transferred to the drudgery of a desk in the office of Mr. Charles Pearson, a proctor in Doctors’ Commons. The result was inevitable; his mind, by a natural reaction, betook itself to the pursuits most hostile to such a career. Before this, even from the age of thirteen, he had trifled with the Muses; he now conceived in good earnest the more perilous passion for the stage.

“Barry Cornwall’s ‘Dramatic Scenes’ were published about this time—they exercised considerable influence over the taste and aspirations of young Blanchard—and many dramatic sketches of brilliant promise, bearing his initials, S. L. B., appeared in a periodical work existing at that period called *The Drama*. In them, though the conception and general treatment are borrowed from Barry Cornwall, the style and rhythm are rather modelled on the peculiarities of Byron. Their promise is not the less for the imitation they betray. The very characteristic of genius is to be imitative—first of authors, then of nature. Books lead us to fancy feelings that are not yet genuine. Experience is necessary to record those which colour our own existence: and the style only becomes original in proportion as the sentiment it expresses is sincere. More touching, therefore, than these ‘Dramatic Sketches,’ was a lyrical effusion on the death of Sidney Ireland, a young friend to whom he was warmly attached, and over whose memory, for years afterwards, he often shed tears. He named his eldest son after that early friend. At this period, Mr. Douglas Jerrold had written

* “The elder Blanchard is not to be blamed for voluntarily depriving his son of the advantages proffered by the liberal trustees of Saint Olave’s; it appears from a communication by Mr. Keymer (brother-in-law to Laman Blanchard)—that the circumstances of the family at that time were not such as to meet the necessary expenses of a student—even for the *last* year of his residence at the University.”

three volumes of Moral Philosophy, and Mr. Buckstone, the celebrated comedian, volunteered to copy the work for the juvenile moralist. On arriving at any passage that struck his fancy, Mr. Buckstone communicated his delight to his friend Blanchard, and the emulation thus excited tended more and more to sharpen the poet's distaste to all avocations incompatible with literature. Anxious, in the first instance, to escape from dependence on his father (who was now urgent that he should leave the proctor's desk for the still more ungenial mechanism of the paternal trade), he meditated the best of all preparatives to dramatic excellence; viz. a practical acquaintance with the stage itself: he resolved to become an actor. Few indeed are they in this country who have ever succeeded eminently in the literature of the stage, who have not either trod its boards, or lived habitually in its atmosphere. Blanchard obtained an interview with Mr. Henry Johnston, the actor, and recited, in his presence, passages from Glover's 'Leonidas.' He read admirably—his elocution was faultless—his feeling exquisite; Mr. Johnston was delighted with his powers, but he had experience and wisdom to cool his professional enthusiasm, and he earnestly advised the aspirant not to think of the stage. He drew such a picture of the hazards of success—the obstacles to a position—the precariousness even of a subsistence, that the poor boy's heart sunk within him. He was about to resign himself to obscurity and trade, when he suddenly fell in with the manager of the Margate Theatre; this gentleman proposed to enrol him in his own troop, and the proposal was eagerly accepted, in spite of the warnings of Mr. Henry Johnston. 'A week,' says Mr. Buckstone (to whom I am indebted for these particulars, and whose words I now quote), 'was sufficient to disgust him with the beggary and drudgery of the country player's life; and as there were no "Harlequins" steaming it from Margate to London Bridge at that day, he performed his journey back on foot, having, on reaching Rochester, but his last shilling—the poet's veritable last shilling—in his pocket.

"At that time a circumstance occurred, which my poor friend's fate has naturally brought to my recollection. He came to me late one evening, in a state of great excitement; informed me that his father had turned him out of doors; that he was utterly hopeless and wretched, and was resolved to destroy himself. I used my best endeavours to console him, to lead his thoughts to the future, and hope in what chance and perseverance might effect for him. Our discourse took a livelier turn; and after making up a bed on a sofa in my own room, I retired to rest. I soon slept soundly, but was awakened by hearing a footstep descending the stairs. I looked

towards the sofa, and discovered he had left it; I heard the street door close; I instantly hurried on my clothes, and followed him; I called to him, but received no answer; I ran till I saw him in the distance also running; I again called his name; I implored him to stop, but he would not answer me. Still continuing his pace, I became alarmed, and doubled my speed. I came up with him near to Westminster Bridge; he was hurrying to the steps leading to the river; I seized him; he threatened to strike me if I did not release him; I called for the watch; I entreated him to return; he became more pacified, but still seemed anxious to escape from me. By entreaties; by every means of persuasion I could think of; by threats to call for help; I succeeded in taking him back. The next day he was more composed, but I believe rarely resided with his father after that time. Necessity compelled him to do something for a livelihood, and in time he became a reader in the office of the Messrs. Bayliss, in Fleet Street. By that employ, joined to frequent contributions to the *Monthly Magazine*, at that time published by them, he obtained a tolerable competence.

“ ‘Blanchard and Jerrold had serious thoughts of joining Lord Byron in Greece; they were to become warriors, and assist the poet in the liberation of the classic land. Many a nightly wandering found them discussing their project. In the midst of one of these discussions they were caught in a shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway. The rain continued; when their patience becoming exhausted, Blanchard, buttoning up his coat, exclaimed, “Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?” So they walked home and were heroically wet through.’ ”

It would have been worth while to tell this tale more fully; not to envelop the chief personage in fine words, as statuaries do their sitters in Roman togas, and, making them assume the heroic-conventional look, take away from them that infinitely more interesting one which Nature gave them. It would have been well if we could have had this stirring little story in detail. The young fellow, forced to the proctor's desk, quite angry with the drudgery, theatre-stricken, poetry-stricken, writing dramatic sketches in Barry Cornwall's manner, spouting “Leonidas” before a manager, driven away starving from home, and, penniless and full of romance, courting his beautiful young wife. “Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of

rain?” How the native humour breaks out of the man! Those who knew them can fancy the effect of such a pair of warriors steering the Greek fire-ships, or manning the breach at Missolonghi. Then there comes that pathetic little outbreak of despair, when the poor young fellow is nearly giving up; his father banishes him, no one will buy his poetry, he has no chance on his darling theatre, no chance of the wife that he is longing for. Why not finish with life at once? He has read “*Werther*,” and can understand suicide. “None,” he says, in a sonnet,—

“None, not the hoariest sage, may tell of all
The strong heart struggles with before it fall.”

If Respectability wanted to point a moral, isn't there one here? Eschew poetry, avoid the theatre, stick to your business, do not read German novels, do not marry at twenty. All these injunctions seem to hang naturally on the story.

And yet the young poet marries at twenty, in the teeth of poverty and experience; labours away, not unsuccessfully, puts Pegasus into harness, rises in social rank and public estimation, brings up happily round him an affectionate family, gets for himself a circle of the warmest friends, and thus carries on for twenty years, when a providential calamity visits him and the poor wife almost together, and removes them both.

In the beginning of 1844, Mrs. Blanchard, his affectionate wife and the excellent mother of his children, was attacked with paralysis, which impaired her mind and terminated fatally at the end of the year. Her husband was constantly with her, occupied by her side, whilst watching her distressing malady, in his daily task of literary business. Her illness had the severest effect upon him. He, too, was attacked with partial paralysis and congestion of the brain, during which first seizure his wife died. The rest of the story was told in all the newspapers of the beginning of last year. Rallying partially from his fever at times, a sudden catastrophe overwhelmed him. On the night of the 14th February, in a gust of delirium, having his little boy in bed by his side, and having said the Lord's Prayer but a short time before, he sprang out of bed in the absence of his nurse (whom he had

besought not to leave him), and made away with himself with a razor. He was no more guilty in his death than a man who is murdered by a madman, or who dies of the rupture of a blood-vessel. In his last prayer he asked to be forgiven, as he in his whole heart forgave others ; and not to be led into that irresistible temptation under which it pleased Heaven that the poor wandering spirit should succumb.

At the very moment of his death his friends were making the kindest and most generous exertions in his behalf. Such a noble, loving, and generous creature is never without such. The world, it is pleasant to think, is always a good and gentle world to the gentle and good, and reflects the benevolence with which they regard it. This memoir contains an affecting letter from the poor fellow himself, which indicates Sir Edward Bulwer's admirable and delicate generosity towards him. "I bless and thank you always," writes the kindly and affectionate soul, to another excellent friend, Mr. Forster. There were other friends, such as Mr. Fonblanque, Mr. Ainsworth, with whom he was connected in literary labour, who were not less eager to serve and befriend him.

As soon as he was dead, a number of other persons came forward to provide means for the maintenance of his orphan family. Messrs. Chapman & Hall took one son into their publishing-house, another was provided for in a merchant's house in the City, the other is of an age and has the talents to follow and succeed in his father's profession. Mr. Colburn and Mr. Ainsworth gave up their copyrights of his *Essays*, which are now printed in three handsome volumes, for the benefit of his children.

Out of Blanchard's life (except from the melancholy end, which is quite apart from it) there is surely no ground for drawing charges against the public of neglecting literature. His career, untimely concluded, is in the main a successful one. In truth, I don't see how the aid or interposition of Government could in any way have greatly benefited him, or how it was even called upon to do so. It does not follow that a man would produce a great work even if he had leisure. Squire Shakspeare of Stratford, with his lands and rents, and his arms over his porch, was not the working Shakspeare ; and

indolence (or contemplation, if you like) is no unusual quality in the literary man. Of all the squires who have had acres and rents, all the holders of lucky easy Government places, how many have written books, and of what worth are they? There are some persons whom Government, having a want of, employs and pays—barristers, diplomatists, soldiers, and the like; but it doesn't want poetry, and can do without tragedies. Let men of letters stand for themselves. Every day enlarges their market, and multiplies their clients. The most skilful and successful among the cultivators of light literature have such a hold upon the public feelings, and awaken such a sympathy, as men of the class never enjoyed until now: men of science and learning, who aim at other distinction, get it; and in spite of Doctor Carus's disgust, I believe there was never a time when so much of the practically useful was written and read, and every branch of book-making pursued, with an interest so eager.

But I must conclude. My letter has swelled beyond the proper size of letters, and you are craving for news: have you not to-day's *Times*' battle of Ferozeshah? Farewell.

M. A. T.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, March 1846.)

ON SOME ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS.*

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

THE character of Gruff-and-Tackleton, in Mr. Dickens's last Christmas story, has always appeared to me a great and painful blot upon that otherwise charming performance. Surely it is impossible that a man whose life is passed in the making of toys, hoops, whirligigs, theatres, dolls, jack-in-boxes, and ingenious knick-knacks for little children, should be a savage at heart, a child-hater by nature, and an ogre by disposition. How could such a fellow succeed in his trade? The practice of it would be enough to break that black heart of his outright. Invention to such a person would be impossible; and the continual exercise of his profession, the making of toys which he despised for little beings whom he hated, would, I should think, become so intolerable to a Gruff-and-Tackleton, that he would be sure to fly for resource to the first skipping-rope at hand, or to run himself through his *dura ilia* with a tin sabre. The ruffian! the child-hating Herod! a squadron of rocking-horses ought to trample and crush such a fellow into smaller particles of flint. I declare, for my part, I hate Gruff-and-Tackleton worse than any ogre in *Mother Bunch*. Ogres have been a good deal maligned. They eat children, it is true, but only occasionally,—children of a race which is hostile to their Titanic progeny; they are good enough to their own young. Witness the ogre in *Hopomythumb*, who gave his daughters seven crowns, the which Hopomythumb stole for his brothers, and a thousand other instances in fairy history. The proposition is, that makers of children's toys may have their errors, it is

* "Felix Summerly's Home Treasury." "Gammer Gurton's Story-Books." Revised by Ambrose Merton, Gent. "Stories for the Seasons." "The Good-natured Bear." London: Joseph Cundall, Old Bond Street. 1846.

true, but must be, in the main, honest and kindly-hearted persons.

I wish Mrs. Marcet, the Right Honourable T. B. Macaulay, or any other person possessing universal knowledge, would take a toy and child's emporium in hand, and explain to us all the geographical and historical wonders it contains. That Noah's Ark with its varied contents,—its leopards and lions, with glued pump-handled tails ; its light-blue elephants and 1-footed ducks ; that ark containing the cylindrical family of the patriarch was fashioned in Holland, most likely by some kind pipe-smoking friends of youth by the side of a shiny canal. A peasant in a Danubian pine-wood carved that extraordinary nut-cracker, who was painted up at Nuremberg afterwards in the costume of a hideous hussar. That little fir lion, more like his roaring original than the lion at Barnet, or the lion of Northumberland House, was cut by a Swiss shepherd boy tending his goats on a mountain-side, where the chamois were jumping about in their untanned leather. I have seen a little Mahometan on the Etmeidan at Constantinople twiddling about just such a whirligig as you may behold any day in the hands of a small Parisian in the Tuileries Gardens. And as with the toys, so with the toy-books. They exist everywhere ; there is no calculating the distance through which the stories come to us, the number of languages through which they have been filtered, or the centuries during which they have been told. Many of them have been narrated, almost in their present shape, for thousands of years since, to the little copper-coloured Sanscrit children, listening to their mother under the palm-trees by the banks of the yellow Jumna—their Brahmin mother, who softly narrated them through the ring in her nose. The very same tale has been heard by the Northmen Vikings as they lay in their shields on deck ; and by the Arabs, couched under the stars on the Syrian plains when the flocks were gathered in, and the mares were picketed by the tents. With regard to the story of *Cinderella*, I have heard the late Thomas Hill say that he remembered to have heard, two years before Richard Cœur de Lion came back from Palestine, a Norman jongleur—but, in a word, there is no end to the

antiquity of these tales, a dissertation on which would be quite needless and impossible here.

One cannot help looking with a secret envy on the children of the present day, for whose use and entertainment a thousand ingenious and beautiful things are provided which were quite unknown some few scores of years since, when the present writer and reader were very possibly in the nursery state. Abominable attempts were made in those days to make useful books for children, and cram science down their throats as calomel used to be administered under the pretence of a spoonful of currant jelly. Such picture-books as we had were illustrated with the most shameful, hideous old woodcuts which had lasted through a century, and some of which may be actually seen lingering about still as head-pieces to the Catnach ballads, in those rare corners of the town where the Catnach ballads continue to be visible. Some painted pictures there were in our time likewise, but almost all of the very worst kind; the hideous distortions of Rowlandson, who peopled the picture-books with bloated parsons in periwigs, tipsy aldermen and leering salacious nymphs, horrid to look at. *Tom and Jerry* followed, with choice scenes from the Cockpit, the Round House, and Drury Lane. Atkins's slang sporting subjects then ensued, of which the upsetting of Charley's watch-boxes, leaping five-barred gates, fighting duels with amazing long pistols, and kissing short-waisted damsels in pink spencers, formed the chief fun. The first real, kindly agreeably, and infinitely amusing and charming illustrations for a child's book in England which I know, were those of the patriarch George Cruikshank, devised for the famous German popular stories. These were translated by a certain magistrate of Bow Street, whom the *Examiner* is continuing abusing, but whose name ought always to be treated tenderly on account of that great service which he did to the nation. Beauty, fun, and fancy were united in these admirable designs. They have been copied all over Europe. From the day of their appearance, the happiness of children may be said to have increased immeasurably. After Cruikshank, the German artists, a kindly and good-natured race, with the organ of philoprogenitiveness stongly developed, began to exert their

wits for children. Otto Speckter, Neureuther, the Dusseldorf school, the book-designers at Leipsig and Berlin, the mystical and tender-hearted Overbeck, and numberless others, have contributed to the pleasure and instruction of their little countrymen. In France the movement has not been so remarkable. The designers in the last twenty years have multiplied a hundred-fold: their talent is undeniable: but they have commonly such an unfortunate *penchant* for what is *wrong*, that the poor little children can hardly be admitted into their company. They cannot be benefited by voluptuous pictures illustrative of Balzac, Béranger, Manon-Lescaut, and the like. The admirable Charlet confined himself to war and battle, and *les gloires de la France* chiefly: the brilliant designs of Vernet and Raffet are likewise almost all military. Gavarnè, the wittiest and cleverest designer that ever lived probably, depicts grisettes, Ste. Pélagie, bals-masqués, and other subjects of town-life and intrigue, quite unfit for children's edification. The caustic Granville, that Swift of the pencil, dealt in subjects scarcely more suited to children than the foul satires of the wicked old Cynic of St. Patrick's, whose jokes to my mind are like the fun of a demon; and whose best excuse is Swift's Hospital.

In England the race of designers is flourishing and increasing; and the art as applied to the nursery (and where, if you please, you who sneer, has our affectionate mother Art a better place?), has plenty of practitioners and patronage. Perhaps there may be one or two of our readers who have heard of an obscure publication called *Punch*, a hebdomadal miscellany, filled with drawings and jokes, good or bad. Of the artists engaged upon this unfortunate periodical, the chief are Messrs. Leech and Doyle, both persons, I would wager, remarkable for love of children, and daily giving proofs of this gentle disposition. Whenever Mr. Leech, "in the course of his professional career," has occasion to depict a child by the side of a bottle-nosed alderman, a bow-waistcoated John Bull, a policeman, a Brook-Green Volunteer, or the like, his rough, grotesque, rollicking pencil becomes gentle all of a sudden, he at once falls into the softest and tenderest of moods, and dandles and caresses the infant under his hands,

as I have seen a huge whiskered grenadier do in St. James's Park, when, mayhap (but this observation goes for nothing), the nursemaid chances to be pretty. Look at the picture of the Eton-boy dining with his father, and saying "Governor, one toast before we go—the ladies!" This picture is so pretty, and so like, that it is a positive fact, that every father of an Eton-boy declares it to be the portrait of his own particular offspring. In the great poem of *The Brook-Green Volunteer*, cantos of which are issuing weekly from the *Punch* press, all the infantine episodes without exception are charming; and the volunteer's wife such a delightful hint of black-eyed smiling innocence and prettiness, as shows that beauty is always lying in the heart of this humourist,—this *good* humourist, as he assuredly must be. As for Mr. Doyle, his praises have been sung in this Magazine already; and his pencil every day gives far better proofs of his genuine relish for the grotesque and beautiful than any that can be produced by the pen of the present writer.

The real heroes of this article, however, who are at length introduced after the foregoing preliminary flourish, are, Mr. Joseph Cundall, of 12 Old Bond Street, in the city of Westminster, publisher; Mr. Felix Summerly, of the *Home Treasury* office; Mrs. Harriet Myrtle; Ambrose Merton, Gent., the editor of *Gammer Gurton's Story-Books*; the writer (or writers) of the *Good-natured Bear*, *The Story-Book of Holyday Hours*, etc., and the band of artists who have illustrated for the benefit of youth these delightful works of fiction. Their names are Webster, Townshend, Absolon, Cope, Horsley, Redgrave, H. Corbould, Franklin, and Frederick Tayler,—names all famous in art; nor surely could artists ever be more amiably employed than in exercising their genius in behalf of young people. Fielding, I think, mentions with praise the name of Mr. Newbery, of St. Paul's Churchyard, as the provider of story-books and pictures for children in his day. As there is no person of the late Mr. Fielding's powers writing in this Magazine, let me be permitted, humbly, to move a vote of thanks to the meritorious Mr. Joseph Cundall.

The mere sight of the little books published by Mr.

Cundall—of which some thirty now lie upon my table—is as good as a nosegay. Their actual colours are as brilliant as a bed of tulips, and blaze with emerald, and orange, and cobalt, and gold, and crimson. I envy the feelings of the young person for whom (after having undergone a previous critical examination) this collection of treasures is destined. Here are fairy tales at last, with real pictures to them. What a library!—what a picture-gallery! Which to take up first is the puzzle. I can fancy that perplexity and terror seizing upon the small individual to whom all these books will go in a parcel, when the string is cut, and the brown paper is unfolded, and all these delights appear. Let us take out one at hazard : it is the

“HISTORY OF TOM HICKATHRIFT THE CONQUEROR.”

He is bound in blue and gold ; in the picture Mr. Frederick Tayler has represented Tom and a friend slaughtering wild beasts with prodigious ferocity. Who was Tom Hickathrift the Conqueror? Did you ever hear of him? Fielding mentions him somewhere, too ; but his history has passed away out of the nursery annals, and this is the first time his deeds have ever come under my cognisance. Did Fielding himself write the book? The style is very like that of the author of *Joseph Andrews*. Tom lived in the Isle of Ely in Cambridgeshire, the story says, in the reign of William the Conqueror ; his father, who was a labourer, being dead, “and his mother being tender of their son, maintained him by her own labour as well as she could ; but all his delight was in the corner, and he ate as much at once as would serve six ordinary men. At ten years old he was six feet high and three feet thick ; his hand was like a shoulder of mutton, and every other part proportionate ; but his great strength was as yet unknown.”

The idea of latent strength here is prodigious. How strong the words are, and vigorous the similes! *His hand was like a shoulder of mutton*. He was six feet high, *and three feet thick* : all his delight was in the corner, and he ate as much as six men. A man six feet high is nothing, but a fellow three feet *thick* is tremendous. All the images heap

up and complete the idea of Thomas's strength. His gormandising indicates, his indolence exaggerates, the Herculean form. Tom first showed his strength by innocently taking away from a farmer, who told him he might have as much straw as he could carry, a thousand-weight of straw. Another offering him, and telling him to choose a stick for his mother's fire, Thomas selected a large tree, and went off with it over his shoulder, while a cart and six horses were tugging at a smaller piece of timber behind. The great charm of his adventures is, that they are told with that gravity and simplicity which only belongs to real truth :—

“Tom's fame being spread, no one durst give him an angry word. At last a brewer at Lynn, who wanted a lusty man to carry beer to the Marsh and to Wisbeach, hearing of him, came to hire him ; but he would not be hired, till his friends persuaded him, and his master promised him a new suit of clothes from top to toe, and that he should eat and drink of the best. At last Tom consented to be his man, and the master showed him which way he was to go ; for there was a monstrous giant kept part of the Marsh, and none dared to go that way, for if the giant found them, he would either kill or make them his servants.

“But to come to Tom and his master. Tom did more in one day than all the rest of his men did in three ; so that his master, seeing him so tractable and careful in his business, made him his head man, and trusted him to carry beer by himself, for he needed none to help him. Thus he went each day to Wisbeach, a journey of near twenty miles.

“But going this way so often, and finding the other road that the giant kept was nearer by the half, Tom having increased his strength by good living, and improved his courage by drinking so much strong ale, resolved one day, as he was going to Wisbeach, without saying anything to his master, or to his fellow-servants, to take the nearest road or lose his life ; to win the horse or lose the saddle ; to kill or be killed, if he met with the giant.

“Thus resolved, he goes the nearest way with his cart, flinging open the gates in order to go through ; but the giant soon espied him, and seeing him a daring fellow, vowed to stop his journey, and make a prize of his beer : but Tom cared not a fig for him ; and the giant met him like a roaring lion, as though he would swallow him up.

“‘Sirrah,’ said he, ‘who gave you authority to come this way ?

Do you not know, that I make all stand in fear of me? And you, like an impudent rogue, must come and fling open my gate at pleasure! Are you so careless of your life, that you do not care what you do? I will make you an example to all rogues under the sun. Dost thou not see how many heads of those that have offended my laws hang upon yonder tree? Thine shall hang above them all!’

“‘None of your prating!’ said Tom; ‘you shall not find me like them.’

“‘No!’ said the giant.

“‘Why you are but a fool, if you come to fight me, and bring no weapon to defend thyself!’ cries Tom. ‘I have got a weapon here shall make you know I am your master.’

“‘Say you so, sirrah?’ said the giant; and then ran to his cave to fetch his club, intending to dash his brains out at a blow.

“While the giant was gone for his club, Tom turned his cart upside down, and took the axle-tree and wheel for his sword and buckler; and excellent weapons they were, on such an emergency.

“The giant, coming out again, began to stare at Tom, to see him take the wheel in one of his hands, and the axle-tree in the other.

“‘Oh, oh!’ said the giant, ‘you are like to do great things with those instruments; I have a twig here that will beat thee, thy axle-tree, and wheel to the ground!’

“Now that which the giant called a twig was as thick as a mill-post; and with this the giant made a blow at him with such force, as made his wheel crack. Tom, nothing daunted, gave him as brave a blow on the side of the head, which made him reel again.

“‘What,’ said Tom, ‘have you got drunk with my small beer already?’

“But the giant, recovering, made many hard blows at him, which Tom kept off with his wheel, so that he received but very little hurt.

“In the meantime, Tom plied the giant so well with blows, that the sweat and blood ran together down his face, who, being almost spent with fighting so long, begged Tom to let him drink, and then he would fight him again.

“‘No, no,’ said he, ‘my mother did not teach me such wit’; and, finding the giant grow weak, he redoubled his blows, till he brought him to the ground.

“The giant, finding himself overcome, roared hideously, and begged Tom to spare his life, and he would perform anything he should desire,—even yield himself unto him, and be his servant.

“But Tom, having no more mercy on him than a bear upon a

dog, laid on him till he found him breathless, and then cut off his head; after which he went into his cave, and there found great store of gold and silver, which made his heart leap for joy."

This must surely be Fielding: the battle is quite like the Fielding-Homer. Tom "having increased his strength by good living, and *improved his courage by drinking strong ale*," is a phrase only to be written by a great man. It indicates a lazy strength, like that of Tom himself in the corner. "The giant roared hideously, but Tom had no more mercy on him than a bear upon a dog." If anybody but Harry Fielding can write of a battle in this way, it is a pity we had not more of the works of the author. He says that, for this action, Tom, who took possession of the giant's cave and all his gold and silver, "was no longer called plain Tom, but Mister Hickathrift."

With the aid of a valorous opponent, who was a tinker, and who, being conquered by Tom in battle, became his fast friend ever after, Tom overcame 10,000 disaffected, who had gathered in the Isle of Ely (they must have been 10,000 of the refugee Saxons under Hereward the Saxon, who fled from the tyranny of the Conqueror, and are mentioned by Mr. Wright in his lately published, learned, and ingenious essays,—and, indeed, it was a shame that one of the German name of *Hickathrift* should attack those of his own flesh and blood); but for this anti-national feat Tom was knighted, and henceforth appeared only as Sir Thomas Hickathrift.

"News was brought to the king, by the commons of Kent, that a very dreadful giant was landed on one of the islands, and had brought with him a great number of bears, and also young lions, with a dreadful dragon, upon which he always rode; which said monster and other ravenous beasts had much frightened all the inhabitants of the island. And, moreover, they said, if speedy course was not taken to suppress them, they would destroy the country.

"The king, hearing of this relation, was a little startled; yet he persuaded them to return home, and make the best defence they could for the present, assuring them that he would not forget them, and so they departed.

"The king, hearing these dreadful tidings, immediately sat in council, to consider what was best to be done.

"At length, Tom Hickathrift was pitched upon, as being a bold,

stout subject ; for which reason it was judged necessary to make him governor of that island, which place of trust he readily accepted, and accordingly went down with his wife and family to take possession of the same, attended by an hundred and odd knights and gentlemen, at least.

“ Sir Thomas had not been there many days when, looking out of his own window, he espied this giant mounted on a dreadful dragon, and on his shoulder he bore a club of iron ; he had but one eye, which was in the middle of his forehead, and was as large as a barber’s basin, and seemed like flaming fire ; the hair of his head hung down like snakes, and his beard like rusty wire.

“ Lifting up his eyes, he saw Sir Thomas, who was viewing him from one of the windows of the castle. The giant then began to knit his brow, and to breathe out some threatening word to the governor,—who, indeed, was a little surprised at the approach of such a monstrous and ill-favoured brute.

“ The giant finding that Tom did not make much haste to get down to him, he alighted from his dragon and chained him to an oak-tree ; then marched to the castle, setting his broad shoulders against the corner of the wall, as if he intended to overthrow the whole bulk of the building at once. Tom perceiving it said—

“ ‘ Is this the game you would be at? faith, I will spoil your sport, for I have a delicate tool to pick your tooth with.’ Then taking the two-handed sword which the King gave him, and flinging open the gate, he there found the giant, who, by an unfortunate slip in his thrusting, was fallen all along, and lay not able to help himself.

“ ‘ How now,’ said Tom, ‘ do you come here to take up your lodging?’ and with that, he ran his long sword between the giant’s shoulders, which made the brute groan as loud as thunder.

“ Then Sir Thomas pulled out his sword again, and at six or seven blows smote off his head ; and then turning to the dragon, which was all this while chained to the tree, without any further words, but with four or five blows, cut off the head of that also.”

Once and again this must be Harry Fielding. The words of the narrative are of immense strength and simplicity. When Tom runs his long sword through the giant, it only “ makes the brute groan as loud as thunder.” An inferior hand would have spoiled all by trying a dying speech. One recognises Fielding’s cudgel-style by the force and simplicity of the blow ; and the greatness of Hickathrift is only increased by the conclusion of his history. He is left singing a song at

a very noble and splendid feast, to which he invited all his friends and acquaintances, when he made them the following promise:—

“ My friends, while I have strength to stand,
Most manfully I will pursue
All dangers till I clear the land
Of lions, bears, and tigers too.”

And that is all. How fine the conclusion is! The enormous champion does not die, but lapses into silence. He may be alive yet somewhere in the fens, drinking mutely. A health to him! The day was a good day which brought the acquaintance of Tom Hickathrift.

Patient Grisell and *The Babes in the Wood* are dressed by Mr. Cundall in scarlet and gold—attired in glorious raiment after their death and sufferings as a reward for their martyrdom in life. As for Grisell, I have always had my opinion about her. She is so intolerably patient as to provoke any husband, and owed a great deal of her ill-treatment to the shameful meekness with which she bore it. But *The Babes in the Wood* must awaken the sympathy of any but an ogre, and every man, woman, or child who has a heart for poetry, must feel himself stirred by the lines which tell their sad story:—

“ He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him;
And look they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain.
‘Stay here,’ quoth he, ‘I’ll bring you bread
When I come back again.’

“ These pretty babes, with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down,
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear’d and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

‘ Thus wander’d these poor innocents
Till death did end their grief ;
In one another’s arms they died,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.”

Sweet little martyrs ! Poetry contains nothing more touching than their legend. They have lain for hundreds of years embalmed in it. Time has not spoiled the smile of their sweet faces, nestling cheek by cheek under the yellow leaves. Robins have become sacred birds for the good deed they did. They will be allowed to sing in Paradise for that.

Bevis of Hampton, that famous knight, is not a warrior much to the taste of the present times. He kills a great deal too much, and without any sense of humour and without inspiring any awe ; but *Guy of Warwick* is a true knight. After the steward’s son has done great deeds, and by his valour and virtue has won the hand of fair Felice, and with it her father’s title of Earl of Warwick, the famous warrior is smitten with a sense of the vanity of all earthly things, even of married love and of fair Felice, who consents, like a pious soul as she is, that he should take the cross and go to Palestine.

“ While Guy was in this repenting solitude, the legend says, fair Felice, like a mourning widow, clothed herself in sable attire, and vowed chastity in the absence of her beloved husband. Her whole delight was in divine meditations and heavenly consolations, praying for the welfare of her beloved Lord Guy. And, to show her humility, she sold all her jewels and costly robes, and gave the money to the poor.”

Years and years after her lord was gone there used to come for alms to her castle-gate an old pilgrim, whom the fair Felice relieved with hundreds of other poor. At last this old hermit, feeling his death drawing nigh, took a ring from his hand and sent it to fair Felice, and she knew by that token it was her lord and husband, and hastened to him. And Guy soon after died in the arms of his beloved Felice, who, having survived him only fifteen days, was buried in the same grave.

So ends the story of Guy, the bold baron of price, and of the fair maid Felice. A worthy legend. His bones are dust, and his sword is rust, and his soul is with the saints, I trust. Mr. Tayler supplies two noble illustrations to Sir Bevis and Sir Guy.

We must pass over the rest of the Gammer Gurton library with a brief commendation. The ballads and stories are good, the pictures are good, the type is good, the covers are fine, and the price is small. The same may be said of *The Home Treasury*, edited by the benevolent Felix Summerly. This *Home Treasury* contains a deal of pleasant reading and delightful pictures. The fairy tales are skilfully recast, and charmingly illustrated with coloured prints (perhaps all prints for children ought to have pretty colours, by the way) by some of the good-natured artists before mentioned. The delightful drawings for *Little Red Riding Hood* are supplied by Mr. Webster. Mr. Townshend nobly illustrates *Jack and the Bean-stalk*; while the pretty love-tale of *Beast and the Beauty* is delineated by Mr. Redgrave. In the book of *Fairy Tales and Ballads*, Cope, Redgrave, and Tayler vie with each other which shall show most skill and recreate youth. For the Story-books of the Seasons and the Mrs. Harriet-Myrtle Series Mr. Absolon has supplied a profusion of designs, which are all, without exception, charming. The organ of love of children as developed in that gentleman's cranium must be something prodigious, and the bump of benevolence quite a mountain. Blessed is he whose hat is enlarged by them!

Let a word be said, in conclusion, regarding the admirable story of *The Good-natured Bear*, one of the wittiest, pleasantest, and kindest of books that I have read for many a long day. Witness this extract, which contains the commencement of the bear's autobiography:—

"I am a native of Poland, and was born in one of the largest and most comfortable caves in the forest of Towskipowski. My father and mother were greatly respected by all the inhabitants of the forest, and were, in fact, regarded, not only by all their own species, but every other animal, as persons of some consequence.

I do not mention this little circumstance from any pride, but only out of filial affection for their memory.

“ ‘My father was a man of a proud and resentful—my father, I meant to say, was a *person* of a proud and resentful disposition, though of the greatest courage and honour; but my mother was one in whom all the qualities of the fairer, or at least the softer, sex were united. I shall never forget the patience, the gentleness, the skill, and the firmness with which she first taught me to walk alone. I mean to walk on all fours, of course; the upright manner of my present walking was only learned afterwards. As this infant effort, however, is one of my very earliest recollections, I have mentioned it before all the rest, and if you please, I will give you a little account of it.’

“ ‘Oh! *do*, Mr. Bear,’ cried Gretchen, and no sooner had she uttered the words, than all the children called out at the same time, ‘Oh! please do, sir.’ The bear took several long whiffs at his pipe, and thus continued—

“ ‘My mother took me to a retired part of the forest, where few animals ever came; and telling me that I must now stand alone, extended both paws, and slowly lowered me towards the earth. The height, as I looked down, seemed terrible, and I felt my legs kick in the air with fear of, I do not know what, till suddenly I felt four hard things, and no motion. It was the fixed earth beneath my four infant legs. “Now,” said my mother, “you are what is called standing alone!” But what she said I heard as in a dream. With my back in the air, as though it rested on a wooden tressel, with my nose poking out straight, snuffing the fresh breeze and the many scents of the woods, my ears pricking and shooting with all sorts of new sounds, to wonder at, to want to have, to love, or to tumble down at,—and my eyes staring before me full of light, and confused gold, and dancing things, I seemed to be in a condition over which I had no power to effect the least change, and in which I must remain fixed till some wonderful thing happened. But the firm voice of my mother came to my assistance, and I heard her tell me to look upon the earth beneath me, and see where I was. First I looked up among the boughs, then sideways at my shoulder, then I squinted at the tip of my nose—all by mistake and innocence—at last, I bent my nose in despair, and saw my four paws standing, and this of course was right. The first thing that caught my attention, being the first thing I saw distinctly, was a little blue flower with a bright jewel in the middle, which I afterwards found was a drop of dew. Sometimes I thought this little blue darling was so close that it almost

touched my eyes, and certainly the odour of it was up in my head ; sometimes I thought it was deep down, a long way off. When I bent my face towards it to give it a kiss, it seemed just where it was, though I had not done what I had thought to do.

“ ‘ The next thing I saw upon the ground was a soft-looking little creature, that crawled along with a round ball upon the middle of its back, of a beautiful white colour, with brown and red curling stripes. The creature moved very, very slowly, and appeared always to follow the opinion and advice of two long horns on its head, that went feeling about on all sides. Presently it slowly approached my right fore paw, and I wondered how I should feel, or smell, or hear it, as it went over my toes ; but the instant one of the horns touched the hair of my paw both horns shrank into nothing, and presently came out again, and the creature slowly moved away in another direction. While I was wondering at this strange proceeding—for I never thought of hurting the creature, not knowing how to hurt anything, and what should have made the horn fancy otherwise ?—while, then, I was wondering at this, my attention was suddenly drawn to a tuft of moss on my right near a hollow tree-trunk. Out of this green tuft looked a pair of very bright, round, small eyes, which were staring up at me.

“ ‘ If I had known how to walk, I should have stepped back a few steps when I saw those bright little eyes, but I never ventured to lift a paw from the earth, since my mother had first set me down, nor did I know how to do so, or what were the proper thoughts or motions to begin with. So I stood looking at the eyes ; and presently I saw that the head was yellow, and all the face and throat yellow, and that it had a large mouth. “ What you have just seen,” said my mother, “ we call a snail ; and what you now see is a frog.” The names, however, did not help me at all to understand. Why the first should have turned from my paw so suddenly, and why this creature should continue to stare up at me in such a manner I could not conceive. I expected, however, that it would soon come slowly crawling forth, and then I should see whether it would also avoid me in the same manner. I now observed that its body and breast were double somehow, and that its paws were very large for its size, but had no hair upon them, which I thought was probably occasioned by its slow crawling having rubbed it all off. I had scarcely made these observations and reflections, when a beam of bright light breaking through the trees, the creature suddenly gave a great hop right up under my nose, and I, thinking the world was at an end, instantly fell flat down on one side, and lay there waiting ! ”

Those who wish to know more about him, and to see Mr. Tayler's admirable likenesses of him, must buy the book for themselves. For it must be kept away from its right owners no longer, and must be consigned to brown paper and bound up with twine along with its beautiful comrades, never to see the light again until the packet opens under the astonished eyes of A. H. T.

M. A. TITMARSH.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, April 1846.)

*CARLYLE'S "LIFE OF JOHN STERLING."**

WEAK minds will be sorely distressed by the last production of the redoubtable Thomas. That angry gentleman is more indignant than ever. His wrath has got to its height. There are but two things for it. We must either scramble out of his way as fast as we can, or submit to be belaboured within an inch of our lives. Every page is a knock on the head, or a thrust in the eye. Nobody escapes! Like the congregation to which Mawworm preached his last sermon before retiring from the stage, we are all "going to the devil," and, like Mawworm himself, Mr. Carlyle derives infinite "consolation" from that melancholy and startling fact. Such is the gist of the "Life of Sterling."

We doubt whether the "Life" would have been written at all, but for the matchless opportunity it affords for the pugilistic efforts of the author. Thomas Carlyle, it is true, puts on the gloves with the ostensible and single purpose of covering the fair fame of a friend; but, his foot once in the ring, his arm once fairly raised, and he thinks of nothing but punishing the foe. And what a foe! We may doubt the prudence of the undertaking, but who shall question the valour of the man who, single-handed, undertakes to thrash the whole world?

A memoir of John Sterling has already been written. The reading public, which did not call for that, hardly required another, almost upon its heels. Mr. Carlyle himself feels the force of this remark, for he apologises, at starting, for his apparent intrusion. The author of the first biography, he alleges, being a clergyman, could not allow himself that broad and comprehensive view of his subject

* "The Life of John Sterling." By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman & Hall, 1851.

which it behoved him to take. It was essential for him, above all things, to vindicate the Christian profession, and such first duty was altogether incompatible with that other duty of faithfully delineating the character of Sterling. Thomas Carlyle is vassal to no power but his own liberal and indulgent mind. He is free to speak of his hero as a man, not as of "a pale, sickly shadow in torn surplice, weltering, bewildered, amid heaps of what you call Hebrew old-clothes;" and, in the first page of his book, he announces his laudable intention of proving what his departed friend, John Sterling, was *not*, and of further showing clearly and truly, for our edification and example, for "a true delineation of the smallest man, and his scene of pilgrimage through life is capable of interesting the greatest man,"—all that, in life, he actually was. How far Mr. Carlyle has fulfilled his promise, and satisfied raised expectations, we shall not fail to inform the reader before we close;—for the moment, our business is less with the biography than with the biographer—with him on whose account indeed, a volume will be eagerly read, which, otherwise, could not have attracted a moment's attention.

The great object of the author of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," in this, his last work, seems to be, as far as we can gather it—to prove the utter impossibility of an honest man's making his way in life, and the absolute rottenness of all existing things. The world, according to Mr. Carlyle, has never been so bad as it is. It is "overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before; overloaded, overclouded, to the zenith and the nadir of it, by incredible, uncredited tradition, solemnly sordid hypocrisy, and beggarly deliriums, old and new:" it is "an untrue, unblessed world:" "a world all reeking and plunging, like that old Roman one, when the measure of its iniquities was full:" "as mad a world as you could wish:" "a world of rotten straw, threshed all into powder, filling the Universe, and blotting out the stars and worlds." The professions of the world,—the means by which industrious men get their bread—are just as corrupt. "They are built largely on speciosity instead of performance, so clogged in this bad

epoch, and defaced under such suspicions of fatal imposture, that they are hateful, not loveable to the young radical soul, scornful of gross profit, and intent on ideals and human nobleness." Of the three learned professions, there is not one which does not "require you, at the threshold, to constitute yourself an impostor:" and, of all the professions, that is, by far, the most detestable and hopeless, which finds a temporal home for "those black dragoons, of all varieties and purposes, who patrol, with horse-meat and man's-meat, this afflicted earth, so hugely to the detriment of it." Before we venture to call in question the justice of so sweeping and fearful a condemnation, we may be pardoned for inquiring of this shameless exposé of our undetected wounds and sores, whether he has, himself, any remedy for the recovery of the putrescent body-politic? Mr. Carlyle is not a lunatic. He tells us, loudly and often enough, the world itself is "mad," but he is surely more sane than to make unmeaning grimaces at the contortions of disease, and to gibe at the failings of infirm humanity. The world may be hopelessly gone in wretchedness and vice, the "professions" may be lying impostures, the teachers of religion may be locusts on the land; but, since the world is doing its best, since many professional men flatter themselves with the conviction that they are honestly, creditably, and usefully pursuing their callings, since ministers of every creed do visit the abodes of their fellow-creatures, with the humble hope and desire of not being detrimental to their happiness on earth, it is not enough for Mr. Carlyle—and most assuredly it shall not be allowed him—to stand afar off, mouthing at the workers, from the convenient sanctuary of his well-warmed study, helping no man with his advice, irritating all men by his scoffs, and hindering practical and serviceable labour—as the world goes—by the intrusion of violent and all but unintelligible gibberish.

There is, throughout the book, no cessation of abuse: but we have searched through it in vain, though most carefully and anxiously, for a single line of wholesome counsel. Mr. Carlyle keeps a school, in which scolding goes on from morning till night, but, certainly, no teaching. If his boys move, they are lashed; if they sit still, they are lashed.

They can do nothing right, and, what is more, they shall never have an inkling of what their cruelly-exacting pedagogue thinks right or necessary to be done. To instruct, is no part of his affair; instruction is the gift of Heaven, the rod is the whole and sole duty of the master. At one page—and at one only—we fondly hoped we had escaped from the noise of this indiscriminate flagellation, to receive a crumb or two of comfort in the shape of rational advice, that might put us, at least, on the road to amendment. Vain expectation! Mr. Carlyle can only tell us to do what he himself so ineffectually attempts. If we would reform ourselves, and afterwards, our equally-darkened fellow-creatures, we must, forthwith, enlist into a fighting regiment; or, failing this, undertake “the solitary battle, such as each man for himself can wage, while he has life!” Battle again! Nothing but fighting suits Mr. Carlyle, or is within his scope to recommend. But, if we are to fight, let us, at least, know against whom and what for. This “solitary battle,” Thomas Carlyle is pleased to call “an indubitable and infinitely comfortable act for every man.” So it may be, when every man shall ascertain the name of his adversary, and the spoils that are to be won. But these last “comfortable facts” are jealously and unpardonably withheld. If the pupil fights, he must fight like his master—in the dark and beating the air—or, more terrible than that, fight like the only man in the world for whom Mr. Carlyle’s heart seems to beat in congenial sympathy—like the anarchists of Europe, who destroy everything within their reach, by way of putting everything in order.

But we altogether deny the wild and incoherent, yet very grave accusations which Mr. Carlyle brings against Society—accusations which he finds much easier to make than to justify. The age in which we live is *not* the very worst since the fall of man. Would Mr. Carlyle, who asserts that it is, willingly exchange it for any age that has preceded it? Would he deliberately go back? He has taken great pains to exhibit the rottenness of our present state, but does he believe in his heart that, if he had given himself half the trouble to detect some of its virtues, he would not, in that detection,

have been rewarded for his industry ? In Heaven's name, let us do justice in this serious matter ! It will answer no profitable purpose to stalk into the market-place, and to point the finger at every busy man that passes you, declaring him an impostor, a madman, and a fool. He knows that he is not. He is conscious of good desires, of daily service rendered to man and God, of obligations undertaken, of duties adequately performed. It is true enough that we are stumblers in the world—that we have but dim perceptions of the goal towards which we are journeying,—that the current of our daily thoughts, actions, and impulses is still brackish with the taint of our original decline—that we are in the midst of suffering that has to be alleviated, of neglect that has to be remedied, of sin that has to be purged away. But when has it ever been otherwise ? The worst that can be alleged is that we are answerable for evils for which those who went before us were responsible in a still larger degree. It is not too much to assert that the spirit of humanity was never before so actively engaged in England, or so thoroughly alive to its work. Look around you, Mr. Thomas Carlyle ! Are the highborn as indifferent to the condition of the lowly as they may have been, a hundred years ago ? Is there no movement abroad, indicating a healthy resolution, if with inadequate, or as yet undiscovered means, to improve the physical, moral, social, and spiritual position of all who need amelioration in the land ? Can you tell us of sorrow, anguish, pain, which once detected, is allowed for a single hour to linger unrelieved ? Is charity in all things less abundant than it has been in times towards which your sickly fancy yearns, when men suffered in the body for freedom of thought, and when independence of soul brought with it social degradation ? We are conscious enough of imperfections, but being satisfied also of the existence on every side, of actual good—of the presence of productive activity—of the evidences of marvellous progress—of the increase of genuine good-will—we ask any rational and well-governed mind whether this, of all eras of the world, is the one which an Englishman is called upon to select for his unmitigated condemnation, his wholesale abuse, and his bitterest invective ?

But the "professions," one and all, are "impostures." There is no exception. They all "require you, at the threshold, to constitute yourself impostors," to that extent, indeed, that no honest man can enter them with safety. Is this rhodomontade, or spoken in sober earnest? An impostor is one who cheats by a fictitious character. Do the physicians and surgeons who charitably visit the hospitals of this metropolis, impose in this wise, on the objects of their solicitude and care? When Thomas Carlyle is weary of croaking, he may find it worth his while to ask the question at St. George's for himself. Does the Christian minister, be he of the Church of England, or be he not, take needful food to the cottage hearth, and attend the dying bed of the humblest Christian man, ministering consolation in life's extremest hour, with no object but to cheat? If Mr. Carlyle does not mean what he says, for our instruction, let him, at least, say what he does mean. His views respecting the professions are certainly obscure to himself. In one page, he tells us that this world was no world for John Sterling to be busy in, because its occupations are only adapted to those who "*want to make sudden fortunes*," and achieve the temporary hallelujah of flunkys," yet, in the very next breath, he adds that the "desultory ways" of the youth utterly unfitted him for the ordinary callings of life, which "require steady, slow-pulling diligence, indispensable in all important pursuits and strenuous human competitions whatsoever." We need not dwell upon these contradictions, or stay to prove that a profession, be it what it may, which demands at the outset, "slow, steady-pulling diligence," in order to achieve success,—that is to say, some self-denial, patience, and virtuous doing on the part of the professor, can hardly be the flagrant imposition which Mr. Carlyle so energetically tries to prove it.

But, of all professions, that of a minister of Christianity is by far the most barefacedly-hypocritical and degraded. Mr. Carlyle makes no exception. He affects Dissenters no better than Churchmen. They are swindlers in gangs. In the aggregate, they constitute an "army of black dragoons, of all varieties and purposes, patrolling, with horse-meat and man's meat, this afflicted earth, so hugely to the detriment of

it." It is not always easy, as our readers may have discovered, to have the full benefit of Mr. Carlyle's thoughts, so strangely are they garbed in that gentleman's most peculiar diction, but his great ground for complaint, here indicated, against the "black dragoons" would seem to be that they receive "man's meat," or a solid return for their labours. Ministers do their work, and are paid for it. There is no denying the position. Most inadequately are some remunerated, for work as hard as breaking stones, and most extravagantly are others rewarded for doing nothing at all. The anomaly is a scandal, and redistribution of pious funds is loudly called for. The world, bad as it is, will be grateful to Mr. Carlyle if he will put his shoulder to the wheel, and help it to repair a crying evil. But, putting a shoulder, or even a finger to the wheel is just what this writer will not do. It suits him better to make mouths at a machine temporarily imbedded in the mud, and to swear that it is dropping to pieces, every time it bravely struggles to get out of the rut. Is it, after all, so disgraceful a matter to swallow "men's meat," with a heavy day's work done, though it be merely the work of carrying consolation to an afflicted soul? Does Mr. Carlyle himself refuse such meat? Railing against everybody and everything may possibly represent a deeper sense of true religion than weekly prayers, or daily parish ministrations, but the railer, at all events, looks as sharply as any for a substantial return for his disagreeable services. As far as we can learn, infidels do not part with their wares for nothing, any more than true believers. Till they do, let Mr. Carlyle get as much of "man's meat" as a judicious public will afford him, and not grumble that other men have stomachs and appetites to attend to as well as himself.

We must further protest against the unseemly assaults which Mr. Carlyle makes, not upon professors of religion, but upon religion itself. It is competent to this gentleman to prove Christianity the most palpable "sham" and "cobweb" that ever superstition and hypocrisy invented, but it is most unbecoming in any man to assert and reiterate so terrible a fact without attempting any proof. "What the light of your mind," he tells us in one page, "which is the direct in-

spiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible, that, in God's Name, leave uncredited : at your peril, do not try believing that." And, lest the light of our own minds should fail of sufficient illumination, he, further on, informs us that "the old spiritual highways and recognised paths to the Eternal are now all torn up and flung to the winds in heaps, *submerged in unutterable boiling mud-oceans of Hypocrisy and Unbelievability, of brutal living Atheism and damnably putrescent Cant* ; darkness and the mere shadow of death enveloping all things from pole to pole ; and, in the raging gulf-current, offering us will-o'-the-wisps for lodestars—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, except certain old-Jew ones which have gone out." More to the same effect is scattered throughout the volume. There is nothing veracious that remains of religion, according to this denouncing apostle ; but in what manner existing Churches are "weltering" in falsehood, Thomas Carlyle has no mission to say. The fact is there, to be made the best of by the weak, the timid, the unreflecting, the sceptical, and the vicious. It is enough for this man to pull down. Let others, if they will, build up. "There is no fixed highway more," he tauntingly exclaims in one place, rejoicing that it is not for him to say in what direction to seek it. "Religion," he broadly avers in another, "is not a doubt," though his one unvarying object is to make it nothing but doubt—the most dismal, distressing, and hopelessly perplexing.

One human model is, for an instant, set up for our veneration and regard. Coleridge is presented to us in glowing colours, sitting "on the brow of Highgate Hill, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle." This is a "good" man, the only "good" man of whom especial mention is made in the volume ; a pattern man, offered us in the midst of "cobwebs and worn-out symbolisms," by Thomas Carlyle. Now mark ! we are all going wrong, and, though doing our best in the state of life to which it has pleased God to call us, struggling for ourselves, helping and encouraging one another, yet "weltering in beggarly deliriums" ; but Coleridge, coolly leaving Robert Southey to take care of his children, retired to

a snug retreat opened for him by his friends at Highgate—a refuge which he had not the chivalry and manly courage to decline; and he, in that very epoch of his life, assumes in Carlyle's eye, the form of perfect human grandeur. Shall we follow Coleridge's ignoble example, then? Is this the solution of the whole question? We must discuss the point as men, and not as children or dreamers. If we imitate this model man, shall we then, we ask, be upon the right tack? and out of the "cobwebs," and restored from our "deliriums"? We must needs answer in the affirmative, for of no other personage do we get an inkling, who, according to Thomas Carlyle, fairly encountered and overcame "the idols and popular dignitaries"—whatever they may have been—of his day.

But it is only when Coleridge is sitting on Highgate Hill, as a "sage," that his patron will smile even on *him*. The moment the philosopher creeps to his chamber, and there humbly falls on his knees as a Christian, he is scornfully left to his own devices. The fact is most instructive. It is sufficient to confess dependence upon Almighty God according to any established and recognised formula, to be immediately pitied, sneered at, and rudely attacked by Mr. Carlyle. Poor Coleridge, in spite of all his metaphysical entanglements, took shelter, in his latter days, from his many bodily and mental troubles, under cover of those simple truths which give peace to the tempest-tossed, hope to the despairing, resignation to the sorely-afflicted; and for this obvious outrage to philosophy, Carlyle deserts him. He would have had Coleridge daring to infidelity, and because the sage stopped short of this violence, he brands him as a coward. This is the very worst feature of the whole book. Even Sterling, held up as he is as the fairest specimen of ingenuous man, with which it was the biographer's good fortune ever to come in contact, finds nothing but pity from that biographer, as often as he dares to look for support and mercy from his Maker. Men, in the midst of sorrow, misfortune, and ill-health, the young man, in stark helplessness, appeals to Heaven for aid that no man gives himself—for light which no human soul has ever kindled for itself—then is he, at once, seeking "bottled moonshine": following "illusions till they burst," and inquiring of fate

“without lamp or authentic finger-post.” We doubt not the cleverness of Mr. Carlyle, we admit his acuteness; but men clever, acute, and great, have lived before Carlyle, and to them the Christian religion has been no “sham,” for they had no occasion for “shams”—to them, benevolence based on piety has been no “cobweb,” to them duty to one’s neighbour, flowing from recognised duty to God, has been no “moon-shine,” and that which the illustrious of every age have been content to accept in meekness of soul as truth from the skies, cannot be flung away in a moment, as lies from the depths, because it suits the humour of Mr. Carlyle to mock every faith but his own, and to render his own wholly unintelligible even to his disciples.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon more than the main features of the life of Sterling. Neither the career of that amiable man, nor his productions, present matter of public interest, in justifying the importance which two memoirs have given to his name. Archdeacon Hare fulfilled the duty of a friend in collecting Sterling’s scattered literary papers after his decease, and laboured to show that, although at one period of his life, John Sterling had been vexed with religious doubts, he died a Christian believer, and a member of the Church. Mr. Carlyle, who cannot allow that Sterling did anything so foolish, writes a volume to prove that the conclusions of the Archdeacon are unsound and false. Whatever the true state of the case may be, we are bound to say that Carlyle’s evidence is wholly against his assertion. He may have kept back documents sufficient to establish his theory, but those he has produced are triumphantly in favour of the Archdeacon.

John Sterling must have been a man of genius, as he certainly was of the greatest promise. His friends remember him as a marvellous talker, and his gentle disposition endeared him to all who knew him. The writings which he published in his lifetime, and those which have been given to the world since, indicate rather what the author might have done with good health and a settled purpose, than the finished compositions of a writer in full vigour of understanding, enjoying tranquillity of mind and body.

Sterling possessed neither. He was delicate from his boyhood, and for many years of his life, as Mr. Carlyle beautifully describes it—for nothing, we are bound to say, can surpass the exquisite manner of the narrative portion of the book—wholly occupied in eluding the resolute pursuit of disease and death. Repose of spirit was unknown to the man, whose "continual fault," according to his indulgent biographer, was "overhaste and want of due strength." The short career of Sterling is in perfect accordance with his physical and intellectual constitution. He is never at rest, he is always seeking a haven on earth for body and soul, but never finds it. No soil or climate saves him from the grip of his deadly pursuer: no occupation in which his fellow-men find their reward can, for any reasonable time, secure his steady and loyal devotion. His intellect is very clear, but he discerns nothing fixedly or usefully; his purpose, at all times, is of the noblest and purest, his accomplishment, at no time, satisfactory.

Thomas Carlyle's theory, built upon his observation of his friend's life, is very characteristic. At an early period, Sterling was a thorough Radical, and took active part with the Spanish Revolutionists. The chief of these Revolutionists, a dear and personal friend of Sterling's, was taken in arms and shot, and the instant effect of this catastrophe, according to Carlyle, was to burn up Radicalism in Sterling's bosom, and to compel him to look elsewhere for his vocation. "Old Radicalism, and mutinous, audacious ethnicism having fallen to wreck, and a mere black world of misery and remorse now disclosing itself, whatsoever of natural piety to God or man, whatsoever of pity and reverence, of awe and devout hope, was in Sterling's heart, now awoke into new activity." The effect of the awakening was to send Sterling into the Church. He took orders, became Curate of Hurstmonceux, in Sussex, and, at the end of eight months—much to Mr. Carlyle's satisfaction—threw up that duty. "Concerning this attempt of Sterling," writes the biographer, "to find sanctuary in the old Church, and desperately grasp the hem of her garment in such a manner, there will, at present, be many opinions; and mine must be recorded here, in flat *reproval* of it, as a rash,

false, unwise, and unpermitted step." Sterling resigned the curacy on the score of ill-health : but Mr. Carlyle hints, not very darkly, at more potent reasons for defection. We have already stated that Mr. Carlyle fails to give us any valid reasons for trusting to his innuendoes. In 1834, Sterling quitted Hurstmonceux. In 1839, writing to his son, he tells him that, if he tries to be better for all he reads, as well as wiser, " he will find books a great help towards goodness as well as knowledge ; and, above all other books, the Bible, which tells us of the will of God, and the love of Jesus Christ towards God and man." In 1843, addressing his mother, then on her death-bed, Sterling reminds her that it was from her he first learnt " to believe," and affectionately suggests the sources of consolation to which, when he was a child, she piously bid him look. " If I am taken from you," he said to his six children, that very same year, upon the sad night of his wife's funeral, and when he himself was tottering at the grave's brink, " God will take care of you." Later still, in 1844, three months before his death, " he read a good deal—earnest books ; the Bible, most earnest of books, his chief favourite." Infidelity may have been here, but we cannot detect it. Having sounded Radicalism, and found it hollow—having taken counsel of the Church, and received stones for bread—Sterling finally discovered a resting-place for his feet, but, unhappily, when it was too late. His mission blazed before him—the true end and aim of life—the great secret hidden from his fellows—were all revealed to him when he could but dimly gaze upon the revelation, sigh, and depart. So saith Thomas Carlyle. " Not till after trying all manner of sublimely illumined places, and finding that the basis of them was putridity, artificial gas, and quaking bog, did he, when his strength was all done, discover his true sacred hill, and passionately climb thither, while life was fast ebbing ! " Reader, we see you straining your neck to get sight of this hill, and we hear your heart beating with joy at the thoughts of deliverance. Stay your eagerness, and waste not these pulsations. Thomas Carlyle shows you no hill. He promised you, indeed, much instruction, but he leaves you with none. Whatever, wherever that hill may be, between you and it,

all is darkness. You must jog on in the plains as before, for any aid this book will afford you. But take courage, nevertheless! Heaven and good fortune have never deserted the workers yet!

Having said so much of Mr. Carlyle, we may, perhaps, be permitted to make some remarks on the publication of the following remarkable correspondence, which was found amongst Mr. Edward Sterling's papers, at his decease, and which Mr. Carlyle has inserted in the "Life of John Sterling," the son

(PRIVATE.)

"To the Editor of the 'Times.'

"Whitehall, April 18, 1835.

"Sir,—Having this day delivered into the hands of the King the seals of office, I can, without any imputation of an interested motive, or any impediment from scrupulous feeling of delicacy, express my deep sense of the powerful support which the Government over which I had the honour to preside, received from the 'Times' newspaper.

"If I do not offer the expression of personal gratitude, it is because I feel that such expressions would do injustice to the character of the support which was given exclusively on the highest and most independent grounds of public principle. I can say this with perfect truth, as I am addressing one whose person even is unknown to me, and who, during my tenure of power, studiously avoided any species of intercourse which could throw suspicion upon the motives by which he was actuated. I should, however, be doing injustice to my own feelings, if I have to retire from office without a word of acknowledgment—without, at least, assuring you of the admiration with which I witnessed, during the arduous contest in which I was engaged, the daily exhibition of that extraordinary ability to which I was indebted for a support, the more valuable because it was an impartial and discerning support.

"I have the honour to be Sir,

"Ever your most obedient and faithful Servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"To the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart, &c.

"Sir,—It gives me sincere satisfaction to learn, from the letter with which you have honoured me, bearing yesterday's date, that you estimate so highly the efforts which have been made, during the

last five months, by the 'Times' newspaper, to support the cause of wholesome and rational government, which His Majesty had entrusted to your guidance: and that you appreciate fairly the disinterested motives, of regard to the public welfare, and to that alone, through which this Journal has been prompted to pursue a policy in accordance with that of your Administration. It is, permit me to say, to such motives only, that the 'Times,' ever since I have known it, has been influenced, whether in defence of the Government of the day, or in constitutional resistance to it; and, indeed, there exist no other motives of action for a journalist, compatible either with the safety of the Press, or with the political morality of the great bulk of its readers.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.,

"THE EDITOR OF THE 'TIMES.'"

"Of this note" says Mr. Carlyle, referring to the letter of the late Sir Robert Peel, "I do not think there was the least whisper during Edward Sterling's lifetime." * How should there have been? for though the document is one which is alike honourable to the great Statesman who penned it, and to ourselves, we cannot regard its publication, even at the present time, in any other light than that of a breach of confidence.

The silence observed with respect to it by the estimable man to whose honourable keeping it was confided by the Editor of the "Times," might have warned Mr. Carlyle to respect it as the private property of this Journal; and, from the reckless way in which he has made use of this private communication, we cannot refrain from expressing a hope that Mr. Carlyle himself may never be placed in the same position with regard to any public journal, as that so ably filled by Edward Sterling with regard to the "Times." Should he be so situated, we cannot undertake to say how soon such private communications as that to which we have called attention, would become common property.

* [Edward Sterling was the editor who kept the confidence of Sir R. Peel.]

VARIOUS ESSAYS, LETTERS,
SKETCHES, ETC.

VARIOUS ESSAYS, LETTERS SKETCHES, ETC.

TIMBUCTOO.

To the Editor of "The Snob."

SIR,—Though your name be "Snob," I trust you will not refuse this tiny "Poem of a Gownsmen," which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought, Sir, it would be a pity that such a poem should be lost to the world; and conceiving "The Snob" to be the most widely circulated periodical in Europe, I have taken the liberty of submitting it for insertion or approbation.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c., &c. T.

TIMBUCTOO.*

The situation. In Africa (a quarter of the world)
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curl'd;
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

Line 1 and 2. See Guthrie's Geography.

The site of Timbuctoo is doubtful; the Author has neatly expressed this in the Poem, at the same time giving us some slight hints relative to its situation.

* This parody probably represents Mr. Thackeray's first appearance in print. In the year 1829, when only eighteen years of age, he was chiefly concerned in starting a short-lived Cambridge undergraduate magazine entitled *The Snob*. He is believed to have been responsible for a considerable proportion of the contents, which are not of any particular merit, but with the exception of this parody of a Cambridge Prize Poem (on the subject, as will be remembered, for which Tennyson gained the Chancellor's Medal), it is not possible to be certain which contributions were from his pen, though there are several epigrammatic verses and some letters full of misspelling and Malapropisms from Dorothea Julia Ramsbottom which are almost unmistakably his.

The natural history.	There stalks the tiger,—there the lion roars Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors; All that he leaves of them the monster throws To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows. His hunger thus the forest monarch gluts, And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa nuts.	5 10
The lion hunt.	Quick issue out, with musket, torch, and brand, The sturdy blackamoors, a dusky band! The beast is found,—pop goes the musketoons,— The lion falls, covered with horrid wounds.	15
Their lives at home.	At home their lives in pleasure always flow, But many have a different lot to know!	20
Abroad.	They're often caught, and sold as slaves, alas!	
Reflections on the foregoing.	Thus men from highest joy to sorrow pass. Yet though thy monarchs and thy nobles boil Rack and molasses in Jamaica's isle!	

Line 5. So Horace—'leonum arida nutrix.'

Line 8. Thus Apollo ἐλῶρια τεύχε κύνεσσιν
Οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι.

Line 5–10. How skilfully introduced are the animal and vegetable productions of Africa! It is worthy to remark the various garments in which the Poet hath clothed the Lion. He is called 1st, the Lion; 2nd, the Monster (for he is very large); and 3rd, the Forest Monarch, which he undoubtedly is.

Line 11–14. The Author confesses himself under peculiar obligations to Denham's and Clapperton's Travels, as they suggested to him the spirited description contained in these lines.

Line 13. "Pop goes the musketoons." A learned friend suggested "Bang," as a stronger expression, but as African gunpowder is notoriously bad, the Author thought "Pop" the better word.

Line 15–18. A concise but affecting description is here given of the domestic habits of the people,—the infamous manner in which they are entrapped and sold as slaves is described,—and the whole ends with an appropriate moral sentiment. The Poem might here finish, but the spirit of the bard penetrates the veil of futurity, and from it cuts off a bright piece for the hitherto unfortunate Africans, as the following beautiful lines amply exemplify.

It may perhaps be remarked that the Author has here "changed his hand;" he answers that it was his intention so to do. Before it was his endeavour to be elegant and concise, it is now his wish to be enthusiastic and magnificent. He trusts the Reader will perceive the aptness with which he hath changed his style; when he narrated facts he was calm, when he enters on prophecy he is fervid.

The enthusiasm which he feels is beautifully expressed in lines 25, 26. He thinks he has very successfully imitated in the last six lines the best

Desolate Afric ! thou art lovely yet ! !
 One heart yet beats which ne'er shall thee forget.
 What though thy maidens are a blackish brown,
 Does virtue dwell in whiter breasts alone ?
 Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no ! 25
 It shall not, must not, cannot, e'er be so.
 The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel
 Stern Afric's wrath, and writhe 'neath Afric's steel.
 I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
 And sell their sugars on their own account ; 30
 While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
 Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum. 32

manner of Mr. Pope, and in lines 19-26 the pathetic elegance of the Author of Australasia and Athens.

The Author cannot conclude without declaring that his aim in writing this Poem will be fully accomplished, if he can infuse in the breasts of Englishmen a sense of the danger in which they lie. Yes—Africa ! If he can awaken one particle of sympathy for thy sorrows, of love for thy land, of admiration for thy virtue, he shall sink into the grave with the proud consciousness that he has raised esteem where before there was contempt, and has kindled the flame of hope on the smouldering ashes of Despair !



MEMORIALS OF GORMANDISING.

IN A LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQUIRE, BY M. A. TITMARSH.

PARIS: *May* 1841.

SIR,—The man who makes the best salads in London, and whom, therefore, we have facetiously called Sultan Saladin, —a man who is conspicuous for his love and practice of all the polite arts—music, to wit, architecture, painting, and cookery—once took the humble personage who writes this into his library, and laid before me two or three volumes of manuscript year-books, such as, since he began to travel and to observe, he has been in the habit of keeping.

Every night, in the course of his rambles, his highness the sultan (indeed, his port is sublime, as, for the matter of that, are all the wines in his cellar) sets down with an iron pen, and in the neatest handwriting in the world, the events and observations of the day; with the same iron pen he illuminates the leaf of his journal by the most faithful and delightful sketches of the scenery which he has witnessed in the course of the four-and-twenty hours; and if he has dined at an inn or restaurant, gasthaus, posada, albergo, or what not, invariably inserts into his log-book the bill of fare. The sultan leads a jolly life—a tall stalwart man, who every day about six o'clock in London and Paris, at two in Italy, in Germany and Belgium at an hour after noon, feels the noble

calls of hunger agitating his lordly bosom (or its neighbourhood, that is), and replies to the call by a good dinner. Ah ! it is wonderful to think how the healthy and philosophic mind can accommodate itself in all cases to the varying circumstances of the time—how, in its travels through the world, the liberal and cosmopolite stomach recognises the national dinner-hour ! Depend upon it that, in all countries, nature has wisely ordained and suited to their exigencies THE DISHES OF A PEOPLE. I mean to say that olla podrida is good in Spain (though a plateful of it, eaten in Paris, once made me so dreadfully ill that it is a mercy I was spared ever to eat another dinner) ; I mean to say, and have proved it, that sauerkraut is good in Germany ; and I make no doubt that whale's blubber is a very tolerable dish in Kamtschatka, though I have never visited the country. Cannibalism in the South Seas, and sheepsheadism in Scotland, are the only practices that one cannot, perhaps, reconcile with this rule—at least, whatever a man's private opinions may be, the decencies of society oblige him to eschew the expression of them upon subjects which the national prejudice has precluded from free discussion.

Well, after looking through three or four of Saladin's volumes, I grew so charmed with them, that I used to come back every day and study them. I declare there are bills of fare in those books over which I have cried ; and the reading of them, especially about an hour before dinner, has made me so ferociously hungry, that, in the first place, the sultan (a kind-hearted generous man, as every man is who loves his meals) could not help inviting me to take potluck with him ; and, secondly, I could eat twice as much as upon common occasions, though my appetite is always good.

Lying awake, then, of nights, or wandering solitary abroad on wide commons, or by the side of silent rivers, or at church when Doctor Snufflem was preaching his favourite sermon, or stretched on the flat of my back smoking a cigar at the club when X was talking of the corn-laws, or Y was describing that famous run they had with the Z hounds—at all periods, I say, favourable to self-examination, those bills of fare have come into my mind, and often and often I have thought them

over. "Titmarsh," I have said to myself, "if ever you travel again, do as the sultan has done, and *keep your dinner-bills*. They are always pleasant to look over; they always will recall happy hours and actions, be you ever so hard pushed for a dinner, and fain to put up with an onion and a crust: of the past fate cannot deprive you. Yesterday is the philosopher's property; and by thinking of it, and using it to advantage, he may gaily go through to-morrow, doubtful and dismal though it be. Try this lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts; another handful of this pillau. Ho, you rascals! bring round the sherbet there, and never spare the jars of wine—'tis true Persian, on the honour of a Barmecide!" Is not that dinner in the "Arabian Nights" a right good dinner? Would you have had Bedreddin to refuse and turn sulky at the windy repast, or to sit down grinning in the face of his grave entertainer, and gaily take what came? Remember what came of the honest fellow's philosophy. He slapped the grim old prince in the face; and the grim old prince, who had invited him but to laugh at him, did presently order a real and substantial repast to be set before him—great pyramids of smoking rice and pillau (a good pillau is one of the best dishes in the world), savoury kids, snow-cooled sherbets, luscious wine of Schiraz; with an accompaniment of moon-faced beauties from the harem, no doubt, dancing, singing, and smiling in the most ravishing manner. Thus should we, my dear friends, laugh at Fate's beard, as we confront him—thus should we, if the old monster be insolent, fall to and box his ears. He has a spice of humour in his composition; and be sure he will be tickled by such conduct.

Some months ago, when the expectation of war between England and France grew to be so strong, and there was such a talk of mobilising national guards, and arming three or four hundred thousand more French soldiers—when such ferocious yells of hatred against perfidious Albion were uttered by the liberal French press, that I did really believe the rupture between the two countries was about immediately to take place; being seriously alarmed, I set off for Paris at once. My good sir, what could we do without our Paris? I came here first in 1815 (when the Duke and I were a good

deal remarked by the inhabitants); I proposed but to stay a week; stopped three months, and have returned every year since. There is something fatal in the place—a charm about it—a wicked one very likely—but it acts on us all; and perpetually the old Paris man comes hieing back to his quarters again, and is to be found, as usual, sunning himself in the Rue de la Paix. Painters, princes, gourmands, officers on half-pay—serious old ladies even acknowledge the attraction of the place—are more at ease here than in any other place in Europe; and back they come, and are to be found sooner or later occupying their old haunts.

My darling city improves, too, with each visit, and has some new palace, or church, or statue, or other gimcrack, to greet your eyes withal. A few years since, and lo! on the column of the Place Vendôme, instead of the shabby tri-coloured rag, shone the bronze statue of Napoleon. Then came the famous triumphal arch; a noble building indeed!—how stately and white, and beautiful and strong, it seems to dominate over the whole city! Next was the obelisk; a huge bustle and festival being made to welcome it to the city. Then came the fair asphaltum terraces round about the obelisk; then the fountains to decorate the terraces. I have scarcely been twelve months absent, and behold they have gilded all the Naiads and Tritons; they have clapped a huge fountain in the very midst of the Champs Elysées—a great, glittering, frothing fountain, that to the poetic eye looks like an enormous shaving-brush; and all down the avenue they have placed hundreds of gilded flaring gas-lamps, that make this gayest walk in the world look gayer still than ever. But a truce to such descriptions, which might carry one far, very far, from the object proposed in this paper.

I simply wish to introduce to public notice a brief dinner-journal. It has been written with the utmost honesty and simplicity of purpose; and exhibits a picture or table of the development of the human mind under a series of gastronomic experiments, diversified in their nature, and diversified, consequently, in their effects. A man in London has not, for the most part, the opportunity to make these experiments. You are a family man, let us presume, and you live in that

metropolis for half a century. You have on Sunday, say, a leg of mutton and potatoes for dinner. On Monday you have cold mutton and potatoes. On Tuesday, hashed mutton and potatoes; the hashed mutton being flavoured with little damp triangular pieces of toast, which always surround that charming dish. Well, on Wednesday, the mutton ended, you have beef: the beef undergoes the same alternations of cookery, and disappears. Your life presents a succession of joints, varied every now and then by a bit of fish and some poultry. You drink three glasses of a brandyified liquor called sherry at dinner; your excellent lady imbibes one. When she has had her glass of port after dinner, she goes upstairs with the children, and you fall asleep in your arm-chair. Some of the most pure and precious enjoyments of life are unknown to you. You eat and drink, but you do not know the *art* of eating and drinking; nay, most probably you despise those who do. "Give me a slice of meat," say you, very likely, "and a fig for your gourmands." You fancy it is very virtuous and manly all this. Nonsense, my good sir; you are indifferent because you are ignorant, because your life is passed in a narrow circle of ideas, and because you are bigotedly blind and pompously callous to the beauties and excellences beyond you.

Sir, RESPECT YOUR DINNER; idolise it, enjoy it properly. You will be by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life the happier if you do.

Don't tell us that it is not worthy of a man. All a man's senses are worthy of employment, and should be cultivated as a duty. The senses are the arts. What glorious feasts does Nature prepare for your eye in animal form, in landscape, and painting! Are you to put out your eyes and not see? What royal dishes of melody does her bounty provide for you in the shape of poetry, music, whether windy or wiry, notes of the human voice, or ravishing song of birds! Are you to stuff your ears with cotton, and vow that the sense of hearing is unmanly?—you obstinate dolt you! No, surely; nor must you be so absurd as to fancy that the art of eating is in any way less worthy than the other two. You like your dinner, man: never be ashamed to say so. If you don't like your

victuals, pass on to the next article ; but remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world, as poet, painter, or musician, has had a good appetite and a good taste. Ah, what a poet Byron would have been had he taken his meals properly, and allowed himself to grow fat—if nature intended him to grow fat—and not have physicked his intellect with wretched opium pills and acrid vinegar, that sent his principles to sleep, and turned his feelings sour ! If that man had respected his dinner, he never would have written “ Don Juan.”

Allons donc ! enough sermonising ; let us sit down and fall to at once.

I dined soon after my arrival at a very pleasant Paris club, where daily is provided a dinner for ten persons, that is universally reported to be excellent. Five men in England would have consumed the same amount of victuals, as you will see by the bill of fare :—

A beef, with carrots and vegetables, very good ;	Soupe, purée aux croûtons.	Poulets à la Marengo ;
A brace of roast pheasants		Cardons à la moelle.

removed by

removed by

Dessert of cheese, pears, and Fontainebleau grapes.
Bordeaux (red) and excellent Chablis at discretion.

This dinner was very nicely served. A venerable *maître d'hôtel* in black cutting up neatly the dishes on a trencher at the side-table, and several waiters attending in green coats, red plush tights, and their hair curled. There was a great quantity of light in the room ; some handsome pieces of plated ware ; the pheasants came in with their tails to their backs ; and the smart waiters, with their hair dressed and parted down the middle, gave a pleasant, lively, stylish appearance to the whole affair.

Now, I certainly dined (by the way, I must not forget to mention that we had with the beef some boiled kidney potatoes, very neatly dished up in a napkin)—I certainly dined, I say; and half-an-hour afterwards felt, perhaps, more at my ease than I should have done had I consulted my own inclinations, and devoured twice the quantity that on this occasion came to my share. But I would rather, as a man not caring for appearances, dine, as a general rule, off a beef-steak for two at the Café Foy, than sit down to take a tenth part of such a meal every day. There was only one man at the table besides your humble servant who did not put water into his wine; and he—I mean the other—was observed by his friends, who exclaimed, “*Comment! vous buvez sec,*” as if to do so was a wonder. The consequence was, that half-a-dozen bottles of wine served for the whole ten of us; and the guests, having despatched their dinner in an hour, skipped lightly away from it, did not stay to ruminate, and to feel uneasy, and to fiddle about the last and penultimate waistcoat button, as we do after a house-dinner at an English club. What was it that made the charm of this dinner?—for pleasant it was. It was the neat and comfortable manner in which it was served; the pheasant-tails had a considerable effect; that snowy napkin coquettishly arranged round the kidneys gave them a *distingué* air; the light and glittering service gave an appearance of plenty and hospitality that sent everybody away contented.

I put down this dinner just to show English and Scotch housekeepers what may be done, and for what price. Say,

			s.	d.
Soup and fresh bread,	} prime cost			
Beef and carrots		.	2	6
Fowls and sauce		.	3	6
Pheasants (hens)		.	5	0
Grapes, pears, cheese, vegetables		.	3	0
			14	0

For fifteenpence *par tête* a company of ten persons may have a dinner set before them,—nay, and be made to fancy that they dine well, provided the service is handsomely arranged,

that you have a good stock of side-dishes, &c., in your plate-chest, and don't spare the spermaceti.

As for the wine, that depends on yourself. Always be crying out to your friends, "Mr. So-and-so, I don't drink myself, but pray pass the bottle. Tomkins, my boy, help your neighbour, and never mind me. What! Hopkins, are there two of us on the doctor's list? Pass the wine; *Smith* I'm sure won't refuse it;" and so on. A very good plan is to have the butler (or the fellow in the white waistcoat who "behaves as sich") pour out the wine when wanted (in half-glasses, of course), and to make a deuced great noise and shouting, "John, John, why the devil, sir, don't you help Mr. Simkins to another glass of wine?" If you point out Simkins once or twice in this way, depend upon it, *he* won't drink a great quantity of your liquor. You may thus keep your friends from being dangerous, by a thousand innocent man-œuvres; and, as I have said before, you may very probably make them believe that they have had a famous dinner. There was only one man in our company of ten the other day who ever thought he had not dined; and what was he? a foreigner,—a man of a discontented inquiring spirit, always carping at things, and never satisfied.

Well, next day I dined *au cinquième* with a family (of Irish extraction, by the way), and what do you think was our dinner for six persons? Why, simply,

Nine dozen Ostend oysters;
 Soup à la mulligatawny;
 Boiled turkey, with celery sauce;
 Saddle of mutton rôti.
 Removes: Plompouding; croûte de macaroni.
 Vin: Beaune ordinaire, volnay, bordeaux, champagne, eau chaude, cognac.

I forget the dessert. Alas! in moments of prosperity and plenty, one is often forgetful: I remember the dessert at the Cercle well enough.

A person whom they call in this country an *illustration littéraire*—the editor of a newspaper, in fact—with a very pretty wife, were of the party, and looked at the dinner with

a great deal of good-humoured superiority. I declare, upon my honour, that I helped both the illustration and his lady twice to saddle of mutton; and as for the turkey and celery sauce, you should have seen how our host dispensed it to them! They ate the oysters, they ate the soup (“Diable! mais il est poivré!” said the illustration, with tears in his eyes), they ate the turkey, they ate the mutton, they ate the pudding; and what did our hostess say? Why, casting down her eyes gently, and with the modestest air in the world, she said,—“There is such a beautiful piece of cold beef in the larder; do somebody ask for a little slice of it.”

Heaven bless her for that speech! I loved and respected her for it; it brought the tears to my eyes. A man who could sneer at such a sentiment could have neither heart nor good breeding. Don’t you see that it shows

Simplicity,
Modesty,
Hospitality?

Put these against

Waiters with their hair curled,
Pheasants roasted with their tails on,
A dozen spermaceti candles.

Add them up, I say, oh candid reader, and answer in the sum of human happiness, which of the two accounts makes the better figure?

I declare, I know few things more affecting than that little question about the cold beef; and considering calmly our national characteristics, balancing in the scale of quiet thought our defects and our merits, am daily more inclined to believe that there is something in the race of Britons which renders them usually superior to the French family. This is but one of the traits of English character that has been occasioned by the use of roast beef.

It is an immense question, that of diet. Look at the two bills of fare just set down; the relative consumption of ten animals and six. What a profound physical and moral difference may we trace here! How distinct, from the cradle upwards, must have been the thoughts, feelings, education

of the parties who ordered those two dinners! It is a fact which does not admit of a question, that the French are beginning, since so many English have come among them, to use beef much more profusely. Everybody at the restaurateur's orders beefsteak and pommes. Will the national character slowly undergo a change under the influence of this dish? Will the French be more simple? broader in the shoulders? less inclined to brag about military glory and such humbug? All this in the dark vista of futurity the spectator may fancy is visible to him, and the philanthropist cannot but applaud the change. This brings me naturally to the consideration of the manner of dressing beefsteaks in this country, and of the merit of that manner.

I dined on a Saturday at the Café Foy, on the Boulevard, in a private room, with a friend. We had

Potage julienne, with a little purée in it;
 Two entrecôtes aux épinards;
 One perdreau truffé;
 One fromage roquefort;
 A bottle of nuits with the beef;
 A bottle of sauterne with the partridge.

And perhaps a glass of punch, with a cigar, afterwards: but that is neither here nor there. The insertion of the purée into the julienne was not of my recommending; and if this junction is effected at all, the operation should be performed with the greatest care. If you put too much purée, both soups are infallibly spoiled. A much better plan it is to have your julienne by itself, though I will not enlarge on this point, as the excellent friend with whom I dined may chance to see this notice, and may be hurt at the renewal in print of a dispute which caused a good deal of pain to both of us. By the way, we had half-a-dozen sardines while the dinner was getting ready, eating them with delicious bread and butter, for which this place is famous. Then followed the soup. Why the deuce *would* he have the pu—but never mind. After the soup, we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beefsteak I ever ate in my life. By the shade of Heliogabalus! as I write about it now, a week after I

have eaten it, the old, rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again; and I feel something of that exquisite sensation I then had. I am ashamed of the delight which the eating of that piece of meat caused me. G—— and I had quarrelled about the soup (I said so, and don't wish to return to the subject); but when we began on the steak, we looked at each other, and loved each other. We did not speak,—our hearts were too full for that; but we took a bit, and laid down our forks, and looked at one another, and understood each other. There were no two individuals on this wide earth,—no two lovers billing in the shade,—no mother clasping baby to her heart, more supremely happy than we. Every now and then we had a glass of honest, firm, generous Burgundy, that nobly supported the meat. As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but when it was done, we put bits of bread into the silver dish, and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste anything so good again. But what then? What if I *did* like it excessively? Was my liking unjust or unmanly? Is my regret now puling or unworthy? No. “*Laudo manentem!*” as Titmouse says. When it is eaten, I resign myself, and can eat a two-franc dinner at Richard's without ill-humour and without a pang.

Any dispute about the relative excellence of the beefsteak cut from the filet, as is usual in France, and of the *entrecôte*, must henceforth be idle and absurd. Whenever, my dear young friend, you go to Paris, call at once for the *entrecôte*; the filet in comparison to it is a poor *fade* lady's meat. What folly, by the way, is that in England which induces us to attach an estimation to the part of the sirloin that is called the Sunday side,—poor, tender, stringy stuff, not comparable to the manly meat on the other side, handsomely garnished with crisp fat, and with a layer of horn! Give the Sunday side to misses and ladies'-maids, for men be the Monday's side, or, better still, a thousand times more succulent and full of flavour—the *ribs of beef*. This is the meat I would eat were I going to do battle with any mortal foe. Fancy a hundred thousand Englishmen, after a meal of stalwart beef ribs, encountering a hundred thousand Frenchmen

who had partaken of a trifling collation of soup, turnips, carrots, onions, and Gruyère cheese. Would it be manly to engage at such odds? I say, no.

Passing by Véry's one day, I saw a cadaverous cook with a spatula, thumping a poor beefsteak with all his might. This is not only a horrible cruelty, but an error. They not only beat the beef, moreover, but they soak it in oil. Absurd, disgusting barbarity! Beef so beaten loses its natural spirit; it is too noble for corporal punishment. You may by these tortures and artifices make it soft and greasy, but tender and juicy never.

The landlord of the Café Foy (I have received no sort of consideration from him) knows this truth full well, and follows the simple honest plan; first, to have good meat, and next to hang it a long time. I have instructed him how to do the steaks to a turn, not raw, horribly livid and blue in the midst, as I have seen great flaps of meat (what a shame to think of our fine meat being so treated!), but *cooked* all the way through. Go to the Café Foy then, ask for a BEEF-STEAK À LA TITMARSH, and you will see what a dish will be set before you. I have dwelt upon this point at too much length, perhaps, for some of my readers; but it can't be helped. The truth is, beef is my weakness; and I do declare that I derive more positive enjoyment from the simple viand than from any concoction whatever in the whole cook's cyclopædia.

Always drink red wine with beefsteaks; port, if possible; if not, Burgundy, of not too high a flavour,—good Beaune, say. This fact, which is very likely not known to many persons who, forsooth, are too magnificent to care about their meat and drink,—this simple fact I take to be worth the whole price I shall get for this article.

But to return to dinner. We were left, I think, G—— and I, sopping up the gravy with bits of bread, and declaring that no power on earth could induce us to eat a morsel more that day. At one time, we thought of countermanding the *perdreau aux truffes*, that to my certain knowledge had been betruessed five days before.

Poor blind mortals that we were; ungrateful to our

appetites, needlessly mistrustful and cowardly. A man may do what he dares; nor does he know, until he tries, what the honest appetite will bear. We were kept waiting between the steak and the partridge some ten minutes or so. For the first two or three minutes we lay back in our chairs quite exhausted indeed. Then we began to fiddle with a dish of toothpicks, for want of anything more savoury; then we looked out of the window; then G—— got in a rage, rang the bell violently, and asked, “*Pourquoi diable nous fait-on attendre si longtemps?*” The waiter grinned. He is a nice good-humoured fellow, Auguste; and I heartily trust that some reader of this may give him a five-franc piece for my sake. Auguste grinned and disappeared.

Presently, we were aware of an odour gradually coming towards us, something musky, fiery, savoury, mysterious,—a hot drowsy smell, that lulls the senses, and yet inflames them,—the *truffles* were coming! Yonder they lie, cavered under the full bosom of the red-legged bird. My hand trembled as, after a little pause, I cut the animal in two. G—— said I did not give him his share of the truffles; I don’t believe I did. I spilled some salt into my plate, and a little cayenne pepper—very little: we began, as far as I can remember, the following conversation:—

Gustavus. Chop, chop, chop.

Michael Angelo. Globlobloblob.

G. Gobble.

M. A. Obble.

G. Here’s a big one.

M. A. Hobgob. What wine shall we have? I should like some champagne.

G. It’s bad here. Have some Sauterne.

M. A. Very well. Hobgobglobglob, &c.

Auguste (opening the Sauterne). Cloo-oo-oo-oop! The cork is out; he pours it into the glass, glock, glock, glock.

Nothing more took place in the way of talk. The poor little partridge was soon a heap of bones—a very little heap. A trufflesque odour was left in the room, but only an odour. Presently, the cheese was brought: the amber Sauterne flask has turned of a sickly green hue; nothing, save half a glass

of sediment at the bottom, remained to tell of the light and social spirit that had but one half-hour before inhabited the flask. Darkness fell upon our little chamber; the men in the street began crying, "*Messenger! Journal du Soir!*" The bright moon rose glittering over the tiles of the Rue Louis le Grand, opposite, illuminating two glasses of punch that two gentlemen in a small room of the Café Foy did ever and anon raise to their lips. Both were silent; both happy; both were smoking cigars,—for both knew that the soothing plant of Cuba is sweeter to the philosopher after dinner than the prattle of all the women in the world. Women—pshaw! The man who, after dinner—after a good dinner—can think about driving home, and shaving himself by candlelight, and enduing a damp shirt, and a pair of tight glazed pumps to show his cobweb stockings and set his feet in a flame; and, having undergone all this, can get into a cold cab, and drive off to No. 222 Harley Street, where Mrs. Mortimer Smith is at home; where you take off your cloak in a damp dark back parlour, called Mr. Smith's study, and containing, when you arrive, twenty-four ladies' cloaks and tippets, fourteen hats, two pairs of clogs (belonging to two gentlemen of the Middle Temple, who walk for economy, and think dancing at Mrs. Mortimer Smith's the height of enjoyment);—the man who can do all this, and walk, gracefully smiling, into Mrs. Smith's drawing-rooms, where the brown holland bags have been removed from the chandeliers; a man from Kirkman's is thumping on the piano, and Mrs. Smith is standing simpering in the middle of the room, dressed in red, with a bird of paradise in her turban, a tremulous fan in one hand, and the other clutching hold of her little fat gold watch and seals;—the man who, after making his bow to Mrs. Smith, can advance to Miss Jones, in blue crape, and lead her to a place among six other pairs of solemn-looking persons, and whisper *fadaises* to her (at which she cries, "Oh fie, you naughty man! how can you?"), and look at Miss Smith's red shoulders struggling out of her gown, and her mottled elbows that a pair of crumpled kid gloves leave in a state of delicious nature; and, after having gone through certain mysterious quadrille figures with her, lead her back to her mamma, who

has just seized a third glass of muddy negus from the black footman;—the man who can do all this may do it, and go hang, for me! And many such men there be, my Gustavus, in yonder dusky London city. Be it ours, my dear friend, when the day's labour and repast are done, to lie and ruminate calmly; to watch the bland cigar smoke as it rises gently ceiling-wards; to be idle in body as well as mind; not to kick our heels madly in quadrilles, and puff and pant in senseless gallopades: let us appreciate the joys of idleness; let us give a loose to silence; and having enjoyed this, the best dessert after a goodly dinner, at close of eve, saunter slowly home.

* * * * *

As the dinner above described drew no less than three five-franc pieces out of my purse, I determined to economise for the next few days, and either to be invited out to dinner, or else to partake of some repast at a small charge, such as one may have here. I had on the day succeeding the truffled partridge a dinner for a shilling, viz.:—

Bifsteck aux pommes (heu quantum mutatus ab illo!)
Galantine de volaille,
Fromage de Gruyère,
Demi-bouteille du vin très-vieux de Mâcon ou Chablis,
Pain à discrétion.

This dinner, my young friend, was taken about half-past two o'clock in the day, and was, in fact, a breakfast,—a breakfast taken at a two-franc house, in the Rue Haute Vivienne; it was certainly a sufficient dinner: I certainly was not hungry for all the rest of the day. Nay, the wine was decently good, as almost all wine is in the morning, if one had the courage or the power to drink it. You see many honest English families marching into these two-franc eating-houses, at five o'clock, and fancy they dine in great luxury. Returning to England, however, they inform their friends that the meat in France is not good; that the fowls are very small, and black; the kidneys very tough; the partridges and fruit have no taste in them, and the soup is execrably thin. A dinner at Williams's, in the Old Bailey, is better

than the best of these; and therefore had the English Cockney better remain at Williams's than judge the great nation so falsely.

The worst of these two-franc establishments is a horrid air of shabby elegance which distinguishes them. At some of them, they will go the length of changing your knife and fork with every dish; they have grand chimney-glasses, and a fine lady at the counter, and fine arabesque paintings on the walls; they give you your soup in a battered dish of plated ware, which has served its best time, most likely, in a first-rate establishment, and comes here to *étaler* its second-hand splendour amongst amateurs of a lower grade. I fancy the very meat that is served to you has undergone the same degradation, and that some of the mouldy cutlets that are offered to the two-franc epicures lay once plump and juicy in Véry's larder. Much better is the sanded floor and the iron fork! Homely neatness is the charm of poverty: elegance should belong to wealth alone. There is a very decent place where you dine for thirty-two sous in the Passage Choiseul. You get your soup in china bowls; they don't change your knife and fork, but they give you very fit portions of meat and potatoes, and mayhap a herring with mustard sauce, a dish of apple fritters, a dessert of stewed prunes, and a pint of drinkable wine, as I have proved only yesterday.

After two such banyan days, I allowed myself a little feasting; and as nobody persisted in asking me to dinner, I went off to the "Trois Frères" by myself, and dined in that excellent company.

I would recommend a man who is going to dine by himself here, to reflect well before he orders soup for dinner.

My notion is, that you eat as much after soup as without it, but you *don't eat with the same appetite*.

Especially if you are a healthy man, as I am—deuced hungry at five o'clock. My appetite runs away with me; and if I order soup (which is always enough for two), I invariably swallow the whole of it; and the greater portion of my *petit pain*, too, before my second dish arrives.

The best part of a pint of julienne, or purée à la Condé, is very well for a man who has only one dish besides to

devour ; but not for you and me, who like our fish and our *rôti* of game or meat as well.

Oysters you may eat. They do, for a fact, prepare one to go through the rest of a dinner properly. Lemon and cayenne pepper is the word, depend on it, and a glass of white wine braces you up for what is to follow.

French restaurateur dinners are intended, however, for two people, at least ; still better for three ; and require a good deal of thought before you can arrange them for one.

Here, for instance, is a recent *menu* :—

Trois Frères Provençaux.

	f.	c.
Pain	0	25
Beaune première	3	0
Purée à la Créci	0	75
Turbot aux capres	1	75
Quart poulet aux truffes	2	25
Champignons à la Provençale	1	25
Gelée aux pommes	1	25
Cognac	0	30
	10	80

A heavy bill for a single man ; and a heavy dinner, too ; for I have said before I have a great appetite, and when a thing is put before me I eat it. At Brussels I once ate fourteen dishes ; and have seen a lady, with whom I was in love, at the table of a German grand-duke, eat seventeen dishes. This is a positive, though disgusting fact. Up to the first twelve dishes she had a very good chance of becoming Mrs. Titmarsh, but I have lost sight of her since.

Well, then, I say to you, if you have self-command enough to send away half your soup, order some ; but you are a poor creature if you do, after all. If you are a man, and have *not* that self-command, don't have any. The Frenchmen cannot live without it, but I say to you that you are better than a Frenchman. I would lay even money that you who are reading this are more than five feet seven in height, and weigh eleven stone ; while a Frenchman is five feet four, and does not weigh nine. The Frenchman has after his soup a

dish of vegetables, where you have one of meat. You are a different and superior animal—a French-beating animal (the history of hundreds of years has shown you to be so); you must have, to keep up that superior weight and sinew, which is the secret of your superiority—as for public institutions, bah!—you must have, I say, simpler, stronger, more succulent food.

Eschew the soup, then, and have the fish up at once. It is the best to begin with fish, if you like it, as every epicure and honest man should, simply boiled or fried in the English fashion, and not tortured and bullied with oil, onions, wine, and herbs, as in Paris it is frequently done.

Turbot with lobster-sauce is too much; turbot à la Hollandaise vulgar; sliced potatoes swimming in melted butter are a mean concomitant for a noble, simple, liberal fish: turbot with capers is the thing. The brisk little capers relieve the dulness of the turbot; the melted butter is rich, bland, and calm—it *should be*, that is to say; not that vapid watery mixture that I see in London; not oiled butter, as the Hollanders have it, but melted, with plenty of thickening matter: I don't know how to do it, but I know it when it is good.

They melt butter well at the “Rocher de Cancale,” and at the “Frères.”

Well, this turbot was very good; not so well, of course, as one gets it in London, and dried rather in the boiling; which can't be helped, unless you are a Lucullus or a Cambacérès of a man, and can afford to order one for yourself. This *grandeur d'âme* is very rare; my friend Tom Willows is almost the only man I know who possessed it. Yes, * * * one of the wittiest men in London, I once knew to take the whole *intérieur* of a diligence (six places), because he was a little unwell. Ever since I have admired that man. He understands true economy; a mean extravagant man would have contented himself with a single place, and been unwell in consequence. How I am rambling from my subject, however! The fish was good, and I ate up every single scrap of it, sucking the bones and fins curiously. That is the deuce of an appetite, it *must* be satisfied; and if you were to put a roast donkey

before me, with the promise of a haunch of venison afterwards, I believe I should eat the greater part of the long-eared animal.

A pint of purée à la Créci, a pain de gruau, a slice of turbot—a man should think about ordering his bill, for he has had enough dinner; but no, we are creatures of superstition and habit, and must have one regular course of meat. Here comes the poulet à la Marengo: I hope they've given me the wing.

No such thing. The poulet à la Marengo aux truffes is bad—too oily by far; the truffes are not of this year, as they should be, for there are cartloads in town: they are poor in flavour, and have only been cast into the dish a minute before it was brought to table, and what is the consequence? They do not flavour the meat in the least; some faint trufflesque savour you may get as you are crunching each individual root, but that is all, and that all not worth the having; for as nothing is finer than a good truffle, in like manner nothing is meaner than a bad one. It is merely pompous, windy, and pretentious, like those scraps of philosophy with which a certain eminent novelist decks out his meat.

A mushroom, thought I, is better a thousand times than these tough flavourless roots. I finished every one of them, however, and the fine fat capon's thigh which they surrounded. It was a disappointment not to get a wing, to be sure. They *always* give me legs; but, after all, with a little good-humour and philosophy, a leg of a fine Mans capon may be found very acceptable. How plump and tender the rogue's thigh is! his very drumstick is as fat as the calf of a London footman; and the sinews, which puzzle one so over the lean black hen-legs in London, are miraculously whisked away from the limb before me. Look at it now! Half-a-dozen cuts with the knife, and yonder lies the bone—white, large, stark naked, without a morsel of flesh left upon it, solitary in the midst of a pool of melted butter.

How good the Burgundy smacks after it! I always drink Burgundy at this house, and that not of the best. It is my firm opinion that a third-rate Burgundy, and a third-rate claret—Beaune and Larose, for instance, are *better* than

the best. The Bordeaux enliven, the Burgundy invigorates; stronger drink only inflames; and where a bottle of good Beaune only causes a man to feel a certain manly warmth of benevolence—a glow something like that produced by sunshine and gentle exercise—a bottle of Chambertin will set all your frame in a fever, swell the extremities, and cause the pulses to throb. Chambertin should *never* be handed round more than twice; and I recollect to this moment the headache I had after drinking a bottle and a half of Romanée-Gélée, for which this house is famous. Somebody else *paid* for the—(no other than you, O Gustavus! with whom I hope to have many a tall dinner on the same charges)—but 'twas in our hot youth, ere experience had taught us that moderation was happiness, and had shown us that it is absurd to be guzzling wine at fifteen francs a bottle.

By the way, I may here mention a story relating to some of Blackwood's men, who dined at this very house. Fancy the fellows trying claret, which they voted sour; then Burgundy, at which they made wry faces, and finished the evening with brandy and *lunel*! This is what men call eating a French dinner. Willows and I dined at the "Rocher," and an English family there feeding ordered—mutton chops and potatoes. Why not, in these cases, stay at home? Chops are better chops in England (the best chops in the world are to be had at the Reform Club) than in France. What could literary men mean by ordering *lunel*? I always rather liked the descriptions of eating in the *Noctes*. They were gross in all cases, absurdly erroneous in many; but there was manliness about them, and strong evidence of a great, though misdirected and uneducated, genius for victuals.

Mushrooms, thought I, are better than those tasteless truffles, and so ordered a dish to try. You know what a *Provençale* sauce is, I have no doubt?—a rich savoury mixture of garlic and oil; which, with a little cayenne pepper and salt, impart a pleasant taste to the plump little mushrooms, that can't be described but may be thought of with pleasure.

The only point was, how will they agree with me to-morrow morning? for the fact is, I had eaten an immense quantity of

them, and began to be afraid! Suppose we go and have a glass of punch and a cigar! Oh, glorious garden of the Palais Royal! your trees are leafless now, but what matters? Your alleys are damp, but what of that? All the windows are blazing with light and merriment; at least two thousand happy people are pacing up and down the colonnades; cheerful sounds of money chinking are heard as you pass the changers' shops; bustling shouts of "Garçon!" and "V'là, Monsieur!" come from the swinging doors of the restaurateurs. Look at that group of soldiers gaping at Véfour's window, where lie lobsters, pineapples, fat truffle-stuffed partridges, which make me almost hungry again. I wonder whether those three fellows with mustachios and a toothpick apiece have had a dinner, or only a toothpick. When the "Trois Frères" used to be on the first-floor, and had a door leading into the Rue de Valois, as well as one into the garden, I recollect seeing three men with toothpicks mount the stair from the street, descend the stair into the garden, and give themselves as great airs as if they had dined for a napoleon a head. The rogues are lucky if they have had a sixteen-sous dinner; and the next time I dine abroad, I am resolved to have one myself. I never understood why Gil Blas grew so mighty squeamish in the affair of the cat and the hare. Hare is best, but why should not cat be good?

Being on the subject of bad dinners, I may as well ease my mind of one that occurred to me some few days back. When walking in the Boulevard, I met my friend, Captain Hopkinson, of the half-pay, looking very hungry, and indeed going to dine. In most cases one respects the dictum of a half-pay officer regarding a dining-house. He knows as a general rule where the fat of the land lies, and how to take his share of that fat in the most economical manner.

"I tell you what I do," says Hopkinson; "I allow myself fifteen francs a week for dinner (I count upon being asked out twice a week), and so have a three-franc dinner at Richard's, where, for the extra francs, they give me an excellent bottle of wine, and make me comfortable."

"Why shouldn't they?" I thought. "Here is a man who has served his country, and no doubt knows a thing

when he sees it." We made a party of four, therefore, and went to the Captain's place to dine.

We had a private room *au second*; a very damp and dirty private room, with a faint odour of stale punch, and dingy glasses round the walls.

We had a soup of *purée aux croûtons*; a very dingy dubious soup, indeed, thickened, I fancy, with brown paper, and flavoured with the same.

At the end of the soup, Monsieur Landlord came upstairs very kindly, and gave us each a pinch of snuff out of a gold snuff-box.

We had four portions of *anguille à la Tartare*, very good and fresh (it is best in these places to eat freshwater fish). Each portion was half the length of a man's finger. Dish one was despatched in no time, and we began drinking the famous wine that our guide recommended. I have cut him ever since. It was four-sous wine,—weak, vapid, watery stuff, of the most unsatisfactory nature.

We had four portions of *gigot aux haricots*—four flaps of bleeding tough meat, cut unnaturally (that is, with the grain: the French gash the meat in parallel lines with the bone). We ate these up as we might, and the landlord was so good as to come up again and favour us with a pinch from his gold box.

With wonderful unanimity, as we were told the place was famous for *civet de lièvre*, we ordered *civet de lièvre* for four.

It came up, but we couldn't—really we couldn't. We were obliged to have extra dishes, and pay extra. Gustavus had a mayonnaise of crayfish, and half a fowl; I fell to work upon my cheese, as usual, and availed myself of the discretionary bread. We went away disgusted, wretched, unhappy. We had had for our three francs bad bread, bad meat, bad wine. And there stood the landlord at the door (and he hanged to him!) grinning and offering his box.

We don't speak to Hopkinson any more now when we meet him. How can you trust or be friendly with a man who deceives you in this miserable way?

What is the moral to be drawn from this dinner? It is evident. Avoid pretence; mistrust shabby elegance; cut your coat according to your cloth; if you have but a few shillings

in your pocket, aim only at those humble and honest meats which your small store will purchase. At the Café Foy, for the same money, I might have had

	f.	s.
A delicious entrecôte and potatoes . . .	1	5
A pint of excellent wine . . .	0	10
A little bread (meaning a great deal) . . .	0	5
A dish of stewed kidneys . . .	1	0
	3	0

Or at Paolo's :

A bread (as before) . . .	0	5
A heap of macaroni, or raviuoli . . .	0	15
A Milanese cutlet . . .	1	0
A pint of wine . . .	0	10

And ten sous for any other luxury your imagination could suggest. The raviuoli and the cutlets are admirably dressed at Paolo's. Does any healthy man need more ?

These dinners, I am perfectly aware, are by no means splendid ; and I might, with the most perfect ease, write you out a dozen bills of fare, each more splendid and piquant than the other, in which *all* the luxuries of the season should figure. But the remarks there set down are the result of experience, not fancy, and intended only for persons in the middling classes of life. Very few men can afford to pay more than five francs daily for dinner. Let us calmly, then, consider what enjoyment may be had for those five francs ; how, by economy on one day, we may venture upon luxury the next ; how, by a little forethought and care, we may be happy on all days. Who knew and studied this cheap philosophy of life better than old Horace before quoted ? Sometimes (when in luck) he chirruped over cups that were fit for an archbishop's supper ; sometimes he philosophised over his own *ordinaire* at his own farm. How affecting is the last ode of the first book :—

To his Serving-boy.

Persicos odi,
Puer, apparatus ;
Displicant nexæ
Philyrâ coronæ :

Ad Ministram.

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss :
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.

Mitte sectari	No footman in lace and in ruffles
Rosa quo locorum	Need dangle behind my arm-chair ;
Sera moretur.	And never mind seeking for truffles,
	Although they be ever so rare.
Simplici myrto	But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
Nihil allabores	I pr'ythee get ready at three :
Sedulus curæ :	Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
Neque te ministrum	And what better meat can there be ?
Dedecet myrtus,	And when it has feasted the master,
Neque me sub arctâ	'Twill amply suffice for the maid ;
Vite bibentem.	Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
	And tipple my ale in the shade.

Not that this is the truth entirely and for ever. Horatius Flaccus was too wise to dislike a good thing ; but it is possible that the Persian apparatus was on that day beyond his means, and so he contented himself with humble fare.

A gentleman, by-the-by, has just come to Paris to whom I am very kind ; and who will, in all human probability, between this and next month, ask me to a dinner at the “Rocher de Cancale.” If so, something may occur worth writing about ; or if you are anxious to hear more on the subject, send me over a sum to my address, to be laid out for you exclusively in eating. I give you my honour I will do you justice, and account for every farthing of it.

One of the most absurd customs at present in use is that of giving your friend—when some piece of good-luck happens to him, such as an appointment as Chief Judge of Owhyhee, or King's advocate to Timbuctoo—of giving your friend, because, forsooth, he may have been suddenly elevated from 200*l.* a year to 2,000*l.*, an enormous dinner of congratulation.

Last year, for instance, when our friend, Fred Jowling, got his place of Commissioner at Quashumaboo, it was considered absolutely necessary to give the man a dinner, and some score of us had to pay about fifty shillings apiece for the purpose. I had, so help me Moses ! but three guineas in the world at that period ; and out of this sum the *bien-séances* compelled me to sacrifice five-sixths, to feast myself in company of a man gorged with wealth, rattling sovereigns

in his pocket as if they had been so much dross, and capable of treating us all without missing the sum he might expend on us.

Jow himself allowed, as I represented the case to him, that the arrangement *was* very hard; but represented, fairly enough, that this was one of the sacrifices that a man of the world, from time to time, is called to make. "You, my dear Titmarsh," said he, "know very well that I don't care for these grand entertainments" (the rogue, he is a five-bottle man, and just the most finished *gourmet* of my acquaintance!); "you know that I am perfectly convinced of your friendship for me, though you join in the dinner or not, but—it would look rather queer if you backed out,—*it would look rather queer.*" Jow said this in such an emphatic way, that I saw I must lay down my money; and accordingly Mr. Lovegrove of Blackwall, for a certain quantity of iced punch, champagne, cider cup, fish, flesh, and fowl, received the last of my sovereigns.

At the beginning of the year Bolter got a place too—Judge Advocate in the Topinambo Islands, of 3,000*l.* a year, which, he said, was a poor remuneration in consideration of *the practice* which he gave up in town. He may have practised on his laundress, but for anything else I believe the man never had a client in his life.

However, on his way to Topinambo—by Marseilles, Egypt, the Desert, the Persian Gulf, and so on—Bolter arrived in Paris; and I saw from his appearance, and his manner of shaking hands with me, and the peculiar way in which he talked about the "Rocher de Cancale," that he expected we were to give him a dinner, as we had to Jowling.

There were four friends of Bolter's in the capital besides myself, and among us the dinner question was mooted: we agreed that it should be a simple dinner of ten francs a head, and this was the bill of fare:—

1. Oysters (common), nice.
2. Oysters, green of Marennes (very good).
3. Potage, purée de gibier (very fair).

As we were English, they instantly then served us,—

4. Sole en matelotte Normande (comme ça).
5. Turbot à la crème au gratin (excellent).
6. Jardinière cutlets (particularly seedy).
7. Poulet à la Marengo (very fair, but why the deuce is one always to be pestered by it?)
8. }
9. } (Entrées of some kind, but a blank in my memory.)
10. A rôl of chevreuil.
11. Ditto of ortolans (very hot, crisp, and nice).
12. Ditto of partridges (quite good and plump).
13. Pointes d'asperges.
14. Champignons à la Provençale (the most delicious mushrooms I ever tasted).
15. Pineapple jelly.
16. Blanc, or red mange.
17. Pencacks. Let everybody who goes to the "Rocher" order these pancakes; they are arranged with jelly inside, rolled up between various *couches* of vermicelli, flavoured with a *leetle* wine; and, by everything sacred, the most delightful meat possible.
18. Timbale of macaroni.

The jellies and sucreries should have been mentioned in the dessert, and there were numberless plates of trifles, which made the table look very pretty, but need not be mentioned here.

The dinner was not a fine one, as you see. No rarities, no truffles even, no mets de primeur, though there were peas and asparagus in the market at a pretty fair price. But with rarities no man has any business except he have a colossal fortune. Hothouse strawberries, asparagus, &c., are, as far as my experience goes, most *fade*, mean, and tasteless meats. Much better to have a simple dinner of twenty dishes, and content therewith, than to look for impossible splendours and Apician morsels.

In respect of wine. Let those who go to the "Rocher" take my advice and order Madeira. They have here some pale old East India very good. How they got it is a secret, for the Parisians do not know good Madeira when they see it. Some very fair strong young wine may be had at the Hôtel des Américains, in the Rue Saint Honoré; as, indeed, all

West India produce—pineapple rum, for instance. I may say, with confidence, that I never knew what rum was until I tasted this at Paris.

But to the “Rocher.” The Madeira was the best wine served; though some Burgundy, handed round in the course of dinner, and a bottle of Montrachet, similarly poured out to us, were very fair. The champagne was decidedly not good—poor, inflated, thin stuff. They say the drink we swallow in England is not genuine wine, but brandy-loaded and otherwise doctored for the English market; but, ah, what superior wine! *Au reste*, the French will not generally pay the money for the wine; and it therefore is carried from an ungrateful country to more generous climes, where it is better appreciated. We had claret and speeches after dinner; and very possibly some of the persons present made free with a jug of hot water, a few lumps of sugar, and the horrid addition of a glass of cognac. There can be no worse practice than this. After a dinner of eighteen dishes, in which you have drunk at least thirty-six glasses of wine—when the stomach is full, the brain heavy, the hands and feet inflamed—when the claret begins to pall—you, forsooth, must gorge yourself with brandy and water, and puff filthy cigars. For shame! Who ever does it? Does a gentleman drink brandy and water? Does a man who mixes in the society of the lovelier half of humanity befoul himself by tobacco-smoke? Fie, fie! avoid the practice. I indulge in it always myself; but that is no reason why you, a young man entering into the world, should degrade yourself in any such way. No, no, my dear lad, never refuse an evening party, and avoid tobacco as you would the upas plant.

By the way, not having my purse about me when the above dinner was given, I was constrained to borrow from Bolter, whom I knew more intimately than the rest; and nothing grieved me more than to find, on calling at his hotel four days afterwards, that he had set off by the mail post for Marseilles. Friend of my youth, dear dear Bolter! if haply this trifling page should come before thine eyes, weary of perusing the sacred rolls of Themis in thy far-off island in the Indian Sea, thou wilt recall our little dinner in the little

room of the Cancalian Coffee-house, and think for a while of thy friend!

Let us now mention one or two places that the Briton, on his arrival here, should frequent or avoid. As a quiet dear house, where there are some of the best rooms in Paris—always the best meat, fowls, vegetables, &c.—we may specially recommend Monsieur Voisin's café, opposite the Church of the Assumption. A very decent and lively house of restauration is that at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, on the Boulevard. I never yet had a good dinner at Véfour's; *something* is always *manqué* at the place. The grand Vatel is worthy of note, as cheap, pretty, and quiet. All the English houses gentlemen may frequent who are so inclined; but though the writer of this has many times dined for sixteen sous at Catcomb's, cheek by jowl with a French chasseur or a labourer, he has, he confesses, an antipathy to enter into the confidence of a footman or groom of his own country.

A gentleman who purchases pictures in this town was lately waited upon by a lady, who said she had in her possession one of the greatest rarities in the world,—a picture admirable, too, as a work of art,—no less than an original portrait of Shakspeare, by his comrade, the famous John Davis. The gentleman rushed off immediately to behold the wonder, and saw a head, rudely but vigorously painted on panel, about twice the size of life, with a couple of hooks drawn through the top part of the board, under which was written—

THE WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

BY JOHN DAVIS.

“Voyez-vous, Monsieur,” said the lady; “il n’y a plus de doute. Le portrait de Shakspeare, du célèbre Davis, et signé même de lui!”

I remember it used to hang up in a silent little street in the Latin quarter, near an old convent, before a quaint old quiet tavern that I loved. It was pleasant to see the old name written up in a strange land, and the well-known friendly face greeting one. There was a quiet little garden at the back of the tavern, and famous good roast beef, clean

rooms, and English beer. Where are you now, John Davis? Could not the image of thy august patron preserve thy house from ruin, or rally the faithful around it? Are you unfortunate, Davis? Are you a bankrupt? Let us hope not. I swear to thee, that when, one sunny afternoon, I saw the ensign of thy tavern, I loved thee for thy choice, and doused my cap on entering the porch, and looked around, and thought all friends were here.

In the queer old pleasant novel of the “*Spiritual Quixote*” honest Tugwell, the Sancho of the story, relates a Warwickshire legend, which at the time Graves wrote was not much more than a hundred years old; and by which it appears that the owner of New Place was a famous jesting gentleman, and used to sit at his gate of summer evenings, cutting the queerest merriest jokes with all the passers-by. I have heard from a Warwickshire clergyman that the legend still exists in the country; and Ward’s “*Diary*” says that Master Shakspeare died of a surfeit, brought on by carousing with a literary friend who had come to visit him from London. And wherefore not? Better to die of good wine and good company than of slow disease and doctors’ doses. Some geniuses live on sour misanthropy, and some on meek milk and water. Let us not deal too hardly with those that are of a jovial sort, and indulge in the decent practice of the cup and the platter.

A word or two, by way of conclusion, may be said about the numerous pleasant villages in the neighbourhood of Paris, or rather of the eating and drinking to be found in the taverns of those suburban spots. At Versailles, Monsieur Duboux, at the *Hôtel des Reservoirs*, has a good cook and cellars, and will gratify you with a heavier bill than is paid at Véry’s and the “*Rocher*.” On the beautiful terrace of Saint Germain, looking over miles of river and vineyard, of fair villages basking in the meadows, and great tall trees stretching wide round about, you may sit in the open air of summer evenings, and see the white spires of Saint Denis rising in the distance, and the grey arches of Marly to the right, and before you the city of Paris with innumerable domes and towers.

Watching these objects, and the setting sun gorgeously

illumining the heavens and them, you may have an excellent dinner served to you by the *chef* of Messire Gallois, who at present owns the pavilion where Louis XIV. was born. The *maître d'hôtel* is from the "Rocher," and told us that he came out to Saint Germain for the sake of the air. The only drawback to the entertainment is, that the charges are as atrociously high in price as the dishes provided are small in quantity; and dining at this pavilion on the 15th of April, at a period when a *botte* of asparagus at Paris cost only three francs, the writer of this and a chosen associate had to pay seven francs for about the third part of a *botte* of asparagus, served up to them by Messire Gallois.

Facts like these ought not to go unnoticed. Therefore let the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* who propose a visit to Paris, take warning by the unhappy fate of the person now addressing them, and avoid the place or not, as they think fit. A bad dinner does no harm to any human soul, and the philosopher partakes of such with easy resignation; but a bad and dear dinner is enough to raise the anger of any man, however naturally sweet-tempered, and he is bound to warn his acquaintance of it.

With one parting syllable in praise of the "Marronniers" at Bercy, where you get capital eels, fried gudgeons fresh from the Seine, and excellent wine of the ordinary kind, this discourse is here closed. "En telle ou meilleure pensée, Beueurs très illustres (car à vous non à aultres sont dédiés ces escriptz), reconfortez vostre malheur, et beueuz fraiz si faire se peult."

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1841.)

MEN AND COATS.

THERE is some peculiar influence, which no doubt the reader has remarked in his own case, for it has been sung by ten thousand poets, or versifying persons, whose ideas you adopt, if perchance, as is barely possible, you have none of your own—there is, I say, a certain balmy influence in the spring-time, which brings a rush of fresh dancing blood into the veins of all nature, and causes it to wear a peculiarly festive and sporting look. Look at the old Sun,—how pale he was all the winter through! Some days he was so cold and wretched he would not come out at all,—he would not leave his bed till eight o'clock, and retired to rest, the old sluggard! at four; but lo! comes May, and he is up at five,—he feels, like the rest of us, the delicious vernal influence; he is always walking abroad in the fresh air, and his jolly face lights up anew! Remark the trees; they have dragged through the shivering winter-time without so much as a rag to cover them, but about May they feel obligated to follow the mode, and come out in a new suit of green. The meadows, in like manner, appear invested with a variety of pretty spring fashions, not only covering their backs with a brand-new glossy suit, but sporting a world of little coquettish ornamental gimcracks that are suited to the season. This one covers his robe with the most delicate twinkling white daisies; that tricks himself out with numberless golden cowslips, or decorates his bosom with a bunch of dusky violets. Birds sing and make love; bees wake and make honey; horses and men leave off their shaggy winter clothing and turn out in fresh coats. The only animal that does not feel the power

of spring is that selfish, silent, and cold-blooded beast, the oyster, who shuts himself up for the best months of the year, and with whom the climate disagrees.

Some people have wondered how it is that what is called "the season" in London should not begin until spring. What an absurd subject for wondering at! How *could* the London season begin at any other time? How could the great, black, bilious, overgrown city, stifled by gas, and fogs, and politics, ever hope to have a season at all, unless nature with a violent effort came to its aid about Easter-time, and infused into it a little spring blood? The town of London feels then the influences of the spring, and salutes it after its fashion. The parks are green for about a couple of months. Lady Smigsmag, and other leaders of the *ton*, give their series of grand parties; Gunter and Grange come forward with iced-creams and champagnes; ducks and green-peas burst out; the river Thames blossoms with whitebait; and Alderman Birch announces the arrival of fresh lively turtle. If there are no birds to sing and make love, as in country places, at least there are coveys of opera-girls that frisk and hop about airily, and Rubini and Lablache to act as a couple of nightingales. "A lady of fashion remarked," says Dyson, in the *Morning Post*, "that for all persons pretending to hold a position in genteel society,"—I forget the exact words, but the sense of them remains indelibly engraven upon my mind,—"for any one pretending to take a place in genteel society two things are *indispensable*. And what are these?—a BOUQUET AND AN EMBROIDERED POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF." This is a self-evident truth. Dyson does not furnish the bouquets—he is not a market-gardener—he is not the goddess Flora; but, a town-man, he knows what the season requires, and furnishes his contribution to it. The lilies of the field are not more white and graceful than his embroidered nose ornaments, and with a little *eau des cent milles fleurs*, not more fragrant. Dyson knows that pocket-handkerchiefs are necessary, and has "an express from Longchamps" to bring them over.

Whether they are picked from ladies' pockets by Dyson's couriers, who then hurry breathless across the Channel with them, no one need ask. But the gist of Dyson's advertise-

ment, and of all the preceding remarks, is this great truth, which need not be carried out further by any illustrations from geography or natural history,—that in the spring-time all nature renews itself. There is not a country newspaper published in England that does not proclaim the same fact. Madame Hoggin informs the nobility and gentry of Penzance that her new and gigantic stock of Parisian fashions has just arrived from London. Mademoiselle M'Whirter begs to announce to the *haut-ton* in the environs of John-o'-Groat's that she has this instant returned from Paris, with her dazzling and beautiful collection of spring fashions.

In common with the birds, the trees, the meadows,—in common with the Sun, with Dyson, with all nature, in fact, I yielded to the irresistible spring impulse — *homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum*, &c.—I acknowledged the influence of the season, and ordered a new coat, waistcoat, and tr—— in short, a new suit. Now, having worn it for a few days, and studied the effect which it has upon the wearer, I thought that perhaps an essay upon new clothes and their influence might be attended with some profit both to the public and the writer.

One thing is certain. A man does not have a new suit of clothes every day; and another general proposition may be advanced, that a man in sporting a coat for the first time is either

agreeably affected, or
disagreeably affected, or
not affected at all,—

which latter case I don't believe. There is no man, however accustomed to new clothes, but must feel some sentiment of pride in assuming them,—no philosopher, however calm, but must remark the change of raiment. Men consent to wear old clothes for ever,—nay, feel a pang at parting with them for new; but the first appearance of a new garment is always attended with exultation.

Even the feeling of shyness, which makes a man ashamed of his splendour, is a proof of his high sense of it. What causes an individual to sneak about in corners and shady

places, to avoid going out in new clothes of a Sunday, lest he be mistaken for a snob? Sometimes even to go the length of ordering his servant to powder his new coat with sand, or to wear it for a couple of days, and remove the gloss thereof? Are not these manœuvres proofs of the effects of new coats upon mankind in general?

As this notice will occupy at least ten pages (for a reason that may be afterwards mentioned) I intend, like the great philosophers who have always sacrificed themselves for the public good, imbibing diseases, poisons, and medicines, submitting to operations, inhaling asphyxiations, &c., in order that they might note in themselves the particular phenomena of the case,—in like manner, I say, I intend to write this essay in five several coats, viz.:—

1. My old single-breasted black frock-coat, with patches at the elbows, made to go into mourning for William IV.

2. My double-breasted green ditto, made last year but one, and still very good, but rather queer about the lining, and snowy in the seams.

3. My grand black dress-coat, made by Messrs. Sparding and Spohrer, of Conduit Street, in 1836. A little scouring and renovating have given it a stylish look even now; and it was always a splendid cut.

4. My worsted-net jacket that my uncle Harry gave me on his departure for Italy. This jacket is wadded inside with a wool like that one makes Welsh wigs of; and though not handsome, amazing comfortable, with pockets all over.

5. MY NEW FROCK-COAT.

Now, will the reader be able to perceive any difference in the style of writing of each chapter? I fancy I see it myself clearly; and am convinced that the new frock-coat chapter will be infinitely more genteel, spruce, and glossy than the woollen-jacket chapter; which, again, shall be more comfortable than the poor, seedy, patched William-the-Fourth's black frock chapter. The double-breasted green one will be dashing, manly, free-and-easy; and though not fashionable, yet with a well-bred look. The grand black-dress chapter will be solemn and grave, devilish tight about the waist, abounding in bows and shrugs, and small talk; it will have a great

odour of bohea and pound-cake ; perhaps there will be a faint whiff of negus ; and the tails will whisk up in a quadrille at the end, or sink down, mayhap, on a supper-table bench before a quantity of trifles, lobster-salads, and champagnes ; and near a lovely blushing white satin skirt, which is continually crying out, “O you ojoues creature !” or, “O you naughty satirical man, you !” “And do you really believe Miss Moffat dyes her hair ?” “And have you read that sweet thing in the ‘Keepsake’ by Lord Diddle ?” “Well, only one *leetle* leetle drop, for Mamma will scold ;” and “O you horrid Mr. Titmarsh, you have filled my glass, I declare !” Dear white satin skirt, what pretty shoulders and eyes you have ! what a nice white neck, and bluish-mottled, round, innocent arms ! how fresh you are and candid ! and ah, my dear, what a fool you are !

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I don't have so many coats nowadays as in the days of hot youth, when the figure was more elegant, and credit, mayhap, more plenty ; and, perhaps, this accounts for the feeling of unusual exultation that comes over me as I assume this one. Look at the skirts how they are shining in the sun, with a delicate gloss upon them,—that evanescent gloss that passes away with the first freshness of the coat, as the bloom does from the peach. A friend meets you,—he salutes you cordially, but looks puzzled for a moment at the change in your appearance. “I have it !” says Jones. “Hobson, my boy, I congratulate you,—a new coat, and very neat cut,—puce-coloured frock, brown silk lining, brass buttons, and velvet collar,—quite novel, and quiet and genteel at the same time.” You say, “Pooh, Jones ! do you think so, though ?” and at the same time turn round just to give him a view of the back, in which there is not a single wrinkle. You find suddenly that you must buy a new stock ; that your old Berlin gloves will never do ; and that a pair of three-and-sixpenny kids are absolutely necessary. You find your boots are cruelly thick, and fancy that the attention of the world is accurately divided between the new frock-coat and the patch on your great toe. It is very odd that that patch did

not annoy you yesterday in the least degree,—that you looked with a good-natured grin at the old sausage-fingered Berlin gloves, bulging out at the end and concaved like spoons. But there is a change in the man, without any doubt. Notice Sir M—— O'D——; those who know that celebrated military man by sight are aware of one peculiarity in his appearance—his hat is never brushed. I met him one day with the beaver brushed quite primly; and looking hard at the baronet to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, saw that he had a new coat. Even his great spirit was obliged to yield to the power of the coat,—he made a genteel effort,—he awoke up from his habitual Diogenic carelessness; and I have no doubt, had Alexander, before he visited the cynic, ordered someone to fling a new robe into his barrel, but that he would have found the fellow prating and boasting with all the airs of a man of fashion, and talking of tilburies, opera-girls, and the last ball at Devonshire House, as if the brute had been used all his life to no other company. Fie upon the swaggering vulgar bully! I have always wondered how the Prince of Macedon, a gentleman by birth, with an excellent tutor to educate him, could have been imposed upon by the grovelling, obscene, envious tub-man, and could have uttered the speech we know of. It was a humbug, depend upon it, attributed to His Majesty by some maladroït *bon-mot* maker of the Court, and passed subsequently for genuine Alexandrine.

It is hardly necessary for the moralist earnestly to point out to persons moving in a modest station of life the necessity of not having coats of too fashionable and rakish a cut. Coats have been, and will be in the course of this disquisition, frequently compared to the flowers of the field; like them they bloom for a season, like them they grow seedy and they fade.

Can you afford always to renew your coat when this fatal hour arrives? Is your coat like the French monarchy, and does it never die? Have, then, clothes of the newest fashion, and pass on to the next article in the Magazine,—unless, always, you prefer the style of this one.

But while a shabby coat, worn in a manly way, is a bear-

able, nay, sometimes a pleasing object, reminding one of “a good man struggling with the storms of fate,” whom Mr. Joseph Addison has represented in his tragedy of “Cato,”—while a man of a certain character may look august and gentlemanlike in a coat of a certain cut,—it is quite impossible for a person who sports an ultra-fashionable costume to wear it with decency beyond a half-year say. *My* coats always last me two years, and any man who knows me knows how *I* look; but I defy Count d’Orsay thus publicly to wear a suit for seven hundred and thirty days consecutively, and look respectable at the end of that time. In like manner, I would defy, without any disrespect, the Marchioness of X——, or her Grace the Duchess of Z——, to sport a white satin gown constantly for six months and look decent. There is *propriety* in dress. Ah, my poor Noll Goldsmith, in your famous plum-coloured velvet! I can see thee strutting down Fleet Street, and stout old Sam rolling behind as Maister Boswell pours some Caledonian jokes into his ear, and grins at the poor vain poet. In what a pretty condition will Goldy’s puce-coloured velvet be about two months hence, when it is covered with dust and grease, and he comes in his slatternly finery to borrow a guinea of his friend!

A friend of the writer’s once made him a present of two very handsome gold pins; and what did the author of this notice do? Why, with his usual sagacity, he instantly sold the pins for five-and-twenty shillings, the cost of the gold, knowing full well that he could not afford to live up to such fancy articles. If you sport handsome gold pins, you must have everything about you to match. Nor do I in the least agree with my friend Bosk, who has a large amethyst brooch, and fancies that, because he sticks it in his shirt, his atrocious shabby stock and surtout may pass muster. No, no! let us be all peacock, if you please; but one peacock’s feather in your tail is a very absurd ornament, and of course all moderate men will avoid it. I remember, when I travelled with Captain Cook in the South Sea Islands, to have seen Quashamaboo with nothing on him but a remarkably fine cocked-hat, his queen sported a red coat, and one of the princesses went frisking about in a pair of leather breeches, much to our astonishment.

This costume was not much more absurd than poor Goldsmith's, who might be very likely seen drawing forth from the gold-embroidered pocket of his plum-coloured velvet a pat of butter wrapped in a cabbage-leaf, a pair of farthing rushlights, an onion or two, and a bit of bacon.

I recollect meeting a great, clever, ruffianly boor of a man, who had made acquaintance with a certain set of very questionable aristocracy, and gave himself the air of a man of fashion. He had a coat made of the very pattern of Lord Toggery's,—a green frock, a green velvet collar, a green lining: a plate of spring cabbage is not of a brisker, brighter hue. This man, who had been a shopkeeper's apprentice originally, now declared that every man who was a gentleman wore white kid gloves, and for a certain period sported a fresh pair every day.

One hot, clear, sunshiny July day, walking down the Haymarket at two o'clock, I heard a great yelling and shouting of blackguard boys, and saw that they were hunting some object in their front.

The object approached us,—it was a green object,—a green coat, collar, and lining, and a pair of pseudo-white kid gloves. The gloves were dabbled with mud and blood, the man was bleeding at the nose, and slavering at the mouth, and yelling some unintelligible verses of a song, and swaying to and fro across the sunshiny street, with the blackguard boys in chase.

I turned round the corner of Vigo Lane with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and sprang panting into a baker's shop. It was Mr. Bludyer, our London Diogenes. Have a care, ye gay dashing Alexanders! how ye influence such men by too much praise, or debauch them by too much intimacy. How much of that man's extravagance, and absurd aristocratic airs, and subsequent *roueries*, and cutting of old acquaintance, is to be attributed to his imitation of Lord Toggery's coat!

Actors of the lower sort affect very much braiding and fur collars to their frock-coats; and a very curious and instructive sight it is to behold these personages with pale lean faces, and hats cocked on one side, in a sort of pseudo-military trim. One sees many such sauntering under Drury

Lane Colonnade, or about Bow Street, with sickly smiles on their faces. Poor fellows, poor fellows! how much of their character is embroidered in that seedy braiding of their coats! Near five o'clock, in the neighbourhood of Rupert Street and the Haymarket, you may still occasionally see the old, shabby, manly, gentlemanly, half-pay frock: but the braid is now growing scarce in London; and your military man, with reason perhaps, dresses more like a civilian; and understanding life better, and the means of making his half-crown go as far as five shillings in former days, has usually a club to dine at, and leaves Rupert Street eating-houses to persons of a different grade,—to some of those dubious dandies whom one sees swaggering in Regent Street in the afternoon, or to those gay spruce gentlemen whom you encounter in Saint Paul's Churchyard at ten minutes after five, on their way westward from the City. Look at the same hour at the Temple, and issuing thence and from Essex Street, you behold many scores of neat barristers, who are walking to the joint and half a pint of Marsala at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. They are generally tall, slim, proper, well-dressed men, but their coats are too prim and professionally cut. Indeed, I have generally remarked that their clerks, who leave chambers about the same time, have a far more rakish and fashionable air; and if, my dear madam, you will condescend to take a beefsteak at the "Cock," or at some of the houses around Covent Garden, you will at once allow that this statement is perfectly correct.

I have always had rather a contempt for a man who, on arriving at home, deliberately takes his best coat from his back and adopts an old and shabby one. It is a mean precaution. Unless very low in the world indeed, one should be above a proceeding so petty. Once I knew a French lady very smartly dressed in a black velvet pelisse, a person whom I admired very much,—and indeed for the matter of that she was very fond of me, but that is neither here nor there,—I say I knew a French lady of some repute who used to wear a velvet pelisse, and how do you think the back of it was arranged?

Why, pelisses are worn, as you know, very full behind;

and Madame de Tournuronval had actually a strip of black satin let into the hinder part of her dress, over which the velvet used to close with a spring when she walked or stood, so that the satin was invisible. But when she sat on a chair, especially one of the cane-bottomed species, Euphemia gave a loose to her spring, the velvet divided on each side, and she sat down on the satin.

Was it an authorised stratagem of millinery? Is a woman under any circumstances permitted to indulge in such a manœuvre? I say, No. A woman with such a gown is of a mean deceitful character. Of a woman who has a black satin patch behind her velvet gown, it is right that one should speak ill behind the back; and when I saw Euphemia Tournuronval spread out her wings (*non usitate pennæ*, but what else to call them?)—spread out her skirts and ensure them from injury by means of this dastardly *ruse*, I quitted the room in disgust, and never was intimate with her as before. A widow I know she was; I am certain she looked sweet upon me; and she said she had a fortune, but I don't believe it. Away with parsimonious ostentation! That woman, had I married her, would either have turned out a swindler, or we should have had *bouilli* five times a week for dinner,—*bouilli* off silver, and hungry lacqueys in lace looking on at the windy meal!

The old coat plan is not so base as the above female arrangement; but say what you will, it is not high-minded and honourable to go out in a good coat, to flaunt the streets in it with an easy *dégagé* air, as if you always wore such, and returning home assume another under pretext of dressing for dinner. There is no harm in putting on your old coat of a morning, or in wearing one always. Common reason points out the former precaution, which is at once modest and manly. If your coat pinches you, there is no harm in changing it; if you are going out to dinner, there is no harm in changing it for a better. But I say the plan of habitual changing is a base one, and only fit for a man at last extremities; or for a clerk in the City, who hangs up his best garment on a peg, both at the office and at home; or for a man who smokes, and has to keep his coat for tea-parties,—

a paltry precaution, however, this. If you like smoking, why shouldn't you? If you *do* smell a little of tobacco, where's the harm? The smell is not pleasant, but it does not kill anybody. If the lady of the house do not like it, she is quite at liberty not to invite you again. *Et puis?* Bah! Of what age are you and I? Have we lived? Have we seen men and cities? Have we their manners noted, and understood their idiosyncrasy? Without a doubt! And what is the truth at which we have arrived? This,—that a pipe of tobacco is many an hour in the day, and many a week in the month, a thousand times better and more agreeable society than the best Miss, the loveliest Mrs., the most beautiful Baroness, Countess, or what not. Go to tea-parties, those who will; talk fiddle-faddle, such as like; many men there are who do so, and are a little partial to music, and know how to twist the leaf of the song that Miss Jemima is singing exactly at the right moment. Very good. These are the enjoyments of dress-coats; but *men*,—are they to be put off with such fare for ever? No! One goes out to dinner, because one likes eating and drinking; because the very act of eating and drinking opens the heart, and causes the tongue to wag. But evening parties! Oh, milk and water, bread and butter! No, no, the age is wiser! The manly youth frequents his club for common society, has a small circle of amiable ladies for friendly intercourse, his book and his pipe always.

Do not be angry, ladies, that one of your most ardent and sincere admirers should seem to speak disparagingly of your merits, or recommend his fellows to shun the society in which you ordinarily assemble. No, miss, I am the man who respects you truly,—the man who respects and loves you when you are most lovely and respectable,—in your families, my dears. A wife, a mother, a daughter,—has God made anything more beautiful? A friend,—can one find a truer, kinder, a more generous and enthusiastic one, than a woman often will be? All that has to do with your hearts is beautiful, and in everything with which they meddle, a man must be a brute not to love and honour you.

But Miss Rudge in blue crape, squeaking romances at a harp, or Miss Tobin dancing in a quadrille, or Miss Blogg

twisting round the room in the arms of a lumbering Life-guardsmen;—what are these?—so many vanities. With the operations here described the heart has nothing to do. Has the intellect? O ye gods! think of Miss Rudge's intellect while singing,—

Away, away to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
Away, away to the fountain's flow,
Where the streams are softly la-a-ving!

These are the words of a real song that I have heard many times, and rapturously applauded too. Such a song, such a poem,—such a songster!

No, madam, if I want to hear a song sung, I will pay eight-and-sixpence and listen to Tamburini and Persiani. I will not pay, gloves, three-and-six; cab, there and back, four shillings; silk stockings every now and then, say a shilling a time: I will not pay to hear Miss Rudge screech such disgusting twaddle as the above. If I want to see dancing, there is Taglioni for my money; or across the water, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils; or at Covent Garden, Madame Vedy, beautiful as a houri, dark-eyed and agile as a gazelle. I can see all these in comfort, and they dance a great deal better than Miss Blogg and Captain Haggerty, the great red-whiskered monster, who always wears nankeens because he thinks his legs are fine. If I want conversation, what has Miss Flock to say to me, forsooth, between the figures of a cursed quadrille that we are all gravely dancing? By heavens, what an agony it is! Look at the he-dancers, they seem oppressed with dreadful care. Look at the cavalier seul! if the operation lasted long the man's hair would turn white,—he would go mad! And is it for this that men and women assemble in multitudes, for this sorry pastime?

No! dance as you will, Miss Smith, and swim through the quadrille like a swan, or flutter through the gallop like a sylphide, and have the most elegant fresh toilettes, the most brilliantly polished white shoulders, the blandest eyes, the reddest, simperingest mouth, the whitest neck, the—in fact, I say, be as charming as you will, *that* is not the place in

which, if you are worth anything, you are most charming. You are beautiful; you are very much *décolletée*; your eyes are always glancing down at a pretty pearl necklace, round a pearly neck, or on a fresh fragrant bouquet, stuck—fiddlestick! What is it that the men admire in you?—the animal, miss,—the white, plump, external Smith, which men with their eye-glasses, standing at various parts of the room, are scanning pertly and curiously, and of which they are speaking brutally. A pretty admiration, truly! But is it possible that these men can admire anything else in you who have so much that is really admirable? Cracknell, in the course of the waltz, has just time to pant into your ear, “Were you at Ascot Races?” Kidwinter, who dances two sets of quadrilles with you, whispers to you, “Do you pwefer thtwawbewy ithe aw wathbewy ithe?” and asks the name of “that gweat enawmuth fat woman in wed thatin and bird of pawadithe?” to which you reply, “Law, sir, it’s mamma!” The rest of the evening passes away in conversation similarly edifying. What can any of the men admire in you, you little silly creature, but the animal? There is your mother, now, in red and a bird of paradise, as Kidwinter says. She has a large fan which she flaps to and fro across a broad chest; and has one eye directed to her Amelia, dancing with Kidwinter before mentioned; another watching Jane, who is dancing *vis-à-vis* with Major Cutts; and a third complacently cast upon Edward, who is figuring with Miss Binx in the other quadrille. How the dear fellow has grown, to be sure; and how like his papa at his age—heigho! There is mamma, the best woman breathing; but fat, and even enormous, as has been said of her. Does anybody gaze on *her*? And yet she was once as slim and as fair as you, O simple Amelia!

Does anybody care for her? Yes, one. Your father cares for her; SMITH cares for her; and in his eyes she is still the finest woman of the room; and he remembers when he danced down seven-and-forty couples of a country-dance with her, two years before you were born or thought of. But it was all chance that Miss Hopkins turned out to be the excellent creature she was. Smith did not know any more than that

she was gay, plump, good-looking, and had five thousand pounds. Hit or miss, he took her, and has had assuredly no cause to complain; but she might have been a Borgia or Joan of Naples, and have had the same smiling looks and red cheeks, and five thousand pounds, which won his heart in the year 1814.

The system of evening parties, then, is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband, but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of the object of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slip as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat and feverish glazed pumps, and stiff white waistcoat, as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his old black ditto, or his woollen jacket. And a man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties, unless he is forced thither in search of a lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down to be an ass; and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and has not a proper respect for the female sex; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to most advantage, not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at her piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart; and a kind simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her best in her intercourse with her family and her friends, and detests the miserable twaddling slipslop that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball; and avoids and despises such meetings.

He keeps his evening coat, then, for *dinners*. And if this friendly address to all the mothers who read this miscellany may somewhat be acted upon by them; if heads of families,

instead of spending hundreds upon chalking floors, and Gunter, and cold suppers, and Weippert's band, will determine upon giving a series of plain, neat, nice dinners, of not too many courses, but well cooked, of not too many wines, but good of their sort, and according to the giver's degree, they will see that the young men will come to them fast enough; that they will marry their daughters quite as fast, without injuring their health, and that they will make a saving at the year's end. I say that young men, young women, and heads of families should bless me for pointing out this obvious plan to them, so natural, so hearty, so hospitable, so different to the present artificial mode.

A grand ball in a palace is splendid, generous, and noble,—a sort of procession in which people may figure properly. A family dance is a pretty and pleasant amusement; and (especially after dinner) it does the philosopher's heart good to look upon merry young people who know each other, and are happy, natural, and familiar. But a Baker Street hop is a base invention, and as such let it be denounced and avoided.

A dressing-gown has great merits, certainly, but it is dangerous. A man who wears it of mornings generally takes the liberty of going without a neckcloth, or of not shaving, and is no better than a driveller. Sometimes, to be sure, it is necessary, in self-defence, not to shave, as a precaution against yourself that is to say; and I know no better means of ensuring a man's remaining at home than neglecting the use of the lather and razor for a week, and encouraging a crop of bristles. When I wrote my tragedy, I shaved off for the last two acts my left eyebrow, and never stirred out of doors until it had grown to be a great deal thicker than its right-hand neighbour. But this was an extreme precaution, and unless a man has very strong reasons indeed for stopping at home, and a very violent propensity to gadding, his best plan is to shave every morning neatly, to put on his regular coat, and go regularly to work, and to avoid a dressing-gown as the father of all evil. Painters are the only persons who can decently appear in dressing-gowns; but these are none of your easy morning-gowns; they are commonly of splendid stuff, and put on by the artist in order to render himself

remarkable and splendid in the eyes of his sitter. Your loose-wadded German schlafrock, imported of late years into our country, is the laziest, filthiest invention; and I always augur as ill of a man whom I see appearing at breakfast in one, as of a woman who comes downstairs in curl-papers.

By the way, in the third act of "Macbeth," Mr. Macready makes his appearance in the courtyard of Glamis Castle in an affair of brocade that has always struck me as absurd and un-Macbethlike. Mac in a dressing-gown (I mean 'Beth, not 'Ready),—Mac in list slippers,—Mac in a cotton nightcap, with a tassel bobbing up and down,—I say the thought is unworthy, and am sure the worthy thane would have come out, if suddenly called from bed, by any circumstance, however painful, in a *good stout jacket*. It is a more manly, simple, and majestic wear than the lazy dressing-gown; it more becomes a man of Macbeth's mountainous habits; it leaves his legs quite free, to run whithersoever he pleases,—whether to the stables, to look at the animals,—to the farm, to see the pig that has been slaughtered that morning,—to the garden, to examine whether that scoundrel of a John Hoskins has dug up the potato-bed,—to the nursery, to have a romp with the little Macbeths that are spluttering and quarrelling over their porridge,—or whither you will. A man in a jacket is fit company for anybody; there is no shame about it as about being seen in a changed coat; it is simple, steady, and straightforward. It is as I have stated, all over pockets, which contain everything you want; in one, your buttons, hammer, small nails, thread, twine, and cloth-strips for the trees on the south wall; in another, your dog-whip and whistle, your knife, cigar-case, gingerbread for the children, paper of Epsom salts for John Hoskins's mother, who is mortal bad,—and so on: there is no end to the pockets, and to the things you put in them. Walk about in your jacket, and meet what person you will, you assume at once an independent air; and, thrusting your hands into the receptacle that flaps over each hip, look the visitor in the face, and talk to the ladies on a footing of perfect equality. Whereas, look at the sneaking way in which a man caught in a dressing-gown, in loose bagging trousers most likely (for the man

who has a dressing-gown, has, two to one, no braces), and in shuffling slippers,—see how he whisks his dressing-gown over his legs, and looks ashamed and uneasy. His lanky hair hangs over his blowsy, fat, shining, unhealthy face; his bristly dumpling-shaped double-chin peers over a flaccid shirt-collar; the sleeves of his gown are in rags, and you see underneath a pair of black wristbands, and the rim of a dingy flannel waistcoat.

A man who is not strictly neat in his person is not an honest man. I shall not enter into this very ticklish subject of personal purification and neatness, because this essay will be read by hundreds of thousands of ladies as well as men; and for the former I would wish to provide nothing but pleasure. Men may listen to stern truths; but for ladies one should only speak verities that are sparkling, rosy, brisk, and agreeable. A man who wears a dressing-gown is not neat in his person; his moral character takes invariably some of the slatternliness and looseness of his costume; he becomes enervated, lazy, incapable of great actions; A man IN A JACKET is a man. All great men wore jackets. Walter Scott wore a jacket, as everybody knows; Byron wore a jacket (not that I count a man who turns down his collars for much); I have a picture of Napoleon in a jacket at Saint Helena; Thomas Carlyle wears a jacket; Lord John Russell always mounts a jacket on arriving at the Colonial Office; and if I have a single fault to find with that popular writer, the author of——never mind what, you know his name as well as I,—it is that he is in the habit of composing his works in a large-flowered damask dressing-gown, and morocco slippers; whereas, in a jacket he would write you off something, not so flowery, if you please, but of honest texture,—something, not so long, but terse, modest, and comfortable,—no great, long, strealing tails of periods,—no staring peonies and hollyhocks of illustrations,—no flaring cords and tassels of episodes,—no great, dirty, wadded sleeves of sentiment, ragged at the elbows and cuffs, and mopping up everything that comes in their way,—cigar-ashes, ink, candle-wax, cold brandy and water, coffee, or whatever aids to the brain he may employ as a literary man; not to mention the quantity of tooth-powder,

whisker-dye, soapsuds, and pomatum that the same garment receives in the course of the toilets at which it assists. Let all literary men, then, get jackets. I prefer them without tails; but do not let this interfere with another man's pleasure: he may have tails if he likes, and I for one will never say him nay.

Like all things, however, jackets are subject to abuse; and the pertness and conceit of those jackets cannot be sufficiently reprehended which one sees on the backs of men at watering-places, with a telescope poking out of one pocket, and a yellow bandanna flaunting from the other. Nothing is more contemptible than Tims in a jacket, with a blue bird's-eye neck-handkerchief tied sailor-fashion, puffing smoke like a steamer, with his great broad orbicular stern shining in the sun. I always long to give the wretch a smart smack upon that part where his coat-tails ought to be, and advise him to get into a more decent costume. There is an age and a figure for jackets; those who are of a certain build should not wear them in public. Witness fat officers of the dragoon-guards that one has seen bumping up and down the Steyne, at Brighton, on their great chargers, with a laced and embroidered coat, a cartridge-box, or whatever you call it, of the size of a twopenny loaf, placed on the small of their backs,—if their backs may be said to have a small,—and two little twinkling abortions of tails pointing downwards to the enormity jolting in the saddle. Officers should be occasionally measured, and after passing a certain width should be drafted into other regiments, or allowed—nay, ordered—to wear frock-coats.

The French tailors make frock-coats very well, but the people who wear them have the disgusting habit of wearing stays, than which nothing can be more unbecoming the dignity of man. Look what a waist the Apollo has, not above four inches less in the girth than the chest is. Look, ladies, at the waist of the Venus, and pray,—pray do not pinch in your dear little ribs in that odious and unseemly way. In a young man a slim waist is very well; and if he looks like the Eddystone lighthouse, it is as nature intended him to look. A man of certain age may be built like a tower,

stalwart and straight. Then a man's middle may expand from the pure cylindrical to the barrel shape ; well, let him be content. Nothing is so horrid as a fat man with a band ; an hour-glass is a most mean and ungracious figure. Daniel Lambert is ungracious, but not mean. One meets with some men who look in their frock-coats perfectly sordid, sneaking, and ungentlemanlike, who if you see them dressed for an evening have a slim, easy, almost fashionable, appearance. Set these persons down as fellows of poor spirit and milksops. Stiff white ties and waistcoats, prim straight tails, and a gold chain will give any man of moderate lankiness an air of factitious gentility ; but if you want to understand the individual, look at him in the daytime ; see him walking with his hat on. There is a great deal in the build and wearing of hats, a great deal more than at first meets the eye. I know a man who in a particular hat looked so extraordinarily like a man of property, that no tradesman on earth could refuse to give him credit. It was one of André's, and cost a guinea and a half ready money ; but the person in question was frightened at the enormous charge, and afterwards purchased beavers in the City at the cost of seventeen-and-sixpence. And what was the consequence ? He fell off in public estimation, and very soon after he came out in his City hat it began to be whispered abroad that he was a ruined man.

A blue coat is, after all, the best ; but a gentleman of my acquaintance has made his fortune by an Oxford mixture, of all colours in the world, with a pair of white buckskin gloves. He looks as if he had just got off his horse, and as if he had three thousand a year in the country. There is a kind of proud humility in an Oxford mixture. Velvet collars, and all such gimcracks, had best be avoided by sober people. This paper is not written for drivelling dandies, but for honest men. There is a great deal of philosophy and forethought in Sir Robert Peel's dress ; he does not wear those white waistcoats for nothing. I say that O'Connell's costume is likewise that of a profound rhetorician, slouching and careless as it seems. Lord Melbourne's air of reckless, good-humoured, don't-care-a-damn-ativeness is not obtained without an effort. Look at the Duke as he passes along in that stern little

straight frock and plaid breeches; look at him, and off with your hat! How much is there in that little grey coat of Napoleon's! A spice of claptrap and dandyism, no doubt; but we must remember the country which he had to govern. I never see a picture of George III. in his old stout Windsor uniform without feeling a respect; or of George IV., breeches and silk stockings, a wig, a sham smile, a frogged frock-coat and a fur collar, without that proper degree of reverence which such a costume should inspire. The coat is the expression of the man,—*οἷηπερ φύλλων*, &c.; and as the peach-tree throws out peach-leaves, the pear-tree pear ditto, as old George appeared invested in the sober old garment of blue and red, so did young George in oiled wigs, fur collars, stays, and braided surtouts, according to his nature.

* * * * *

Enough,—enough; and may these thoughts, arising in the writer's mind from the possession of a new coat, which circumstance caused him to think not only of new coats but of old ones, and of coats neither old nor new,—and not of coats merely, but of men,—may these thoughts so inspired answer the purpose for which they have been set down on paper, and which is not a silly wish to instruct mankind,—no, no; but an honest desire to pay a deserving tradesman whose confidence supplied the garment in question.

PENTONVILLE: *April 25, 1841.*

(*Fraser's Magazine*, August 1841.)

GREENWICH—WHITEBAIT.

I WAS recently talking in a very touching and poetical strain about the above delicate fish to my friend Foozle and some others at the Club, and expatiating upon the excellence of the dinner which our little friend Guttlebury had given us: when Foozle, looking round about him with an air of triumph and immense wisdom, said—

“I’ll tell you what, Wagstaff, I’m a plain man, and despise all your gormandising and kickshaws. I don’t know the difference between one of your absurd made dishes and another—give me a plain cut of mutton or beef. I’m a plain Englishman, I am, and no glutton.”

Foozle, I say, thought this speech a terrible set-down for me—and indeed acted up to his principles—you may see him any day at six sitting down before a great reeking joint of meat; his eyes quivering, his face red, and he cutting great smoking red collops out of the beef before him, which he devours with corresponding quantities of cabbage and potatoes, and the other gratis luxuries of the club-table.

What I complain of is, not that the man should enjoy his great meal of steaming beef; let him be happy over that as much as the beef he is devouring was in life happy over oil-cakes or mangel-wurzel: but I hate the fellow’s brutal self-complacency, and his scorn of other people who have different tastes from his. A man who brags regarding himself, that whatever he swallows is the same to him, and that his coarse palate recognises no difference between venison and turtle, pudding, or mutton-broth, as his indifferent jaws close over

them, brags about a personal defect—the wretch—and not about a virtue. It is like a man boasting that he has no ear for music, or no eye for colour, or that his nose cannot scent the difference between a rose and a cabbage—I say, as a general rule, set that man down as a conceited fellow who swaggers about not caring for his dinner.

Why shouldn't we care about it? Was eating not made to be a pleasure to us? Yes, I say, a daily pleasure: a sweet solamen: a pleasure familiar, yet ever new, the same and yet how different! It is one of the causes of domesticity: the neat dinner makes the husband pleased, the housewife happy, the children consequently are well brought up and love their papa and mamma. A good dinner is the centre of the circle of the social sympathies—it warms acquaintanceship into friendship—it maintains that friendship comfortably unimpaired: enemies meet over it and are reconciled. How many of you, dear friends, has that late bottle of claret warmed into affectionate forgiveness, tender recollections of old times, and ardent glowing anticipations of new! The brain is a tremendous secret. I believe some chemist will arise anon, who will know how to doctor the brain as they do the body now, as Liebig doctors the ground. They will apply certain medicines, and produce crops of certain qualities that are lying dormant now for want of intellectual guano. But this is a subject for future speculation—a parenthesis growing out of another parenthesis. What I would urge especially here is a point which must be familiar with every person accustomed to eat good dinners—viz. the noble and friendly qualities that they elicit. How is it we cut such jokes over them? How is it we become so remarkably friendly? How is it that some of us, inspired by a good dinner, have sudden gusts of genius unknown in the quiet unfestive state? Some men make speeches, some shake their neighbour by the hand, and invite him or themselves to dine—some sing prodigiously—my friend, Saladin, for instance, goes home, he says, with the most beautiful harmonies ringing in his ears; and I, for my part, will take any given tune, and make variations upon it for any given period of hours, greatly, no doubt, to the delight of all hearers. These are only temporary inspirations given

us by the jolly genius, but are they to be despised on that account? No. Good dinners have been the greatest vehicles of benevolence since man began to eat.

A taste for good living, then, is praiseworthy in moderation—like all the other qualities and endowments of man. If a man were to neglect his family or his business on account of his love for the fiddle or the fine arts—he would commit just the crime that the dinner-sensualist is guilty of: but to enjoy wisely is a maxim of which no man need be ashamed. But if you cannot eat a dinner of herbs as well as a stalled ox, then you are an unfortunate man—your love for good dinners has passed the wholesome boundary, and degenerated into gluttony.

Oh, shall I ever forget the sight of the only City dinner I ever attended in my life! at the hall of the Right Worshipful Company of Chimney-sweepers—it was in May, and a remarkably late pea-season. The hall was decorated with banners and escutcheons of deceased *chummies*—martial music resounded from the balconies as the Master of the Company and the great ones marched in. We sat down, grace was said, the tureen-covers removed, and instantly a silence in the hall—a breathless silence—and then a great gurgle!—grwlwlwlw it sounded like. The worshipful Company were sucking in the turtle! Then came the venison, and with it were two hundred quarts of peas, at five-and-twenty shillings a quart—oh, my heart sank within me, as we devoured the green ones! as the old waddling, trembling, winking citizens held out their plates quivering with anxiety, and, said Mr. Jones, “A little bit of the f-f-fat, another spoonful of the p-p-pe-as”—and they swallowed them down, the prematurely born children of the spring—and there were thousands in London that day without bread.

This is growing serious—and is a long grace before white-bait to be sure—but at a whitebait dinner, haven't you remarked that you take a number of dishes first? In the first place, water-souchy, soochy, or soojy—flounder-souchy is incomparably, exquisitely the best—perch is muddy, bony, and tough; compared to it slips are coarse; and salmon—

perhaps salmon is next to the flounder. You hear many people exclaim against flounder-soucy—I dined with Jorrocks, Sangsue, the Professor, and one or two more, only the other day, and they all voted it tasteless. Tasteless! It has an almost angelic delicacy of flavour: it is as fresh as the recollections of childhood—it wants a Correggio's pencil to describe it with sufficient tenderness.

“*If a flounder had two backs,*” Saladin said at the “Star and Garter” the other day, “it would be divine!”

Foolish man, whither will your wild desires carry you? As he is, a flounder is a perfect being. And the best reply to those people who talk about its tastelessness, is to say “Yes,” and draw over the tureen to yourself, and never leave it while a single slice of brown bread remains beside it, or a single silver-breasted fishlet floats in the yellow parsley-flavoured wave.

About eels, salmon, lobsters, either *au gratin* or in cutlets, and about the variety of sauces—Genevese sauce, Indian sauce (a strong but agreeable compound), &c., I don't think it is necessary to speak. The slimy eel is found elsewhere than in the stream of Thames (I have tasted him charmingly matelotted with mushrooms and onions, at the “Marronniers” at Passy), the lusty salmon flaps in other waters—by the fair tree-clad banks of Lismore—by the hospitable margin of Ballynahinch—by the beauteous shores of Wye, and on the sandy flats of Scheveningen, I have eaten and loved him. I do not generally eat him at Greenwich. Not that he is not good. But he is not good in such a place. It is like Mrs. Siddons dancing a hornpipe, or a chapter of Burke in a novel—the salmon is too *vast* for Greenwich.

I would say the same, and more, regarding turtle. It has no business in such a feast as that fresh and simple one provided at the “Trafalgar” or the “Old Ship.” It is indecorous somehow to serve it in that company. A fine large lively turtle, and a poor little whitebait by his side! Ah, it is wrong to place them by each other.

At last we come to the bait—the twelve dishes of preparatory fish are removed, the Indian sauced salmon has been attacked in spite of our prohibition, the stewed eels have been mauled, and the flounder soup-tureen is empty. All those

receptacles of pleasure are removed—eyes turned eagerly to the door, and enter

Mr. Derbyshire (with a silver dish of whitebait).

John (brown bread and butter).

Samuel (lemons and cayenne).

Frederick (a dish of whitebait).

Gustavus (brown bread and butter).

Adolphus (whitebait).

A waiter with a napkin, which he flaps about the room in an easy *dégagé* manner.

“There’s plenty more to follow, sir,” says Mr. D., whisking off the cover. Frederick and Adolphus pass rapidly round with their dishes; John and Gustavus place their refreshments on the table, and Samuel obsequiously insinuates the condiments under his charge.

Ah! he must have had a fine mind who first invented brown bread and butter with whitebait! That man was a kind, modest, gentle benefactor to his kind. We don’t recognise sufficiently the merits of those men who leave us such quiet benefactions. A statue ought to be put up to the philosopher who joined together this charming couple. Who was it? Perhaps it was done by the astronomer at Greenwich, who observed it when seeking for some other discovery. If it were the astronomer—why the next time we go to Greenwich we will go into the Park and ascend the hill, and pay our respects to the Observatory.

That, by the way, is another peculiarity about Greenwich. People leave town, and *say* they will walk in the Park before dinner. But we never do. We may suppose there is a Park from seeing trees; but we have never entered it. We walk wistfully up and down on the terrace before the Hospital, looking at the clock a great many times; at the brown old seamen basking in the sun; at the craft on the river; at the nursery-maids mayhap, and the gambols of the shrill-voiced Jacks-ashore on the beach. But the truth is, one’s thinking of something else all the time. Of the bait. Remark how silent fellows are on steamboats going down to Greenwich. They won’t acknowledge it, but they are thinking of what I tell you.

Well, when the whitebait does come, what is it after all? Come now. Tell us, my dear sir, your real sentiments about this fish, this little little fish about which we all make such a noise! There it lies. Lemon it, pepper it: pop it into your mouth—and what then?—a crisp crunch, and it is gone. Does it realise your expectations—is it better than anything you ever tasted? Is it as good as raspberry open tarts used to be at school? Come, upon your honour and conscience now, is it better than a fresh dish of tittlebacks or gudgeons?

O fool, to pry with too curious eye into these secrets! O blunderer, to wish to dash down a fair image because it may be of plaster! O dull philosopher, not to know that pursuit is pleasure, and possession worthless without it! I, for my part, never will, as long as I live, put to myself that question about whitebait. Whitebait is a butterfly of the waters—and as the animal mentioned by Lord Byron invites the young pursuer near, and leads him through thy fields Cashmere—as it carries him in his chase through a thousand agreeable paths scented with violets, sparkling with sunshine, with beauty to feast his eyes, and health in the air—let the right-thinking man be content with the pursuit, nor inquire too curiously about the object. How many hunters get the brush of the fox, and what, when gotten, is the worth of that tawny wisp of hair?

Whitebait, then, is only a little means for acquiring a great deal of pleasure. Somehow, it is always allied with sunshine: it is always accompanied by jolly friends and good-humour. You rush after that little fish, and leave the cares of London behind you—the row and struggle, the foggy darkness, the slippery pavement where every man jostles you, striding on his way preoccupied, with care written on his brow. Look out of the window, the sky is tinted with a thousand glorious hues—the ships pass silent over the blue glittering waters—there is no object within sight that is not calm, and happy, and beautiful. Yes! turn your head a little, and there lie the towers of London in the dim smoky sunset. There lie Care, Labour, To-morrow. Friends, let us have another glass of claret, and thank our luck that we have still to-day.

On thinking over the various whitebait dinners which have fallen to our lot in the last month—somehow you are sure to find the remembrance of them all pleasant. I have seen some wretches taking whitebait and *tea*, which has always inspired me with a sort of terror, and a yearning to go up to the miserable objects so employed, and say, “My good friend, here is a crown-piece; have a bottle of iced punch, or a tankard of delicious cider-cup—but not tea, dear sir; no, no, not tea; you can get that at home—there’s no exhilaration in Congo. It was not made to be drunk on holidays. Those people are unworthy of the “Ship”—I don’t wish to quarrel with the enjoyments of any man; but fellows who take tea and whitebait should not be allowed to damp the festive feelings of persons better engaged. They should be consigned to the smiling damsels whom one meets on the walk to Mr. Derbyshire’s, who issue from dingy tenements no bigger than houses in a pantomime, and who, whatever may be the rank of the individual, persist in saying, “Tea, sir—I can accommodate your party—tea, sir,—srimps?”

About the frequenters of Greenwich and the various classes of ichthyophagi, many volumes might be written. All classes of English Christians, with the exception of Her Majesty and Prince Albert (and the more is the pity that their exalted rank deprives them of an amusement so charming!) frequent the hospitable taverns—the most celebrated gormandiser and the very humble. There are the annual Ministerial Saturnalia, which, whenever I am called in by Her Majesty, I shall have great pleasure in describing in these pages, and in which the lowest becomes the highest for the occasion, and Taper and Tadpole take just as high a rank as Lord Eskdale or Lord Monmouth. There are the private banquets in which Lord Monmouth diverts himself with his friends from the little French—but this subject has been already touched upon at much length. There are the lawyers’ dinners, when Sir Frederick or Sir William is advanced to the honour of the bench or the attorney-generalship, and where much legal pleasantry is elicited. The last time I dined at the “Ship,” hearing a dreadful Bacchanalian noise issuing from a private apartment, I was informed, “*It’s the gentlemen of ‘Punch,’*”

sir." What would I not have given to be present at such an assembly of choice spirits! Even missionary societies and converters of the Quashimdoo Indians come hither for a little easy harmless pleasuring after their labours, and no doubt the whitebait slips down their reverend throats, and is relished by them as well as by the profane crowd.

Then in the coffee-room, let a man be by himself, and he is never lonely. Every table tells its little history. Yonder sit three City bucks, with all the elegant graces of the Custom-house and the Stock Exchange.

"That's a good glass of wine," says Wiggins.

"Ropy," says Figgins; "I'll put you in a pipe of that to stand you in three-and-twenty a dozen."

Once, in my presence, I heard a City "*gent*" speak so slightly of a glass of very excellent brown sherry, that the landlord was moved almost to tears, and made a speech, of which the sorrow was only equalled by the indignation.

Sporting young fellows come down in great numbers, with cut-away coats and riding-whips, which must be very useful on the water. They discourse learnedly about Leander and Running Rein, and say, "I'll bet you three to two of that."

Likewise pink-faced lads from Oxford and Cambridge. Those from the former University wear lavender-coloured gloves, and drink much less wine than their jolly comrades from the banks of Cam. It would be a breach of confidence to report their conversation: but I lately heard some very interesting anecdotes about the Master of Trinity, and one Bumpkins, a gyp there.

Of course there are foreigners. I have remarked many "Mosaic Arabs" who dress and drink remarkably smartly; honest pudding-faced Germans, who sit sentimentally over their punch; and chattering little Frenchmen with stays, and whiskers, and canes, and little lacquered boots. These worthies drink ale, for the most part, saying, "*Je ne bois que l'ale moi,*" or "*Que la bière est bonne en Angleterre.*" "*Et que le vin est mauvais,*" shrieks out the pigmy addressed, and so they club their sixpence, and remain faithful to the malt-and-hoppish liquor. It may be remarked that ladies and Frenchmen are not favourites with inn-waiters, coach-guards,

cabmen, and such officials, doubtless for reasons entirely mercenary.

I could continue for many more pages, but the evening grey is tinging the river; the packet-boat bells are ringing; the sails of the ships look greyer and more ghostlike as they sweep silently by. It is time to be thinking of returning, and so let us call for the bill, and finish with a moral. My dear sir, it is this. The weather is beautiful. The whitebait singularly fine this season. You are sure to be happy if you go to Greenwich. Go then; and, above all, TAKE YOUR AMIABLE LADY WITH YOU.

Ah! if but ten readers will but follow this advice, Lancelot Wagstaff has not written in vain, and has made ten charming women happy!

(Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, July 1844.)

THE DIGNITY OF LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the "Morning Chronicle."

SIR,—In a leading article of your journal of Thursday, the 3rd instant, you commented upon literary pensions and the status of literary men in this country, and illustrated your arguments by extracts from the story of "Pendennis," at present in course of publication. You have received my writings with so much kindness, that, if you have occasion to disapprove of them or the author, I can't question your right to blame me, or doubt for a moment the friendliness and honesty of my critic; and however I might dispute the justice of your verdict in my case, I had proposed to submit to it in silence, being indeed very quiet in my conscience with regard to the charge made against me.

But another newspaper of high character and repute takes occasion to question the principles advocated in your article of Thursday, arguing in favour of pensions for literary persons as you argued against them; and the only point upon which the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* appear to agree, unluckily regards myself, who am offered up to general reprehension in two leading articles by the two writers: by the latter for "fostering a baneful prejudice" against literary men; by the former for "stooping to flatter" this prejudice in the public mind, and "condescending to caricature (as is too often my habit) my literary fellow-labourers, in order to pay court to the non-literary class."

The charges of the *Examiner* against a man who has never, to his knowledge, been ashamed of his profession, or

(except for its dulness) of any single line from his pen, grave as they are, are, I hope, not proven. "To stoop to flatter" any class is a novel accusation brought against my writings; and as for my scheme "to pay court to the non-literary class by disparaging my literary fellow-labourers," it is a design which would exhibit a degree not only of baseness but of folly upon my part of which, I trust, I am not capable. The editor of the *Examiner* may perhaps occasionally write, like other authors, in a hurry, and not be aware of the conclusions to which some of his sentences may lead. If I stoop to flatter anybody's prejudices for some interested motives of my own, I am no more nor less than a rogue and a cheat; which deductions from the *Examiner's* premisses I will not stoop to contradict, because the premisses themselves are simply absurd.

I deny that the considerable body of our countrymen described by the *Examiner* as "the non-literary class" has the least gratification in witnessing the degradation or disparagement of literary men. Why accuse "the non-literary class" of being so ungrateful? If the writings of an author give the reader pleasure or profit, surely the latter will have a favourable opinion of the person who benefits him. What intelligent man, of whatsoever political views, would not receive with respect and welcome that writer of the *Examiner* of whom your paper once said that "he made all England laugh and think"? Who would deny to that brilliant wit, that polished satirist, his just tribute of respect and admiration? Does any man who has written a book worth reading—any poet, historian, novelist, man of science—lose reputation by his character for genius or for learning? Does he not, on the contrary, get friends, sympathy, applause—money, perhaps?—all good and pleasant things in themselves, and not ungenerously awarded as they are honestly won. That generous faith in men of letters, that kindly regard in which the whole reading nation holds them, appear to me to be so clearly shown in our country every day, that to question them would be absurd, as, permit me to say for my part, it would be ungrateful. What is it that fills mechanics' institutes in the great provincial towns when literary

men are invited to attend their festivals? Has not every literary man of mark his friends and his circle, his hundreds or his tens of thousands of readers? And has not everyone had from these constant and affecting testimonials of the esteem in which they hold him? It is of course one writer's lot, from the nature of his subject or of his genius, to command the sympathies or awaken the curiosity of many more readers than shall choose to listen to another author; but surely all get their hearing. The literary profession is not held in disrepute; nobody wants to disparage it, no man loses his social rank, whatever it may be, by practising it. On the contrary; the pen gives a place in the world to men who had none before, a fair place, fairly achieved by their genius, as any other degree of eminence is by any other kind of merit. Literary men need not, as it seems to me, be in the least querulous about their position any more, or want the pity of anybody. The money-prizes which the chief among them get are not so high as those which fall to men of other callings—to bishops, or to judges, or to opera-singers and actors, nor have they received stars and garters as yet, or peerages and governorships of islands, such as fall to the lot of military officers. The rewards of the profession are not to be measured by the money standard, for one man may spend a life of learning and labour on a book which does not pay the printer's bill; and another gets a little fortune by a few light volumes. But putting the money out of the question, I believe that the social estimation of the man of letters is as good as it deserves to be, and as good as that of any other professional man.

With respect to the question in debate between you and the *Examiner*, as to the propriety of public rewards and honours to literary men, I don't see why men of letters should not cheerfully coincide with *Mr. Examiner*, in accepting all the honours, places, and prizes which they can get. The amount of such as will be awarded to them will not, we may be pretty sure, impoverish the country much; and if it is the custom of the State to reward by money, or titles of honour, or stars and garters of any sort, individuals who do the country service; and if individuals are gratified by having

Sir, or my Lord, appended to their names, or stars and ribbons hooked on to their coats and waistcoats, as men most undoubtedly are, and as their wives, families, and relations are—there can be no reason why men of letters should not have the chance, as well as men of the robe or the sword; or why, if honour and money are good for one profession, they should not be good for another. No man in other callings thinks himself degraded by receiving a reward from his Government; nor surely need the literary man be more squeamish about pensions, and ribbons, and titles, than the ambassador, or general, or judge. Every European State but ours rewards its men of letters; the American Government gives them their full share of its small patronage; and if Americans, why not Englishmen? If Pitt Crawley is disappointed at not getting a ribbon on retiring from his diplomatic post at Pumpernickel; if General O'Dowd is pleased to be called Sir Hector O'Dowd, K.C.B., and his wife at being denominated my Lady O'Dowd—are literary men to be the only persons exempt from vanity, and is it to be a sin in them to covet honour?

And now with regard to the charge against myself of fostering baneful prejudices against our calling—to which I no more plead guilty than I should think Fielding would have done, if he had been accused of a design to bring the Church into contempt by describing Parson Trulliber—permit me to say, that before you deliver sentence it would be as well to have waited to hear the whole of the argument. Who knows what is coming in the future numbers of the work which has incurred your displeasure and the *Examiner's*, and whether you, in accusing me of prejudice, and the *Examiner* (alas!) of swindling and flattering the public, have not been premature? Time and the hour may solve this mystery, for which the candid reader is referred to “our next.”

That I have a prejudice against running into debt, and drunkenness, and disorderly life, and against quackery and falsehood in my profession, I own; and that I like to have a laugh at those pretenders in it who write confidential news about fashion and politics for provincial *gobemouches*; but I am not aware of feeling any malice in describing this weak-

ness, or of doing anything wrong in exposing the former vices. Have they never existed amongst literary men? Have their talents never been urged as a plea for improvidence, and their very faults adduced as a consequence of their genius? The only moral that I, as a writer, wished to hint in the descriptions against which you protest was, that it was the duty of a literary man, as well as any other, to practise regularity and sobriety, to love his family, and to pay his tradesmen. Nor is the picture I have drawn "a caricature which I condescend to," any more than it is a wilful and insidious design on my part to flatter "the non-literary class." If it be a caricature, it is the result of a natural perversity of vision, not of an artful desire to mislead; but my attempt was to tell the truth, and I meant to tell it not unkindly. I have seen the bookseller whom Bludyer robbed of his books; I have carried money, and from a noble brother man-of-letters, to someone not unlike Shandon in prison, and have watched the beautiful devotion of his wife in that place. Why are these things not to be described, if they illustrate, as they appear to me to do, that strange and awful struggle of good and wrong which takes place in our hearts and in the world? It may be that I work out my moral ill, or it may possibly be that the critic of the *Examiner* fails in apprehension. My effort as an artist came perfectly within his province as a censor; but when *Mr. Examiner* says of a gentleman that he is "stooping to flatter the public prejudice," which public prejudice does not exist, I submit that he makes a charge which is as absurd as it is unjust, and am thankful that it repels itself.

And instead of accusing the public of persecuting and disparaging us as a class, it seems to me that men of letters had best silently assume that they are as good as any other gentlemen; nor raise piteous controversies upon a question which all people of sense must take as settled. If I sit at your table, I suppose that I am my neighbour's equal, and that he is mine. If I begin straightway with a protest of "Sir, I am a literary man, but I would have you to know that I am as good as you," which of us is it that questions the dignity of the literary profession—my neighbour who would like to eat his

soup in quiet, or the man of letters who commences the argument? And I hope that a comic writer, because he describes one author as improvident, and another as a parasite, may not only be guiltless of a desire to vilify his profession, but may really have its honour at heart. If there are no spend-thrifts or parasites among us, the satire becomes unjust; but if such exist, or have existed, they are as good subjects for comedy as men of other callings. I never heard that the Bar felt itself aggrieved because *Punch* chose to describe Mr. Dump's notorious state of insolvency, or that the picture of Stiggins, in "*Pickwick*," was intended as an insult to all Dissenters; or that all the attorneys in the empire were indignant at the famous history of the firm of "Quirk, Gammon, and Snap." Are we to be passed over because we are faultless, or because we cannot afford to be laughed at? And if every character in a story is to represent a class, not an individual—if every bad figure is to have its obliged contrast a good one, and a balance of vice and virtue is to be struck—novels, I think, would become impossible, as they would be intolerably stupid and unnatural; and there would be a lamentable end of writers and readers of such compositions. Believe me, Sir, to be your very faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

REFORM CLUB: *Jan. 8.*

(*Morning Chronicle*, January 12, 1850.)

MR. THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of "Fraser's Magazine."

YOU may remember, my dear Sir, how I prognosticated a warm reception for your Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh in New York—how I advised that he should come by a Collins rather than a Cunard liner—how that he must land at New York rather than at Boston—or, at any rate, that he mustn't dare to begin lecturing at the latter city, and bring "cold joints" to the former one. In the last particular he has happily followed my suggestion, and has opened with a warm success in the chief city. The journals have been full of him. On the 19th of November, he commenced his lectures before the Mercantile Library Association (young ardent commercialists), in the spacious New York church belonging to the flock presided over by the Reverend Mr. Chapin; a strong row of ladies—the cream of the capital—and an "unusual number of the distinguished literary and professional celebrities." The critic of the *New York Tribune* is forward to commend his style of delivery as "that of a well-bred gentleman, reading with marked force and propriety to a large circle in the drawing-room." So far, excellent. This witness is a *gentleman* of the press, and is a credit to his order. But there are some others who have whetted the ordinary American appetite of inquisitiveness with astounding intelligence. Sydney Smith excused the national curiosity as not only venial, but laudable. In 1824, he wrote—"Where men live in woods and forests, as is the case, of course, in remote American settlements, it is the duty of every man to gratify the inhabitants by telling them

his name, place, age, office, virtues, crimes, children, fortune, and remarks." It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that this percontatorial foible has grown with the national growth.

You cannot help perceiving that the lion in America is public property and confiscate to the common weal. They trim the creature's nails, they cut the hair off his mane and tail (which is distributed or sold to his admirers), and they draw his teeth, which are frequently preserved with much the same care as you keep any memorable grinder whose presence has been agony and departure delight.

Bear-leading is not so much in vogue across the Atlantic as at your home in England; but the lion-leading is infinitely more in fashion.

Some learned man is appointed Androcles to the new arrival. One of the familiars of the press is despatched to attend the latest attraction, and by this reflecting medium the lion is perpetually presented to the popular gaze. The guest's most secret self is exposed by his host. Every action—every word—every gesture is preserved and proclaimed—a sigh—a nod—a groan—a sneeze—a cough—or a wink—is each written down by this recording minister, who blots out nothing. No *tabula rasa* with him. The portrait is limned with the fidelity of Parrhasius, and filled up with the minuteness of the Daguerre process itself. No bloodhound or Bow-Street officer can be keener or more exact on the trail than this irresistible and unavoidable spy. 'Tis in Austria they calotype criminals: in the far West the public press prints the identity of each notorious visitor to its shores.

In turn, Mr. Dickens, Lord Carlisle, Jenny Lind, and now Mr. Thackeray, have been lionised in America.

"They go to see, themselves a greater sight than all."

In providing for a gaping audience, narrators are disposed rather to go beyond reality. Your famous Oriental lecturer at the British and Foreign Institute had a wallet of personal experience, from which Lemuel Gulliver might have helped himself. With such hyperbole one or two of "our own corre-

spondents" of American journals tell Mr. Thackeray more about his habits than he himself was cognisant of. Specially I have selected from the *Sachem* and *Broadway Delineator* (the latter-named newspaper has quite a fabulous circulation) a pleasant history of certain of the peculiarities of your great humorist at which I believe he himself must smile.

Mr. Thackeray's person, height, breadth, hair, complexion, voice, gesticulation, and manner are, with a fair enough accuracy, described.

Anon, these recorders, upon which we play, softly whisper—

"One of his most singular habits is that of making rough sketches for caricatures on his finger-nails. The phosphoretic ink he originally used has destroyed the entire nails, so his fingers are now tipped with horn, on which he draws his portraits. The Duke of Marlboro' (under Queen Anne), General O'Gahagan (under Lord Lake), together with Ibrahim Pasha (at the Turkish Ambassador's), were thus taken. The celebrated engravings in the 'Paris Sketch Book,' 'Esmond,' &c., were made from these sketches. He has an insatiable passion for snuff, which he carries loose in his pockets. At a ball at the Duke of Northumberland's, he set a whole party sneezing, in a polka, in so convulsive a manner that they were obliged to break up in confusion. His pockets are all lined with tea-lead, after a fashion introduced by the late Lord Dartmouth.

"Mr. T. has a passion for daguerreotypes, of which he has a collection of many thousands. Most of these he took unobserved from the outer gallery of Saint Paul's. He generally carries his apparatus in one of Sangster's alpaca umbrellas, surmounted with a head of Doctor Syntax. (This umbrella, we believe, remained with the publishers of *Fraser's Magazine*, after the article on the London Exhibitions, in which it was alluded to.) He has been known to collar a beggar boy in the streets, drag him off to the nearest pastrycook's, and exercise his photographic art without ceremony. In London he had a tame laughing hyæna presented to him, on the breaking up of the Tower menagerie, which followed him like a dog, and was much attached to his master, though totally blind from confinement, deaf, and going on three legs and a wooden one. He was always surrounded by pets and domestic animals in his house; two owls live in the ivy-tod of the summer-house in the garden. His back sitting-room has an aviary. Monkeys, dogs, parrots, cats, and guinea-pigs swarm in the chambers. The

correspondent of the *Buffalo Revolver*, who stayed three weeks with Mr. Thackeray during the Great Exhibition, gave us these particulars.

“ His papers on the ‘ Greater Petty Chaps ’ or ‘ Garden Warbler (*Sylva hortensis*),’ ‘ the Fauvette,’ created an immense sensation when Madame Otto Goldschmidt was last in London. The study is at the end of the garden. The outside is richly covered with honeysuckle, jasmine, and Virginian creepers. Here Mr. T. sits in perfect solitude, ‘ chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.’ Being an early riser, he is generally to be found there in the morning, whence he can watch the birds. His daily costume is a hanging chlamys, or frock-coat, which he closely buttons, to avoid the encumbrance of a waistcoat. Hence the multiplicity of his coat-pockets, whose extreme utility to him during his lecture has been remarked elsewhere. He wears no braces, but his nether garments are sustained by a suspensory belt or bandage of hemp round his loins. Socks or stockings he despises as effeminate, and has been heard to sigh for the days of the *Solea* or *σανδάλιον*. A hair-shirt close to the skin as Dejanira’s robe, with a changeable linen front of the finest texture; a mortification, or penance, according to his cynical contempt and yet respect for human vanity, is a part of his ordinary apparel. A gibus hat and a pair of bluchers complete his attire. By a contrivance borrowed from the disguises of pantomimists, he undresses himself in the twinkling of a bedpost; and can slip into bed while an ordinary man is pulling off his coat. He is awaked from his sleep (lying always on his back in a sort of mesmeric trance) by a black servant (Joe’s domestic in ‘ *Vanity Fair* ’), who enters the bedroom at four o’clock precisely every morning, winter or summer, tears down the bed-clothes, and literally saturates his master with a can of cold water drawn from the nearest spring. As he has no whiskers, he never needs to shave, and he is used to clean his teeth with the feather end of the quill with which he writes in bed. (In this free and enlightened country he will find he need not waste his time in cleaning his teeth at all.) With all his excessive simplicity, he is as elaborate in the arrangement of his dress as Count d’Orsay or Mr. Brummel. His toilet occupies him after matin studies till midday. He then sits down to a substantial ‘bever,’ or luncheon of ‘tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon-shad, liver, black puddings, and sausages.’ At the top of this he deposits two glasses of ratafia and three-fourths of a glass of rum-shrub. Immediately after the meal his horses are brought to the door; he starts at once in a mad gallop, or coolly commences a gentle amble,

according to the character of the work, fast or slow, that he is engaged upon.

“He pays no visits and, being a solitudinarian, frequents not even a single club in London. He dresses punctiliously for dinner every day. He is but a sorry eater, and avoids all vegetable diet, as he thinks it dims the animal spirits. Only when engaged on pathetic subjects does he make a hearty meal; for the body macerated by long fasting, he says, cannot unaided contribute the tears he would shed over what he writes. Wine he abhors, as a true Mussulman. Mr. T.’s favourite drink is gin and toast and water, or cider and bitters, cream and cayenne.

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“In religion a Parsee (he was born in Calcutta), in morals a Stagyrite, in philosophy an Epicurean; though nothing in his conversation or manners would lead one to surmise that he belonged to either or any of these sects. In politics an unflinching Tory; fond of the Throne, admiring the Court, attached to the peerage, proud of the army and navy; a thick and thin upholder of Church and State, he is for tithes and taxes as in Pitt’s time. He wears hair powdered to this day, from his entire reliance on the wisdom of his forefathers. Besides his novels, he is the author of the ‘Vestiges of Creation,’ the ‘Errors of Numismatics,’ ‘Junius’s Letters,’ and ‘Ivanhoe.’ The sequel to this last he published three or four years ago. He wrote all Louis Napoleon’s works, and Madame H.’s exquisite love letters; and whilst secretary to that prince in confinement at Ham, assisted him in his escape, by knocking down the sentry with a ruler with which he had been ruling accounts. Mr. T. is very fond of boxing, and used to have an occasional set-to with Ben Caunt, the Tipton Slasher, and young Sambo. He fences admirably, and ran the celebrated Bertrand through the lungs twice, at an *assaut d’armes* in Paris. He is an exquisite dancer, he founded Laurent’s Casino (was a pupil of Old Grimaldi, surnamed *Iron Legs*), and played Harlequin in ‘Mother Goose’ pantomime once, when Ella, the regular performer, was taken ill and unable to appear.

“He has no voice, ear, or fancy even, for music, and the only instruments he cares to listen to are the Jew’s-harp, the bagpipes, and the ‘Indian drum.’

“He is disputatious and loquacious to a degree in company; and at a dinner at the Bishop of Oxford’s, the discussion with Mr. Macaulay respecting the death of Mausolus, the husband of Zenobia,

occupied the disputants for thirteen hours ere either rose to retire. Mr. Macaulay was found exhausted under the table. He has no acquaintance with modern languages, and his French, which he freely uses throughout his writings, is furnished by the Parisian governess in the Baron de B.'s establishment. In the classics he is superior to either Professor Sedgwick or Blackie (*vide* his 'Colloquies on Strabo,' and the 'Curtian Earthquake'). He was twice senior opt. at Magdalen College, and three times running carried off Barnes's prize for Greek Theses and Cantate," κ. τ. λ.

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Happily these delicate attentions have not ruffled Mr. Thackeray's good temper and genial appreciation of the high position occupied by literary men in the United States. Let me avow that this position not only reflects credit on the country which awards it, but helps to shed its lustre on the men of letters who become the guests of its hospitality. Mr. Thackeray's last lecture of the series, on the 7th ult., gracefully conceded this in the following tribute:—

"In England it was my custom, after the delivery of these lectures, to point such a moral as seemed to befit the country I lived in, and to protest against an outcry, which some brother authors of mine most imprudently and unjustly raise, when they say that our profession is neglected and its professors held in light esteem. Speaking in this country, I would say that such a complaint could not only not be advanced, but could not be even understood here, where your men of letters take their manly share in public life; whence Everett goes as Minister to Washington, and Irving and Bancroft to represent the republic in the old country. And if to English authors the English public is, as I believe, kind and just in the main, can any of us say, will any who visit your country not proudly and gratefully own, with what a cordial and generous greeting you receive us? I look round on this great company. I think of my gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Library Association, as whose servant I appear before you, and of the kind hands stretched out to welcome me by men famous in letters, and honoured in our country as in their own, and I thank you and them for a most kindly greeting and a most generous hospitality. At home, and amongst his own people, it scarce becomes an English writer to speak of himself; his public estimation must depend upon his works; his private esteem on his character

and his life. But here, among friends newly found, I ask leave to say that I am thankful; and I think with a grateful heart of those I leave behind me at home, who will be proud of the welcome you hold out to me, and will benefit, please God, when my days of work are over, by the kindness which you show to their father."

JOHN SMALL.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, January 1853.)

*GOETHE IN HIS OLD AGE.**LONDON: *April 28, 1855.*

DEAR LEWES,—I wish I had more to tell you regarding Weimar and Goethe. Five-and-twenty years ago, at least a score of young English lads used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society: all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right appeared in uniforms, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing: the kind old Hof-Marschall of those days, Monsieur de Spiegel (who had two of the most lovely daughters eyes ever looked on), being in nowise difficult as to the admission of these young Englanders. Of the winter nights we used to charter sedan-chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant Court entertainments. I for my part had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my Court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth the most kindly and delightful.

We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of the Court had their evenings. The theatre was open twice or thrice in the week,

* This letter was written by Mr. Thackeray in answer to a request from G. H. Lewes for some account of his recollections of Goethe. It is printed in Lewes's "Life of Goethe," p. 560.

where we assembled, a large family party. Goethe had retired from the direction, but the great traditions remained still. The theatre was admirably conducted; and besides the excellent Weimar company, famous actors and singers from various parts of Germany performed "Gastrolle" * through the winter. In that winter I remember we had Ludwig Devrient in Shylock, "Hamlet," Falstaff, and the "Robbers;" and the beautiful Schröder in "Fidelio."

After three-and-twenty years' absence I passed a couple of summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. Madame de Goethe was there, and received me and my daughters with the kindness of old days. We drank tea in the open air at the famous cottage in the Park,† which still belongs to the family, and has been so often inhabited by her illustrious father.

In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night, with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless novels and poems in French, English, and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.

He remained in his private apartments, where only a very few privileged persons were admitted; but he liked to know all that was happening, and interested himself about all strangers. Whenever a countenance struck his fancy, there was an artist settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Goethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues, and medals.

Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such

* What in England are called "starring engagements."

† The *Gartenhaus*.

a morning. This notable audience took place in a little ante-chamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingote, with a white neckcloth and a red ribbon in his button-hole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear, and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark,* piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called "Melmoth the Wanderer," which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancy Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

Vidi tantum. I saw him but three times. Once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan*; once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed too.

Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. *Fraser's Magazine* had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for awhile in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly caricature of Mr. Rogers, which, as Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. "They would make me look like that," he said: though in truth I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy*-looking than the grand old Goethe.

Though his sun was setting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In

* This must have been the effect of the position in which he sat with regard to the light. Goethe's eyes were dark brown, but not very dark.

every one of those kind salons the talk was still of Art and Letters. The theatre, though possessing no very extraordinary actors, was still conducted with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books, and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the *Adel*. At Court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple, and polished. The Grand Duchess (the present Grand Duchess Dowager), a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. In the respect paid by this Court to the Patriarch of letters, there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and sovereign. With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentleman-like, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

Very sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

A LEAF OUT OF A SKETCH-BOOK.

IF you will take a leaf out of my sketch-book, you are welcome. It is only a scrap, but I have nothing better to give. When the fishing-boats come in at a watering-place, haven't you remarked that though these may be choking with great fish, you can only get a few herrings or a whiting or two? The big fish are all bespoken in London. As it is with fish, so it is with authors let us hope. Some Mr. Charles, of Paternoster Row, some Mr. Grove, of Cornhill (or elsewhere), has agreed for your turbot and your salmon, your soles and your lobsters. Take one of my little fish,—any leaf you like out of the little book,—a battered little book: through what a number of countries, to be sure, it has travelled in this pocket!

The sketches are but poor performances, say you. I don't say no; and value them no higher than you do, except as recollections of the past. The little scrawl helps to fetch back the scene which was present and alive once, and is gone away now, and dead. The past resurges out of its grave: comes up—a sad-eyed ghost sometimes—and gives a wan ghost-like look of recognition, ere it pops down under cover again. Here's the Thames, an old graveyard, an old church, and some old chestnuts standing behind it. Ah! it was a very cheery place, that old graveyard; but what a dismal, cut-throat, cracked-windowed, disreputable residence was that “charming villa on the banks of the Thames,” which led me on the day's excursion! Why, the “capacious stabling” was a ruinous wooden old barn, the garden was a mangy potato patch, overlooked by the territories of a neigh-

bouring washerwoman. The housekeeper owned that the water was constantly in the cellars and ground-floor rooms in winter. Had I gone to live in that place, I should have perished like a flower in spring, or a young gazelle, let us say, with dark blue eye. I had spent a day and hired a fly at ever so much charges, misled by an unveracious auctioneer, against whom I have no remedy for publishing that abominable work of fiction which led me to make a journey, lose a day, and waste a guinea.

What is the next picture in the little show-book? It is a scene at Calais. The sketch is entitled "The Little Merchant." He was a dear pretty little rosy-cheeked merchant, four years old maybe. He had a little scarlet *képi*; a little military frock-coat; a little pair of military red trousers and boots, which did not near touch the ground from the chair on which he sat sentinel. He was a little crockery merchant, and the wares over which he was keeping guard, sitting surrounded by walls and piles of them as in a little castle, were——well, I never saw such a queer little crockery merchant.

Him and his little chair, boots, *képi*, crockery, you can see in the sketch,—but I see, nay, hear, a great deal more. At the end of the quiet little old, old street, which has retired out of the world's business as it were, being quite too aged, feeble, and musty to take any part in life,—there is a great braying and bellowing of serpents and bassoons, a nasal chant of clerical voices, and a pattering of multitudinous feet. We run towards the market. It is a Church fête day. Banners painted and gilt with images of saints are flaming in the sun. Candles are held aloft, feebly twinkling in the noontide shine. A great procession of children with white veils, white shoes, white roses, passes, and the whole town is standing with its hat off to see the religious show. When I look at my little merchant, then, I not only see him, but that procession passing over the place; and as I see those people in their surplices, I can almost see Eustache de Saint Pierre and his comrades walking in their shirts to present themselves to Edward and Philippa of blessed memory. And they stand before the wrathful monarch,—poor fellows, meekly shuddering in their chemises, with ropes round their necks; and good Philippa

kneels before the Royal conqueror, and says, "My King, my Edward, my *beau Sire*! Give these citizens their lives for our Lady's gramercy and the sake of thy Philippa!" And the Plantagenet growls, and scowls, and softens, and he lets those burgesses go. This novel and remarkable historical incident passes through my mind as I see the clergymen and clergy-boys pass in their little short white surplices on a mid-August day. The balconies are full, the bells are all in a jangle, and the blue noonday sky quivers overhead.

I suppose other pen and pencil sketchers have the same feeling. The sketch brings back, not only the scene, but the circumstances under which the scene was viewed. In taking up an old book, for instance, written in former days by your humble servant, he comes upon passages which are outwardly lively and facetious, but inspire their writer with the most dismal melancholy. I lose all cognisance of the text sometimes, which is hustled and elbowed out of sight by the crowd of thoughts which throng forward, and which were alive and active at the time that text was born. Ah, my good sir! a man's books mayn't be interesting (and I could mention other authors' works besides this one's which set me to sleep), but if you knew *all* a writer's thoughts, how interesting his book would be! Why, a grocer's day-book might be a wonderful history, if alongside of the entries of cheese, pickles, and figs, you could read the circumstances of the writer's life, and the griefs, hopes, joys, which caused the heart to beat, while the hand was writing and the ink flowing fresh. Ah memory! ah the past, ah the sad sad past! Look under this waistcoat, my dear madam. There. Over the liver. Don't be frightened. You can't see it. But there, at this moment, I assure you, there is an enormous vulture gnawing, gnawing.

Turn over the page. You can't deny that this is a nice little sketch of a quaint old town, with city towers, and an embattled town gate, with a hundred peaked gables, and rickety balconies, and gardens sweeping down to the river wall, with its toppling ancient summer-houses under which the river rushes; the rushing river, the talking river, that murmurs all day, and brawls all night over the stones. At

early morning and evening under this terrace which you see in the sketch—it is the terrace of the Steinbock or Capricorn Hotel—the cows come; and there, under the walnut-trees before the tannery, is a fountain and pump where the maids come in the afternoon and for some hours make a clatter as noisy as the river. Mountains gird it around, clad in dark green firs, with purple shadows gushing over their sides, and glorious changes and gradations of sunrise and setting. A more picturesque, quaint, kind, quiet little town than this of Coire in the Grisons, I have seldom seen; or a more comfortable little inn than this of the Steinbock or Capricorn, on the terrace of which we are standing. But quick, let us turn the page. To look at it makes one horribly melancholy. As we are on the inn-terrace one of our party lies ill in the hotel within. When will that doctor come? Can we trust to a Swiss doctor in a remote little town away at the confines of the railway world? He is a good, sensible, complacent doctor, *laus Deo*,—the people of the hotel as kind, as attentive, as gentle, as eager to oblige. But oh, the gloom of those sunshiny days; the sickening languor and doubt which fill the heart as the hand is making yonder sketch, and I think of the invalid suffering within!

Quick, turn the page. And what is here? This picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents a steamer on the Alabama river, plying (or *which plied*) between Montgomery and Mobile. See, there is a black nurse with a cotton handkerchief round her head, dandling and tossing a white baby. Look in at the open door of that cabin, or “state room” as they call the crib yonder. A mother is leaning by a bed-place; and see, kicking up in the air, are a little pair of white fat legs, over which that happy young mother is bending in such happy tender contemplation. That gentleman with a forked beard and a slouched hat, whose legs are sprawling here and there, and who is stabbing his mouth and teeth with his penknife, is quite good-natured, though he looks so fierce. A little time ago, as I was reading in the cabin, having one book in my hand and another at my elbow, he affably took the book at my elbow, read in it a little, and put it down by my side again. He meant no harm. I say he is quite

good-natured and kind. His manners are not those of Mayfair, but is not Alabama a river as well as Thames? I wish that other little gentleman were in the cabin who asked me to liquor twice or thrice in the course of the morning, but whose hospitality I declined, preferring not to be made merry by wine or strong waters before dinner. After dinner, in return for his hospitality, I asked *him* if he would drink? "No, sir, I have dined," he answered, with very great dignity, and a tone of reproof. Very good. Manners differ. I have not a word to say.

Well, my little Mentor is not in my sketch, but he is in my mind as I look at it: and this sketch, ladies and gentlemen, is especially interesting and valuable, because *the steamer blew up on the very next journey*: blew up, I give you my honour,—burst her boilers close by my state room, so that I might, had I but waited for a week, have witnessed a celebrated institution of the country, and had the full benefit of the boiling.

I turn a page, and who are these little men who appear on it? JIM and SADY are two young friends of mine at Savannah in Georgia. I made Sady's acquaintance on a first visit to America,—a pretty little brown boy with beautiful bright eyes,—and it appears that I presented him with a quarter of a dollar, which princely gift he remembered years afterwards, for never were eyes more bright and kind than the little man's when he saw me, and I dined with his kind masters on my second visit. Jim at my first visit had been a little toddling tadpole of a creature, but during the interval of the two journeys had developed into the full-blown beauty which you see. On the day after my arrival these young persons paid me a visit, and here is a humble portraiture of them, and an accurate account of a conversation which took place between us, as taken down on the spot by the elder of the interlocutors.

Jim is five years old: Sady is seven: only Jim is a great deal fatter. Jim and Sady have had sausage and hominy for breakfast. One sausage, Jim's, was the biggest. Jim can sing, but declines on being pressed, and looks at Sady and grins. They both work in de garden. Jim has been licked

by Master, but Sady never. These are their best clothes. They go to church in these clothes. Heard a fine sermon yesterday, but don't know what it was about. Never heard of England, never heard of America. Like orangees best. Don't know any old woman who sells orangees. (*A pecuniary transaction takes place.*) Will give that quarter-dollar to Pa. That was Pa who waited at dinner. Are hungry, but dinner not cooked yet. Jim all the while is revolving on his axis, and when begged to stand still turns round in a fitful manner.



Exeunt Jim and Sady with a cake apiece which the house-keeper gives them. Jim tumbles downstairs.

In his little red jacket, his little—his little?—his immense red trousers.

On my word the fair proportions of Jim are not exaggerated,—such a queer little laughing blackamoorkin I have never seen. Seen? I see him now, and Sady, and a half-dozen more of the good people, creeping on silent bare feet to the drawing-room door when the music begins, and listening with all their ears, with all their eyes. Good-night, kind

warm-hearted little Sady and Jim! May peace soon be within your doors, and plenty within your walls! I have had



so much kindness there, that I grieve to think of friends in arms, and brothers in anger.

(The Victoria Regia, edited by Adelaide A. Procter, 1861.)

Stanley J. Weyman's Complete Works.

'I think I have told all the tales I have to tell. I should not care to go on writing till critics begin to hint that I was repeating myself, and the public was beginning to feel that it had had enough of me.'

Mr. STANLEY J. WEYMAN, in an interview. *Vide 'The Bookman,'* August, 1908.

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